AUGUST

10¢

SPECIAL COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE!

Radio Stars

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

RECEIVED
JUN 2 3 1937

MRS. BING CROSBY GETS CONFIDENTIAL

ORGE BURNS
AND
ACIE ALLEN

Earl Christy

FIND *Love's Blue Heaven*

Be Utterly Thrilling, Utterly Refined and You'll Keep Him All Yours Forever

He'll love you, adore you and *worship* you, too, if you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's own flowers. It lured the cave-man pursuing his flower-decked mate . . . and it can weave a glamorous spell for *you*.

Let Lander's Blended-Flower Talc give you the rapturous daintiness, the flower-fresh sweetness that absolutely captivates a man. Try the Gardenia and Sweet Pea Blend. Every morning, dust your whole body with this exquisite powder . . . smell sweet all over! You feel glorified, inspired . . . you *know* you're divinely thrilling and that you *can* win love. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you and more . . .

It guards your refinement . . . makes a man long to protect you, because you're sweet as a flower. He dreams of marriage, a cozy home and you . . . you, so seductive and so refined, his bride in love's blue heaven. Get Lander's Blended-Flower Talc today. Only 10¢ each at your 10¢ store.

GARDENIA and SWEET PEA Blended

LILACS and ROSES Blended

SMELL SWEET ALL OVER

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LILACS AND ROSES · GARDENIA AND SWEET PEA · CARNATION AND LILY OF THE VALLEY · LAVENDER AND PINE · ORCHID AND ORANGE BLOSSOM

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WHY NOT MAKE IT A Complete VACATION?

GOING traveling in New England? Week-ending? Vacationing? Then why not leave care behind and relax in air-conditioned comfort—in a New Haven streamlined coach or luxurious Pullman?

You'll travel faster, safer, of course, and happier. And save money, as well—for train fares are lower this summer. They actually are less than you pay for traffic-ridden highway travel. If you're pleasure-bound, make your pleasure complete. Sink into a comfortable seat. Dine as you travel, leisurely and well. Chat, or read or rest. And arrive refreshed and happy.

The train's the thing, this season. And New Haven train travel rates high among the splendid service offered by most American railroads in 1937.

Write to Room 596, South Station, Boston, for your copy of illustrated, informative booklet—"SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND RESORTS—and How to Get There."

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Work—Dine or Relax as you GO BY TRAIN to New England

JEAN *Parker*
TESTS 2 TALCUMS

See lovely JEAN PARKER in Columbia Picture "Life Begins With Love"!

Likes Both—Prefers "Y"

Jean Parker tries both powders in plain white boxes. She chooses "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented*. Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented*. MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS cools, soothes and refreshes.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a lightly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

FREE Generous size trial package. *Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS.* Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 71, Long Island City, N. Y. Offer not good after Aug. 25th. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

Finer than most face powders

MAVIS
FOR BODY PROTECTION

Two lovely MAVIS Talcums. Both will flatter you. Which one suits your type?

RADIO STARS

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor
ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

ELEANOR Powell ROBERT Taylor

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL
SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!

BUDDY EBSEN, and a cargo of cuties! He's a scream!

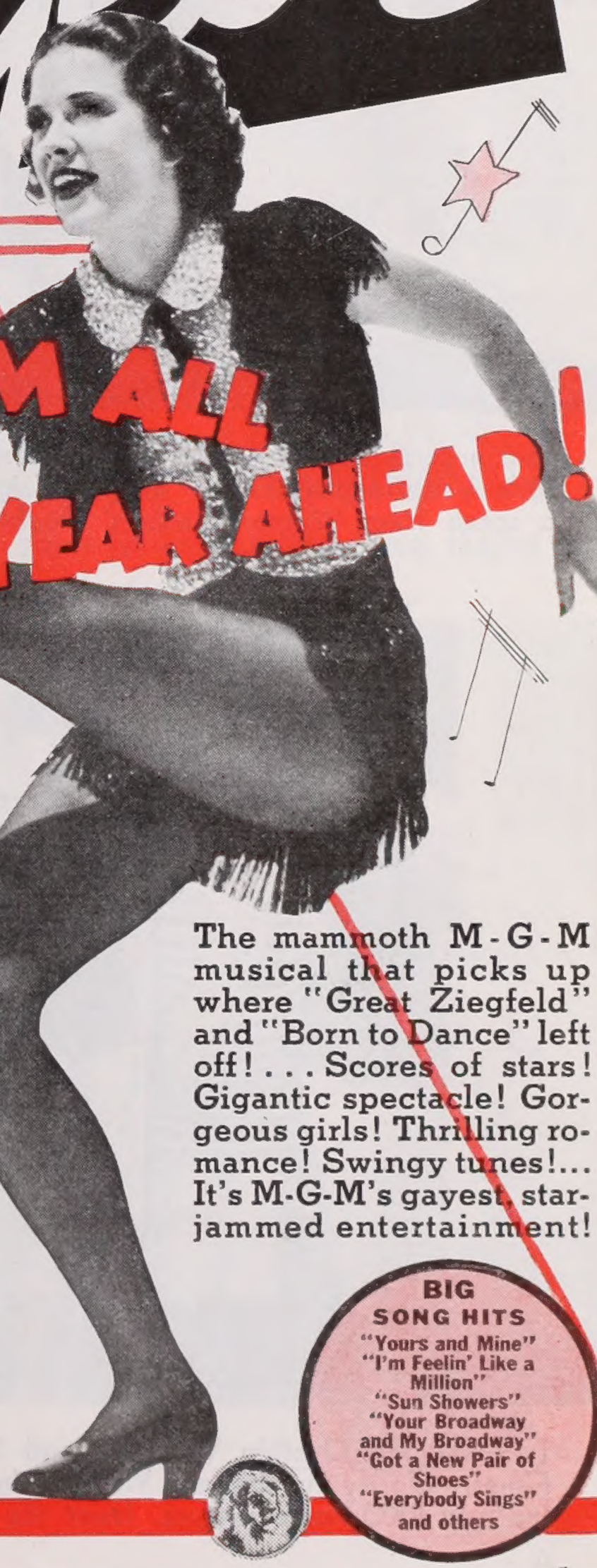
SOPHIE TUCKER, the last of the red hot mommas singing her famous songs!

JUDY GARLAND, the sensational little hot-singing discovery!

GEORGE MURPHY, Eleanor's new dancing partner!

Also in the Big Cast:
Binnie Barnes
Charles Igor Gorin
Raymond Walburn
Robert Benchley
Willie Howard
Charley Grapewin
Robert Wildhack
and hundreds more

Directed by
Roy Del Ruth
Produced by
Jack Cummings
Dance direction by
Dave Gould
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



The mammoth M-G-M musical that picks up where "Great Ziegfeld" and "Born to Dance" left off! . . . Scores of stars! Gigantic spectacle! Gorgeous girls! Thrilling romance! Swingy tunes!... It's M-G-M's gayest, star-jammed entertainment!

BIG SONG HITS
"Yours and Mine"
"I'm Feelin' Like a Million"
"Sun Showers"
"Your Broadway and My Broadway"
"Got a New Pair of Shoes"
"Everybody Sings"
and others

Wide World Photo

Tenor Nino Martini rises in the world! The Metropolitan Opera and radio star turns elevator boy in a San Francisco hostelry.

Don Ameche, master of ceremonies of *The Chase and Sanborn Hour*, and Loretta Young, in a 20th Century-Fox film, *Love Under Fire*.

That unique manikin, gay Charlie McCarthy, with Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen *(right)* in a scene from Warner Brothers' *Double Talk*.

Two lovelies, Cynthia Westlake and Dorothy Fisher, glorify comedian Victor Moore in the new RKO-Radio picture, *Meet the Missus*.

RADIO

W. C. FIELDS' sudden and extremely successful entry into Sunday evening radio took a large chunk out of Eddie Cantor's audience. Through most of the country, the Cantor and Fields programs are on at the same hour. The odd thing about the situation is that Eddie himself is partly responsible for this new program that is taking so many listeners away from him.

The story goes back some fifteen years when W. C. Fields was strictly a pantomimic comedian, never speaking a word on the stage. He and Eddie had worked in shows together and become friends.

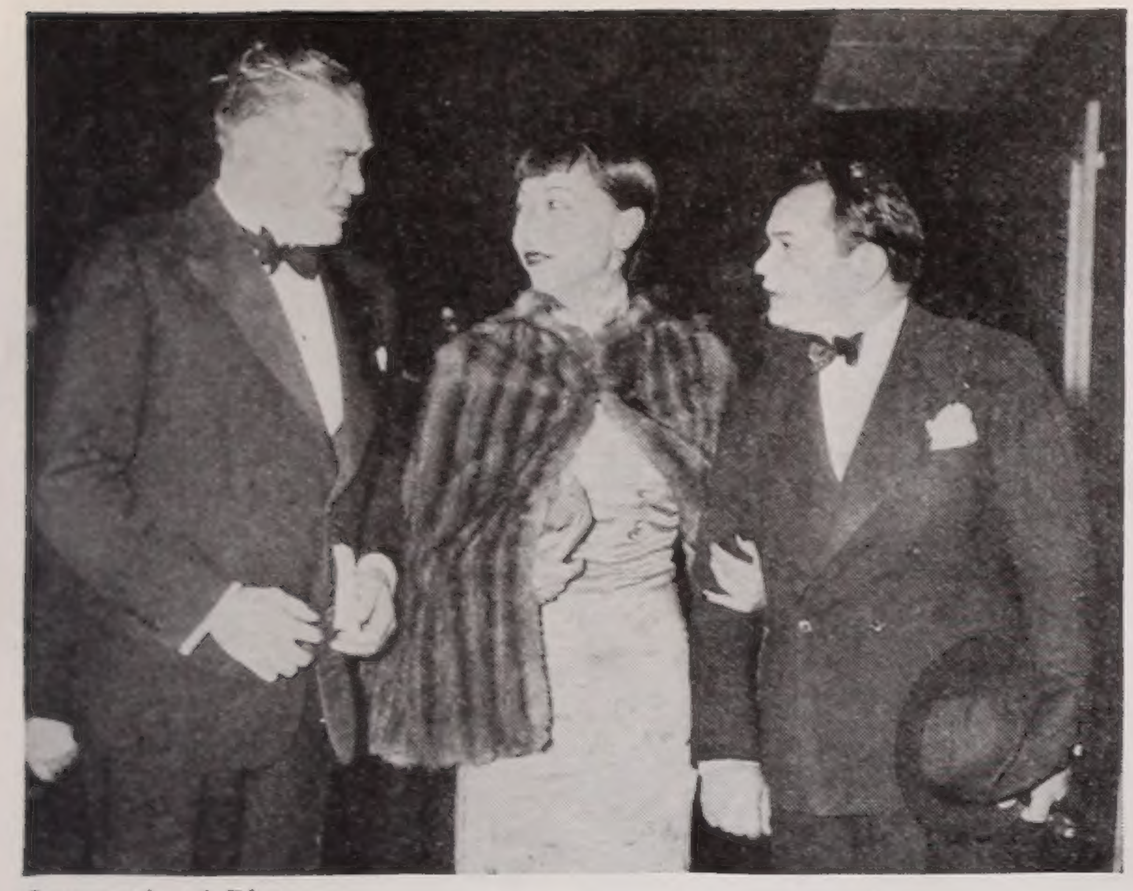
Amused by the pantomimist's gruff humor and queer, pompous manner of speaking, Eddie urged him to add comic lines to the pantomime. Finally Fields began speaking, largely at Eddie's behest.

This spring, Eddie must have looked back on those days many a time and wondered whether he shouldn't have been just a little less insistent.

Radio people as a whole are such a flamboyant lot, it is astonishing to find a group like the Lombardos, who sneak around doing things that another star would recognize as material for good publicity. They bought a Connecticut home for their parents a couple of years ago and installed a little home movie projector. When the band is in town, the boys always try to get up there for Sunday, or the week-end. They never go without picking up film for a whole movie show—feature picture, cartoon, news reel and shorts.

Guy keeps that a secret, even from his press agent, because he doesn't think a man should try to get publicity about being friendly with his mother and father. Just by accident, I ran across Carmen Lombardo going into the camera store one Friday to rent the film. Carmen always goes because he is not so liable to be recognized as Guy.

I was sworn to secrecy about this but it's so seldom you have such nice things to say **(*Continued on page* 89)**



International Photo

Seen at a recent movie première: Radio commentator Floyd Gibbons *(left)* with movie stars Anna May Wong and Edward G. Robinson.

Wide World Photo

Rumor whispers romance! Bob Burns, of Bing Crosby's program and Paramount Pictures, with his charming secretary, Harriet Foster.

RAMBLINGS

Highlights and happenings, last-minute news flashes from the radio lanes, to keep you posted on your favorite entertainers

Glare-Proof!

Flatter you in hard, blazing light

Now 3 "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette
Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

Pond's new "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun . . . *flatter* your face, soften its look in the hardest glare! Three glorifying shades completely away from the old sun-tan powders—Try them at our expense.

Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-PH, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Oct. 1, 1937)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Myrtle Vail, *Myrt* of the long-popular radio team, *Myrt and Marge*, started her career at fifteen, when she ran away from home to go on the stage.

In private life Myrtle is Mrs. George Damerel. Here she is with her daughter, Donna Damerel, who plays young *Marge* in their radio serial.

Photos by Ben Pinchot

Valiant is the word for Myrtle, of *Myrt and Marge*

BY JACK HANLEY

A FAMILY AFFAIR

PERSONALLY, I've always been inclined to be dubious about families. "The Family" usually suggests a group of dullish persons, smugly self-centered and presided over by "Mama," who issues orders and always wants something brought to her. "Families" get in my hair.

But not Myrtle Vail's family!

I don't have to tell you about the veteran radio team of *Myrt and Marge;* for almost six years radio listeners have been following their interesting and amusing adventures in and around the world of the theatre. But about Myrtle Vail and her gang—I'd rather say that than "family"—there's plenty to tell.

They keep going, these friendly people. Three generations of them, counting "Marge's" very young family, and all of them on the move since infancy or childhood.

Myrtle Vail started it all when she ran away from home to go on the stage at the age of fifteen. With the same determination that has carried her through many a tight spot since, she achieved her objective and landed a job as a chorus girl. Then, when she fell in love with handsome George Damerel, the tenor lead of the show, it looked pretty hopeless for the little chorus girl. There was one number in the show in which Myrtle had to carry a girl twice her size off the stage. Damerel saw her, felt sorry for her, and it wasn't long after that before they were engaged. In the show's second season, Myrt became Mrs. Damerel, but that didn't slow her up.

Damerel, a little later, landed the part of *Prince Danilo* in the *Merry Widow,* and while the show was playing in Chicago, "Marge"—properly Donna Damerel—was born. Shortly afterward, Damerel left for New York to play the same part in the Manhattan company, then went on tour with it. As soon as little Donna was able to travel, Myrt took her

Donna Damerel is the wife of Gene Kretzinger, who once was a member of a popular singing team on the air. They have two sons, Charles and Richard Gene.

along to New Orleans, where *The Merry Widow* was currently appearing, and joined Damerel. A tremendous hit like *The Merry Widow* could play for years—and did. Myrt and her husband and, later, daughter Donna (who was still quite a baby, of course) travelled with the *Widow* almost seven years, with a few interruptions. At first Myrt danced in the show and, several seasons later, she played the title rôle, opposite Damerel.

Now Donna—or Marge, if you like—had been on the move as soon as she was old enough to be moved. And she, too, had the stage bug at an early age, five, to be exact.

Myrtle Vail and her husband were appearing at a Texas theatre, in one of their vaudeville interludes, when Marge made her first appearance, unheralded, unbilled. The hotel was right next door to the theatre, and little Marge had been put to bed before the night show. This night, however, she got out of bed, went out the window and down the fire escape to the theatre roof and somehow made her way backstage. Her mother and father were on stage at the moment, so little Marge ran right on also—her dress on backwards. She received a big reception from the audience—and a spanking, later, from Myrt!

It wasn't until she was fifteen that Marge really did go into show business. She wrote her mother, from school, that she was determined to leave and join the act of *Vail and Damerel*. (*Continued on page* 65)

Little Peggy cut her thumb,
the thumb began to swell,
And it was nearly seven weeks
before her thumb got well!

• • •

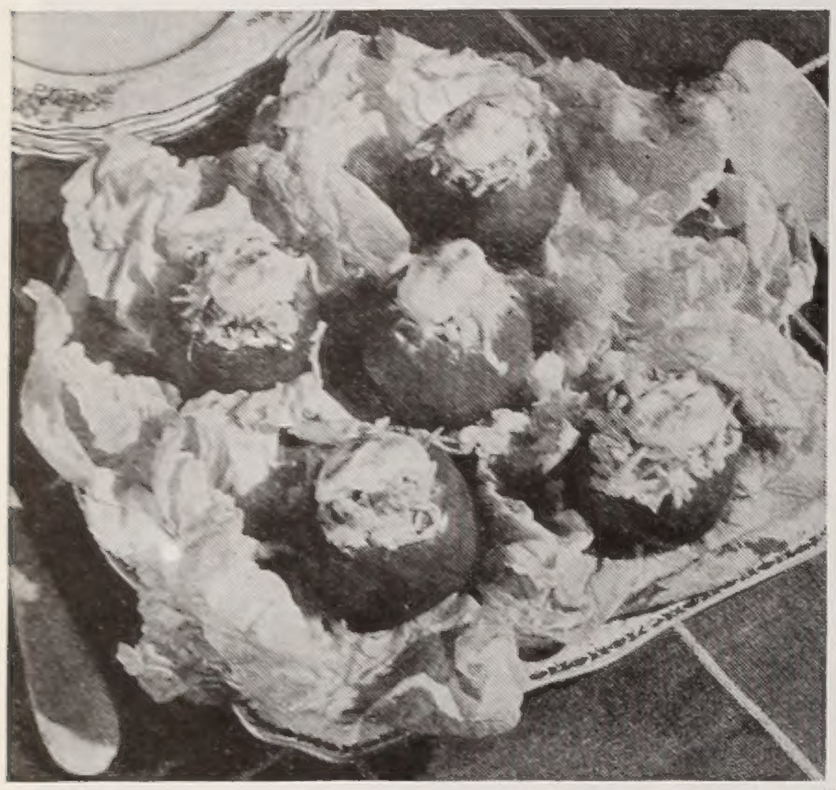
Avoid Infection! Always apply an antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and dress with a bandage *as clean as your own doctor would use.*

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized"—Cotton, Gauze and Bandages—are sterilized not only in the making. *They are sterilized again after they are packaged.*

Johnson & Johnson

COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGES

RADIO STARS COOKING



Tomatoes Côte d'Azure are as appetizing as they appear. They're stuffed with crabmeat.

BY NANCY WOOD

Lily Pons suggests some dainty French dishes. They are essentially light and thus splendid summer fare

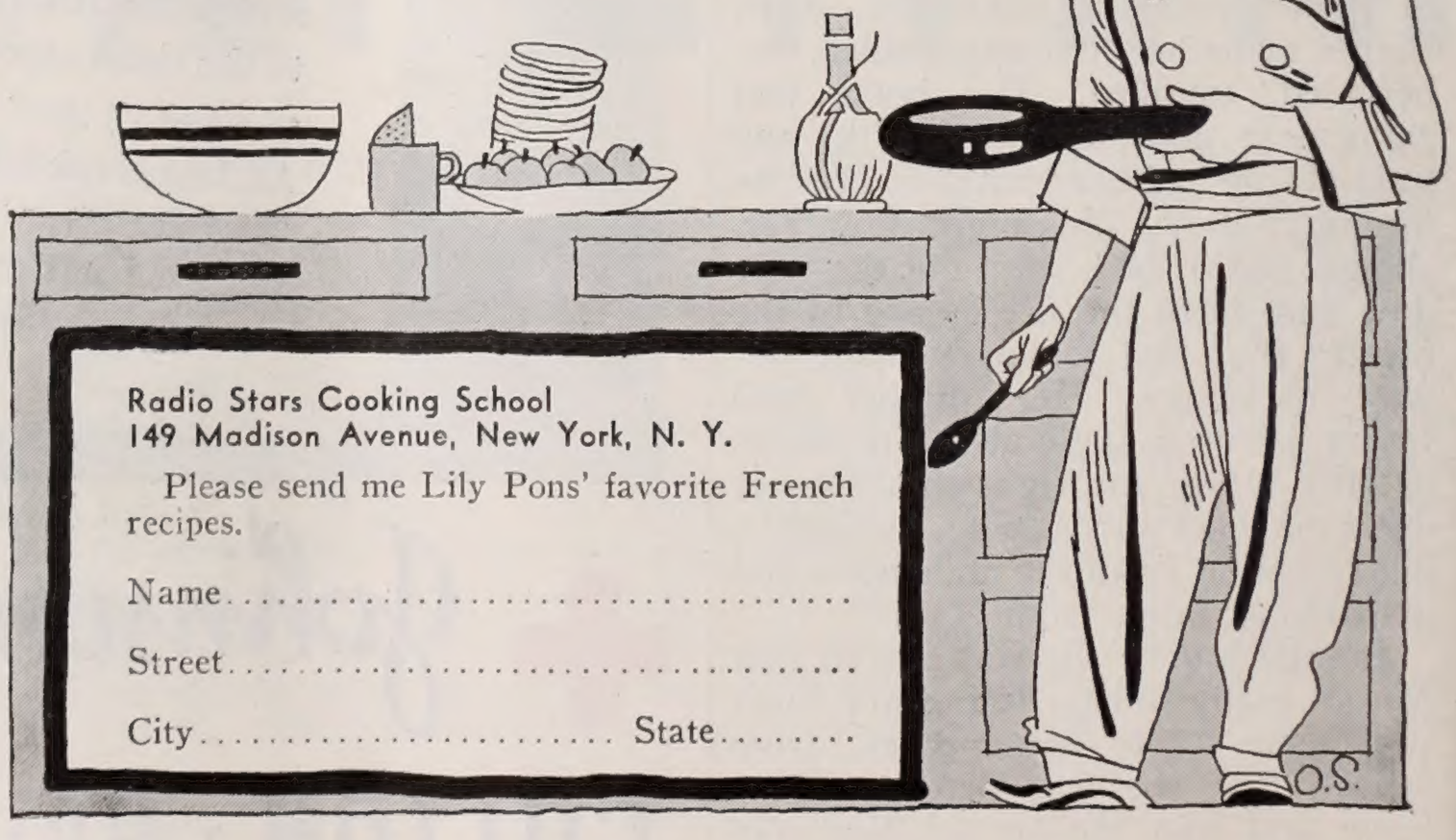
Courtesy Mazola

Lovely Lily Pons, Gallic songstress of ever widening fame in opera, concert, radio and movies, is a true epicure in her taste for food. She gives us here enchanting but simple recipes for several food favorites.

THIS is vacation time, when all of us travel far afield in spirit or in fact. So come, take an imaginary trip with me to France, that land of beauty and romance; a voyage that starts at one of the many *CBS* play-houses-of-the-air and actually never gets any farther than Silvermine, Connecticut! But which, none the less, turns out to be just as French as the *Normandie,* as the *vins du pays,* as *Crêpes Suzette* (of which more, later on). Quite as French, in fact, as Lily Pons, our delightful guide on this culinary pilgrimage, thanks to whom we will learn some of the secrets that have gained for France an enviable and well-deserved reputation for fine foods.

From this charming person we will collect a noteworthy group of recipes for the dishes she favors and serves in her own home in America —many of them dishes we would be sure to order, were we really to be fortunate enough to visit Miss Pons' native land. Fortunately for us, however, since Miss Pons, when in this country, must shop at the local grocery store—even as you and I—her dishes are adapted to our tastes and purchasing ability, so that I do not hestitate to recommend them for average homes, where the lady of the house takes pride in serving appetizing and somewhat different meals.

I can imagine no more delightful introduction to the little singing star, who is to act as our guide here, than that given at a recent Wednesday evening *Chesterfield* broadcast by popular announcer David Ross. In those smooth, rich tones, which have made him such an outstanding favorite, Ross recited the opening line



Radio Stars Cooking School
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me Lily Pons' favorite French recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

SCHOOL

Whitewashed walls and a tiled floor, casement windows, rough-hewn beams in the ceiling, frame the charming dining-room in Lily Pons' country home.

of Shelley's *To a Skylark*: *"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,"* just before Miss Pons appeared on the stage for her opening number. Then, as Kostelanetz and the members of his fine orchestra applauded and smiled, Lily came into the spotlight. A tiny creature; tense yet smiling. Dark hair, topped with blue flowers, dainty girlish form floating in flowered chiffon in a chic combination of bright blue and soft rose on a cream-white background. There was an intriguing "swish" of taffeta petticoats as she walked and a flash of jewels on her arms and at her throat —that golden throat soon to pour out the clear, unbelievably high notes of her first aria.

As I sat and watched her and listened to her, my spirits seemed to soar with her song and I found myself looking forward to our scheduled meeting with even greater interest.

Not that I hadn't both seen and heard Miss Pons many times before, in movies, over the air and at the Metropolitan Opera House. But soon I was to see her in person, for a long heart-to-heart talk. A talk on cooking, of all things! Somehow, at that moment, it was difficult for me to associate this dainty, hundred-pound prima donna with the supposedly prosaic subject of food.

Fortunately for me, and for the followers of this *Cooking School,* however, I had overlooked one thing. Miss Pons is French! And to the true Frenchman, with his native, highly developed, gastronomic appreciation, it would not be considered amiss to (*Continued on page* 54)

"It was worse than a slap in the face"

A few weeks ago, my little Ann came running home crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.

When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.

It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray in their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.

So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and am I GLAD! How those gentle suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustle out every speck of dirt! My clothes lost that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-full of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

BEAUTY ADVICE

BY MARY BIDDLE

Irene is a San Francisco girl and former stage star. She is as clever as she is beautiful!

TIM AND IRENE and the green parrot live 'way up in a penthouse—and 'way up in the clouds. These two are just as hilarious at home as they are on the air and screen. When I asked: "Tim, do you love Irene?" Irene didn't even wait for the answer, but jumped right in with: "Yes!" Well, after that, we had to chase Irene out to the terrace to watch the flowers grow, so that Tim could speak for himself.

Now, you may wonder what the "carryings on" of this popular couple have to do with a beauty article, but, you see, they are as famous around the town for being a happily married couple as they are well known on the air as comedians. Of course, I wanted to find out both sides of the story and see if I could persuade Irene to part with any of her charm-and-beauty secrets for you. After all, when a woman keeps a man excited over her for years, she certainly has something worthwhile to teach the rest of us!

Tim was most helpful. He beamed while he talked of Irene. He said that she is wonderful and then proceeded to tell me how charming she is (even with cold cream on) and what a grand, gay companion she can be, and how interested she is in all they do—and how clever she is, and how beautiful her hair is . . . And then Irene, who had been hiding behind the door listening all the time, couldn't be still any longer and called out: "That's lovely—tell me some more!" So, we let her come back in again and explain how she had so bewitched the man.

Irene doesn't disappoint us, either. She gives us a very worthwhile charm formula: *"Be interested and you will be interesting!"* Irene appears so sparkling and vivacious, because of her interest in everything that goes on. How could a girl be dull, as long as she is truly interested? The spirit is contagious, too . . . In fact we can't feel lackadaisical and colorless when we are around such a gay little sprite.

Now to discuss Irene's silky hair. It is as soft as a baby's, with thrilling highlights that gleam unexpectedly at odd moments. I just trembled when I asked Irene about her crowning glory. I was so afraid she would take the hope and heart from me, by saying: "It just grew!" But my worry was all futile, for she convinced me that those soft ringlets were permanently waved! She also convinced me that those highlights were largely due to the "elbow work" and good intelligent care she gives it.

Irene says there just isn't any substitute for scalp stimulation! The health of the hair absolutely demands it. So dust off (or, to be literal, wash off) the hairbrush and get to work! Incidentally, your daily brushing will help keep the hair clean, too. You mustn't feel too virtuous, after all this brushing, and call it a day, for you are just one-half way through! The next step is massage. There is no comparison between a massage *with* and *without!* Irene means *with* a tonic! A hair tonic conditions the scalp and grooms the hair.

The most effective way of applying your tonic and massage is to direct both to the scalp! You don't have to saturate the hair with hair tonic. Part the hair and apply the tonic directly to the scalp. Continue in this manner until the whole scalp has been treated. Now for the massage. One of the best methods of massage is the rotating finger movement. Place the thumbs at the back of the head and spread the fingers—placing them

Irene, of Tim and Irene, offers you some valuable hints on how

Tim and Irene, that gay pair of the *MBS* Sunday evening program, *Fun in Swingtime.*

firmly on the scalp. Now, holding the thumbs firmly to the scalp, rotate the fingers, without moving them from the spot. When this area has been massaged, shift the fingers to another position. The whole scalp may be massaged in this manner.

Irene has a favorite hair tonic, and, if you will write me for the name, I shall be glad to tell you about it. Incidentally, there is a grand introductory offer of this tonic that will let you get acquainted with it and a gorgeous foamy oil shampoo, all at the same time, for a very special price. A special feature of this shampoo is that it leaves the hair so soft and manageable. There is none of the wildness fine hair is usually afflicted with, or the wiriness that usually follows the shampoo for coarse hair.

Irene has very fine hair. You can see that in this picture. She gives a tip on the arrangement of this type of hair. She says to get an "all-over" permanent. The all-over permanent gives body to the hair. Now that the

(*Continued on page* 60)

to keep your man!

Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.

They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

You Will See a New "You"

One of these shades will prove the right one for *you!* It will prove your "lucky" shade. It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"—a more glamorous "you."

A thrilling surprise for every woman

You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

Try All Ten!

Try, not one or two shades, but *all* ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

Name _____ *Address* _____

City _____ *State* _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

See how your skin responds to the invigorating action of this new cream [*it contains colloidal gold!*]

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing.* It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with the remarkable power of freeing skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more thorough cleanser but also tones and invigorates the skin tissues.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—$1.00.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell MM-8
Room 1980, 2 Park Ave., New York City
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for a trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

WASHDAY

Jack Berch, that merry old soapsuds sleuth, rehearses his *CBS* harmony hounds for his *Fels Naptha* broadcast.

Conductor Mark Warnow, Announcer John Reed King, Bill Rousseau, producer, and *(right)* Jack Berch, *CBS* baritone.

Berch, featured on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:00 p.m., *EDST*, opens his program with conductor Mark Warnow.

WARBLER

Jack Berch and His Boys in their blithe broadcast.

Announcer John Reed King does his bit with Jackie.

Jack has uncanny knowledge of what "home folks" want.

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear

GLAZO'S *"Misty" Tints*

The newest, loveliest colors....in perfect "skin-tone" harmony

BEWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flatterers of any hand are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red ...these Complimentary Colors have a way with them...a way of adding new beauty to your manicure—*and* your pedicure.

But flattery from Glazo means honest admiration from beaus and escorts. So why resist its blandishments? You'll never suspect how fascinating your fingertips can be until Glazo's misty, smoky shades persuade you. That's why smart girls everywhere are losing their hearts and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—satin-smooth on the nail, for several *extra* days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fast" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thick" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.

GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

WEST COAST CHATTER

Typical tidbits and tidings of your favorites among Hollywood broadcasters

NOW that Helen Troy is no more, no more—or rather is *Saymore Saymore*—the Eddie Cantor office can heave its first sigh of relief in months. In fact, the first sigh of any kind, since none of the force has dared to breathe for fear of scattering those 300,000 contest letters piled up in every corner of the office. Susie McKay, 14-year-old winner of the Hollywood trip, wrote from the hum town, Valdosta, Georgia, to ask if Mr. Cantor would object to her graduating from high school before taking off for Hollywood. Eddie wrote Susie, assuring her that Hollywood could wait until after the big event.

Jack Benny was at the NBC *studios, one day, when rehearsals for the* Chase and Sanborn Hour *were going on. "Say, Jack," said W. C. Fields, meeting him in the hall and noting that he looked rather lonesome, "why not come in and watch rehearsals for awhile? There's Ann Harding, Werner Janssen, Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen—"*

Jack suddenly brightened. "And Charlie McCarthy?" he asked. When W. C. nodded, Jack made a rush for the rehearsal room. Charlie, you know, is Ventriloquist Bergen's dummy.

Hal Raynor, that rotund and jolly gentleman of the cloth who writes all the Joe Penner songs, was at a rehearsal the other day when a photographer came in to get some shots of the principals in the show. "Hey," shouted the Reverend Raynor, "how about taking a picture of me?" The camera-clicker eyed him slowly up and down, then from side to side. "Brother," he said, at last, "I'd have to take a panorama of you."

Jack Oakie is back on the banana and skimmed-milk wagon, to stay until he gets that boyish figger back. It all started the other day because of two small boys at a preview. Jack came out of the theatre and heard one say: "Hey, that's Jack Oakie!" "Naw," said the other, "This one's a fatso, all right, but he's not as fat as Oakie. *He straddles!*"

Joan Crawford's "mike fright" is no idle rumor. For a fact, the Crawford knees have always proved so wobbly when their owner was confronted by a microphone that they've never been trusted to stand on their own. Never, that is, until this last Lux *airing when Joan forsook her customary seat at a table and stood right up there center-stage and braved the mike. Supporting actors in* Mary of Scotland *cheered lustily when she took her place at the mike, and husband Franchot Tone planted a kiss on the courageous little woman.*

Perfection is the thing Joan strives for on every airing. And, unlike many other radio performers with the same idea, Joan is willing to work for it. In addition to both afternoon and evening rehearsals for *Mary of Scotland* she and Franchot worked on the script with the technical director at extra sessions in their Brentwood home. They totaled 40 hours of rehearsal—a record for the air theatre and Hollywood performers. Perfection, too, was the outfit in which Joan appeared for the broadcast. Her simple black dress was splashed with print flowers in brilliant colors. A black cap atop her red hair was topped with a bunch of posies in the same colors, and ruby and emerald bracelets carried out the color scheme.

Claudette Colbert is another whose knees are none too dependable when it comes to microphoning. At every broadcast she sits atop a high stool and goes through her dramatics for the mike. But this doesn't interfere in the least with the Colbert histrionics. She may have the cast and audience on the point of nervous collapse, with every wild gesticulation which threatens to land the star directly into the mike, but it's evidently impossible to shake the Colbert poise or perch!

Claudette, incidentally, is credited with being the best-humored actress ever to appear on the Lux *programs. Her good spirits, in fact, often delay rehearsals and sometimes seriously threaten the actual broadcast. For she's apt to dissolve into giggles on the slightest provocation. At the* Hands Across the Table *broadcast, Joel McCrea kept a warning eye on her throughout. Claudette would look at him with pursed mouth, with only her shaking shoulders to show that she was enjoying a good private giggle. And the audience is always affected by the good-time atmosphere, for Colbert applause rocks the theatre timbers.*

Didja Know: that Clarence Muse wanted to be a lawyer and studied for this profession at Dickerson University in Baltimore? . . . . That Francia White was just a dubbed-in voice for Virginia Bruce's *Jenny Lind*, until a radio producer tried to sign up Virginia and her vocal chords and found the latter was Francia? . . . . That Ed Wynn might have been manufacturing hats, instead of wearing them, since Papa Wynn's business was whipping up chapeaux? . . . . That Haven MacQuarrie was the first person in San Francisco to establish a used car lot? . . . That Don Wilson couldn't smile, much less laugh in his now-famous manner, a few years ago, being the possessor of an inferiority complex?

Werner Janssen, Ann Harding's brand-new husband, was introduced to the Hollywood press at a cocktail party the other day. Mr. J. received the official stamp of approval from one and all, in spite of being very bored with any conversation concerning himself. But animation and charm were suddenly turned on when Mrs. Janssen was mentioned. He refers to Ann as "my dear wife" and referred to her constantly until the party finally broke up!

Ann, incidentally, is looking prettier than ever and claims she doesn't even have an eye out for movie offers. Just wants to live atop the Hollywood hills in her old home with the husband and daughter—and be plain Mrs. Werner Janssen.

W. C. Fields' radio début was the most sensational success in town. He not only took the audience by storm, but took the sponsor for a five-year contract! Fields' only previous airing was on a testimonial program to a movie producer—which he swore was not only his first airing but his last. All this, however, was in the days before the long Fields siege with hospitals and rest-homes. "The only day," says W. C., "that I seriously considered passing out, was the day my radio went dead, which accounts for my now being right in there rooting for dear old radio."

The first shopping Virginia Verrill did when she arrived on the Coast was for a dog. Having formerly owned thoroughbreds which developed into vets' pets more than hers, Virginia confined her pooch-shopping to the Los Angeles pound. Here, for one dollar, she picked up a soiled number whose only charm was a friendly eye. Deciding to spend one more dollar, she took him to the vet's for a shampoo. But with the grime washed off, the purp proved a bad bargain. Virginia found her mongrel was a throughbred schnauzer!

The audience for that first airing of the Chase and Sanborn *program comprised most of the Who's Who in Hollywood. And the rest were at the* NBC *doors trying to crash the program. Enthusiasm was kept at high pitch following the broadcast, with a cocktail party out at Don Ameche's Encino home. All in all, the new radio program got off to a fast start.*

At a rehearsal of the *Kraft Hour*, a news scribbler was interviewing Bob Burns. Bob was reminiscing about some happening and drawled: "Now, let me see—that must have been about the time I started blossoming out." Bing Crosby, sitting by and quietly smoking a pipe, interrupted with: "Blooming out, doncha mean, Bob?—when you first started to be a blooming idiot?"

Hearts and Flowers Dept: Judy Garland thinks Bill Goodwin is *so-o-o-o* swell. Not that half the girls in Hollywood don't think so, too, but Judy makes no bones about her open adoration. At every rehearsal she is either talking to Bill or sitting spellbound just looking at him. But there's eternally the triangle! And in this case it's Jimmie, Judy's big sister, who's causing the trouble. For Bill thinks Jimmie is *so-o-o-o* swell, and makes no bones about it either.

More Hearts and Flowers Dept: Marlyn Stuart and Buster Keaton are seen everywhere together these days. Ken Murray and Florence Heller, New York sassiety gal, may head for Yuma any minute. Jerry Cooper hasn't given the Hollywood girls a chance yet—his Main Interest is Joan Mitchell, Eastern chorine. Frances Langford and Tony Martin are sposed to be

that way about each other.

Hunting for Grace Moore between broadcasts is like hunting a needle in a haystack. For Grace and husband Valentin Parera might be anywhere between Seattle and Ensenada, Mexico. Valentin presented the little wife with a gray and tan auto-trailer and they take off immediately after every broadcast. Grace does all the cooking and's even whipped up dotted swiss curtains for all the windows. Just a hausfrau at heart.

Carlton Morse, author of *One Man's Family*, took off for Hong Kong aboard the Pan American Clipper Ship, for his vacation. We hear that his baggage—the fifty pounds allowed him—was comprised of still and motion picture cameras and a thousand feet of film. No laundry, Carl?

At NBC *there are all kinds of plans underfoot for vacations. Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone will set sail for Europe, Charlie Butterworth has Budapest on the brain, Ben Bernie will head for Florida and the racetracks, Conrad Thibault is going to Hawaii,* OR ELSE, *and Bing Crosby is going to his ranch. Fred Astaire's only answer to our question on his plans was: "What is a vacation?"*

Hollywood Host No. 1 has turned out to be Joe Penner. He's rigged up a loud speaking system on the grounds of his Beverly Hills home, which enables him to shout a last farewell to guests as they go out the gate. But what the guests don't know is that Joe has also rigged up at the gate a trick transmitting set which relays back to the house any opinions which they may express concerning the Penner party.

On meeting Ella Logan, everyone thinks that such a baby-faced girl shouldn't be out in the cold, cruel woild of the woiking gal. Someone, they feel sure, should adopt the little Logan. But the news has just leaked out that it's Ella who does the adopting. To date she's collected two little girls of her own—aged three months and four years. And says she's in the market for more!

There's a story back of that ballad which Gracie Fields rendered on the Hollywood Hotel *program recently. Bill Bacher, when he heard of Gracie's idea, said: "No, no, a thousand times no." But Gracie still felt like rendering a ballad. So she told Fox publicity director, Harry Brand, about how she felt and Harry told Bill how he felt about Bill not feeling that way about ballads. In fact, Bill was told in no uncertain tones that unless Gracie was allowed to render, no more Twentieth Century-Fox stars would ever appear on* Hollywood Hotel. *We just thought you might appreciate that ballad more if you knew.*

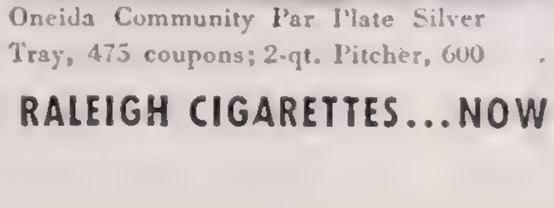
The *Prince and the Pauper* broadcast was interesting on several counts. For one, the Mauch twins, who are a couple of the best troupers in town. Bobby was so stirred by some of his lines that he had to hastily wipe a tear or two away and get in a quick sniffle. Also interesting was the fact that Simone Simon was sitting right up front—with eyes only for Errol Flynn. Seems the little French girl thinks Errol is divine divine.

—BY LOIS SVENSRUD

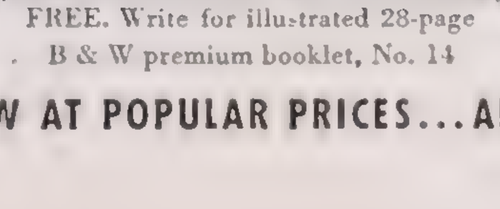
GIVE YOUR THROAT A KOOL VACATION!

LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOLS' fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) *Your* throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOLS today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

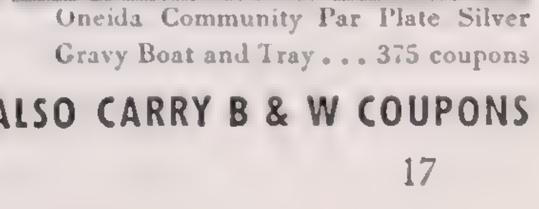
TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Morton Bowe, NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.



Oneida Community Par Plate Silver Tray, 475 coupons; 2-qt. Pitcher, 600



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14



Oneida Community Par Plate Silver Gravy Boat and Tray . . . 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

International Photo

Rudy Vallee, surrounded by a crowd of British admirers on his arrival at Waterloo station for a London engagement during Coronation festivities.

Hildegarde, famous cabaret and broadcasting star, another Coronation entertainer, posed with Rudy for London newspaper photographers.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION-

BY RUDY VALLEE

Once again Rudy Vallee opens his heart in a free and frank commentary on divers subjects

Wide World Photo

I wish you'd be my guest long enough to join me in a discussion of the assorted things that, during the past month, have amused me, plagued me and struck me as being worthy of scrutiny.

John McCormack

If you've accepted my invitation, then sit back in your biggest, softest arm chair and turn your attention, with me, to Mr. John McCormack.

I was surprised at Mr. McCormack's recent blast at radio, having a tremendous admiration for the artistry and intelligence of this Irish minstrel, who for years has brought so much enjoyment to so many people with his glorious voice. Surprised, because I know him, having had the pleasure of entertaining him shortly after one of our broadcasts.

I cannot believe that Mr. McCormack was blasting radio generally. It seemed rather that his especial objection was a certain program. His complaint was that paint manufacturers were not the proper judges of an artist's ability. But inasmuch as these gentlemen pay the bills, and, assuming that they are laymen-common-denominators, it is *quite possible* that their reactions might be much better barometers of public opinion than even those of critics and opera-goers. It is unfortunate that, one minute, a beautiful aria is to be heard, and, the next, cold-blooded advertising of such-and-such a product, but if the public knew that the cost of an hour broadcast, such as our own, is approximately $17,000 for *each* broadcast and that this expense must be met some way, surely there could be no objection to short, well-worded commercials interspersed not more than three times during the hour. Experience has proven that it *does* take repetition to impress people, so let's be fair to the much-abused sponsor, shall we?

Tommy Dorsey

Many of us are watching the bill proposed in Michigan requiring punishment for libel over the air. It seems, at the present time, that libel over the air is less easy to prove, and consequently to punish, than libelous statements appearing in the Press. This legislation may start something!

Not to give Mr. W. Winchell too much cause to accuse me of lingering in the first person singular, or to repeat too much of what was said last month concerning the Boston photographer episode, but now that I have been adjudged guilty of assault, those who followed the course of events will recognize it as an issue of whether a person may or may not object to having his picture taken.

Although Mr. Ex-Justice Van De-

(*Continued on page* 62)

Battling Bill Fields squares off with a scowl, in his radio feud with that Casanova of Hollywood, dummy Charlie McCarthy. And even Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen seems a trifle perturbed by that fearsome frown!

After a broadcast of the *Chase and Sanborn Variety Hour*, Don Ameche, master of ceremonies, watches comedian W. C. Fields write his autograph for a fan. The program is heard Sundays, over the *NBC-Red* network.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

Never did a radio program whiz so quickly to top ranking as the *Chase and Sanborn Variety Hour,* featuring W. C. Fields, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Dorothy Lamour and Werner Janssen. It would be unfair to single out one particular member of the cast as the outstanding reason for the program's success. All have been exceptionally entertaining.

Many rabid listeners are shouting from the housetops that without W. C. Fields the hour would be quite ordinary; but there are equally as many who rally to the cause of Edgar Bergen and his delectable dummy, Charlie McCarthy, insisting that this inimitable pair is the program's highlight. Furthermore, the Don Ameche fans are positive that without their Don all would be lost. And so it goes.

When you have so able and acknowledged a group of performers that it's impossible to select any one as the best, then you most decidedly have an outstanding radio program.

The *Chase and Sanborn Hour* got off to such a fast start that the skeptics thought the pace could not be maintained. If anything, the pace has quickened. The script writers have not let the comedians down. The high-salaried guests stars have fitted nicely into the pattern.

The sponsors are spending a tremendous amount of money to present this show each week. But it is money well spent, and certainly the sponsors may feel assured that with few exceptions every dialer in the land is tuned in on their program each Sunday.

To the *Chase and Sanborn Variety Hour,* sixty minutes of sparkling variety entertainment, RADIO STARS magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady

—EDITOR

How radio favorite Bing Crosby rates with his wife, Dixie Lee

"I OFTEN think," said Bing Crosby's young wife (the only girl Bing ever "went with") "that Bing made his money too fast—and too young. He made more money that first amazing year of his big success than he ever has made since. And when you stop to realize that he was a poor boy, one of a big family, and had had to hustle for every two-bit piece he had to spend—well, it's a real wonder of the world that it didn't inflate his ego till he burst! Anyone, in those days, would have been justified in prophesying that Bing would go berserk. But he didn't. It worked just the other way, with Bing. Fame and money didn't make him conceited, careless, reckless. He takes them as a grave responsibility, a trust to be executed, a burden to be borne, almost like a heritage which he must administer carefully and well. He acts like a trustworthy steward of his own success. His haywire days were all when he was a nobody, with nothing.

"From the time he first began to be really successful, from the day he first set eyes on me, he began to be an *Old Man of the Sea,* with the weight of the world on his shoulders. Why *I* should have had that effect on him," laughed Dixie, "I'll never know! I'm really not the type. I'm the one who wants to go places, go to parties, give parties, have a lot of fun. I hate to be alone. I love to have crowds of people around me, things going on.

"I say so, too," grinned Dixie, ridiculously child-like, in her pale blue corduroy shorts, white shirt, golden-brown bob, young scarlet mouth. "I say so, but Bing never 'hears' me. He doesn't pay any attention to what I say. He never tells me anything! He never tells me about his business problems, what goes on at the studio or anything. It makes me furious! I don't like it, because it makes me feel unimportant and I like to feel important. But he says I'd be bored to death if he came home and told me everything that goes on at the studio, business details, problems and so on. Maybe. I'll probably never know. Bing is old-fashioned. He believes—and Bing acts on his beliefs—that a woman's place is in the home, with her children, and here he keeps me very well," grinned Dixie.

The home of the Bing Crosbys in North Hollywood, in the Toluca Lake region, is spacious and white. And Southern, suh, in architecture, in "feelin'." It is white-columned and gracious and set in wide green lawns, luxuriantly green, and walnut trees in majestic groves croon, the winds playing among their leaves, beneath the Crooner's white-curtained windows. A Negro butler, with a family-retainer courtesy, had admitted me when I arrived, and ushered me into the playroom, panelled in pale pear-wood, furnished with rag rugs, drapes, chairs and divans in shades blending from palest rose to deepest crimson. A bar, facing the room obliquely, is lined with tiers of glasses, from enormous brandy sizes to tiniest

The Crosby *Rancho Santa Fe*, with its swimming pool, is a summer paradise.

There's a tennis court, too, on this 65-acre estate of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby.

MRS BING CROSBY

BY GLADYS HALL

cordials, and all in shades of blue, royal blue to pale spring blue. From the wide entrance hall, as I entered, I caught a glimpse of the dining-room—Duncan Phyfe table, pale blue papered walls, formalized draperies—mute testimonial, all of it, to what a Spokane boy with a heart-catch in his voice has done.

Now, from above came the patter of little feet, descending the stairs. Six little feet. The little feet of the sons of the Crooner—Gary Evan, aged four, Philip Lang and Dennis Michael, aged three. The nurse came in with the three little boys, fresh from their naps. Three blond little boys: Gary Evan, a small and almost exact replica of Bing; the twins, not at all identical save for blond hair and blue eyes, the hair of Dennis Michael wavy, that of Philip Lang, Bingishly straight.

I asked Gary Evan if he liked to hear his father sing. The four-year-old commented, discriminatingly: "Yes, 'specially in the shower. And 'specially *Little Buckaroo* —that's our favorite. My Daddy sang it for me over the radio last week." The little boys shook hands politely, scrambled over their mother, who looks ridiculously like their not too-much-older sister, and went forth to swim in the pool.

"Bing calls them his Three-Man Circus," Dixie told me. "I call them *my* Four-Man Circus—for Bing is one of the kids when he's playing with them. D'you know what he did on his last (*Continued on page 73*)

Plenty of open country for riding. Dixie (Mrs. Bing) and her favorite horse, *Sorrell*.

Bing and his wife, known to the movie fans as Dixie Lee.

GETS CONFIDENTIAL

THE BABE IS STILL KING!

They thought he was through—not only as a ball player, but as a public hero! Now he's radio's *Number 1* baseball man!

BY TOM MEANY

FOR ABOUT two years now there has been a sentimental clamor arising to find a place in the major leagues for Babe Ruth. The fans, the writers, too, for that matter, can't cotton to the spectacle of the and told us he had decided to call it a career. We all felt sorry for the old guy, a pathetic figure with all the fire and ebullience gone from him.

It was nearly a month before

Babe Ruth at bat, in the days when he was drawing a larger salary than the President of the United States. He's not doing so badly now, as baseball broadcaster!

Wide World

man who led baseball to the pot of gold, standing on the outside looking in, like a kid with his nose flattened against the window of a bakeshop.

Whether or not baseball finds room for Ruth, the big fat man has found room for baseball. The Babe is on the air now, broadcasting twice weekly over the Columbia System, and his broadcasts naturally are all baseball. For the game always has come first with the Babe, from the time he was a snub-nosed kid out of a Baltimore orphan asylum, playing ball for $600 a season. Years later, when Ruth was drawing more money than the President of the United States, he was hustling as hard as when he broke in, his affection for the game in no whit abated.

When Ruth had his unfortunate experience with the *Boston Braves* and Judge Fuchs, when he quietly was eased out of Yankee Stadium, out of the American League and eventually out of organized baseball, it was believed in many quarters that his fame had been irreparably tarnished. So pitiful were his efforts with the *Braves*, barring occasional sporadic bursts of home run gunning, and so involved were the conditions under which he quit on June 2nd, 1935, that it seemed the big fellow was finished, not alone as a ball player, but also as a public hero. Babe, himself, as well as baseball men throughout the nation, were sure that the fans would reach the conclusion that their idol had feet of clay, that he no longer was a glamorous figure, but merely a broken-down ball player, grown fat and petulant.

Ruth, himself, was pretty well broken up. I was in the clubhouse up in Boston, along with other New York and Boston sports writers, when the Babe gathered us together

Ruth appeared in public again and when he did, at a game at the Polo Grounds, he was nearly mobbed by admirers. A cordon of park police had to be thrown around the box where the Babe and his party sat, to protect the home run king from autograph seekers. The following Sunday, Ruth visited Yankee Stadium and received a similar ovation. Later Babe tried to avoid the Stadium, lest his presence there embarrass Manager Joe McCarthy.

Those rousing receptions restored all the old Ruthian confidence. No longer was he the old man in dressing-robe and slippers, who was going to sit quietly in retirement and await the arrival of the postman with the annuity checks! He knew that he still was baseball's *Number 1* man in the eyes of the public. Whether or not the magnates knew it, didn't matter.

When the *Yankees* opened the season at the Stadium, last April, Babe drew more cheers than any member of the team which had won the world's championship last fall, more than any of the public officials who participated in the inaugural ceremonies. He had tried to slip into his seat unobserved, while the teams were parading to the flag pole in center field, but the crowd spotted him instantly and the cheers that greeted him drowned out the blaring of the band.

Ruth already had opened his radio program, which started while the teams were in the South. His baseball comments over *CBS*, on the events of the training season, and his pennant predictions, apparently scored with the fans, for the weekly contest staged by his sponsors, *Sinclair Oil*, was drawing an increasing number of entries with each program.

Baseball (*Continued on page 82*)

HER SECOND

As *Brenda*, in her first microphone rôle, Helen Menken, noted stage star, faces many perplexing problems.

Miss Menken broadcasts her serial, *Second Husband*, each Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. *EDST* over the *NBC-Blue* network.

IN THE theatre Helen Menken has been an outstanding figure for so long, one quite naturally thinks of her as an old-timer. As a matter of fact, she has been playing on the stage for nearly thirty years. But don't let that mislead you. She started her theatrical career at the age of four, playing with the late Annie Russell in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

On the air, however, Miss Menken is in the novice class. She has, on occasions, made guest appearances, playing scenes from some of her Broadway successes. But this spring, for the first time, she embarked on a career as a radio actress, in the *NBC* serial, *Second Husband*, broadcast Wednesday evenings under the auspices of The Famous Actors Guild.

Miss Menken's radio serial matches, in some respects, her own experience—for she has been married twice. Her first husband was Humphrey Bogart, well known to the stage and screen. Recently he played with Bette Davis in the film, *Marked Woman.* He was starred in *The Black Legion,* and has been featured in a number of other successful movies.

"We grew up together," Helen said. "I knew Humphrey when he was in short pants! But marriage, for us, was a failure from the start. We lived together only two months. He has been married again, since, and divorced again. But we're still friends. My husband likes him very much, too. We see him occasionally. And when I see him, I think: 'I'm glad I'm not married to you—but I'm glad you're doing so well in your career!' "

Miss Menken's present husband, a Texan, is an eye specialist in the city.

"I met him five years ago," she told me. "I liked him at once. But, just after we met, he sailed for Paris with another doctor."

Not long afterward, however, Helen and her mother and sister went abroad for a summer's holiday. Eventually they arrived in Paris.

"And, of course, I thought of *him,*" she says. "I kept thinking about him—kept finding pretexts to bring his name into the conversation. At last a friend said to me: 'Why don't you call up this man you're always talking about, if he's here in Paris?' As a matter of fact, I knew his telephone number! I'd been saying it over and over to myself, secretly! But I hedged. Then she taunted me—dared me to do it. And one day I did. . . ."

And so the young doctor came to call on Helen Menken. And for the next few weeks that European holiday was a season in paradise.

"Then I had to go home," she said. "Before he came, I had been impatient to go—eager to get back to work. But then I hated the thought of it. And then he said to me: 'If you'll marry me—I'll go back with you.' That," she smiled reminiscently, "was the way he proposed!

"So we came back together—and we were married here, by Jimmy Walker. That was five years ago—and I had known him just two months."

Their marriage, we gather, has been a completely happy one, although much of the time their hours have been at odds.

"It has been hard on him, I know," she said understandingly. "At first our hours were utterly topsy turvy. He has to start his day at seven-thirty in the morning. When I'm working in the theatre, I don't get home till twelve. Then I'm all keyed up—I never get to bed till three in the morning—and I'm sleeping when he starts out. Then, when he is through work, ready to relax and enjoy himself, I'm just starting my work! And Sunday, the day when most people plan some sort of social

HUSBAND

Helen Menken hopes that Brenda, of her *NBC* serial, will be happy, as she is, in her second marriage

BY NANCY BARROWS

The picture below shows Helen Menken as Queen Elizabeth in *Mary of Scotland*, in a recent broadcast from that stage play.

diversion, is my one day to rest and relax—let down my hair and put cold cream on my face! Sometimes, of course, we go out together, but often he stays at home with me. It isn't fair to him, but he is dear and understanding — interested in my work — and helpful. Last summer he and I had our first vacation together since we were married. We went to a farm my family have, up in New York state, near Tuxedo. It's a real farm, in real country. We loved it!

"Radio," she said, and her dark eyes glowed, "gives us more time together. I like radio!"

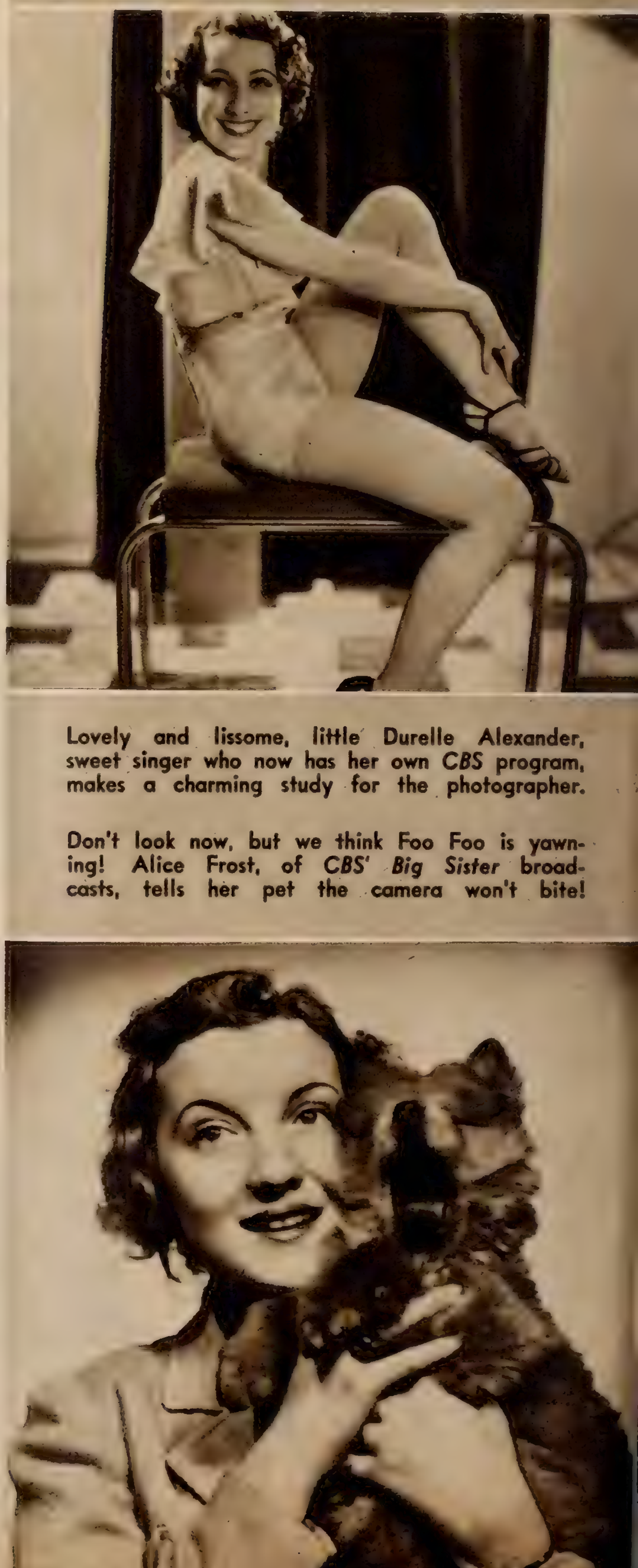
She lighted a cigarette. "I'm always jittery, right after a broadcast, though. And before it, too! You'd think, having grown up in the theatre, I'd have more assurance. But it isn't so. I know the technique, of course—I'm completely at home in it. But I still have the jitters! Most actors I know," she went on, "work —and then relax afterwards. I can only relax when I'm working! Both before and after, I'm terribly tense!"

Although she grew up in the theatre, her family, Helen says, were not theatrical people. The proverbial backstage trunk was not Helen Menken's cradle. Her mother was a friend of (*Continued on page 68*)

A summertime silhouette—Ina Ray Hutton, popular girl orchestra leader of Miami, Florida, caught at the seaside.

IN THE

Picking out some of the



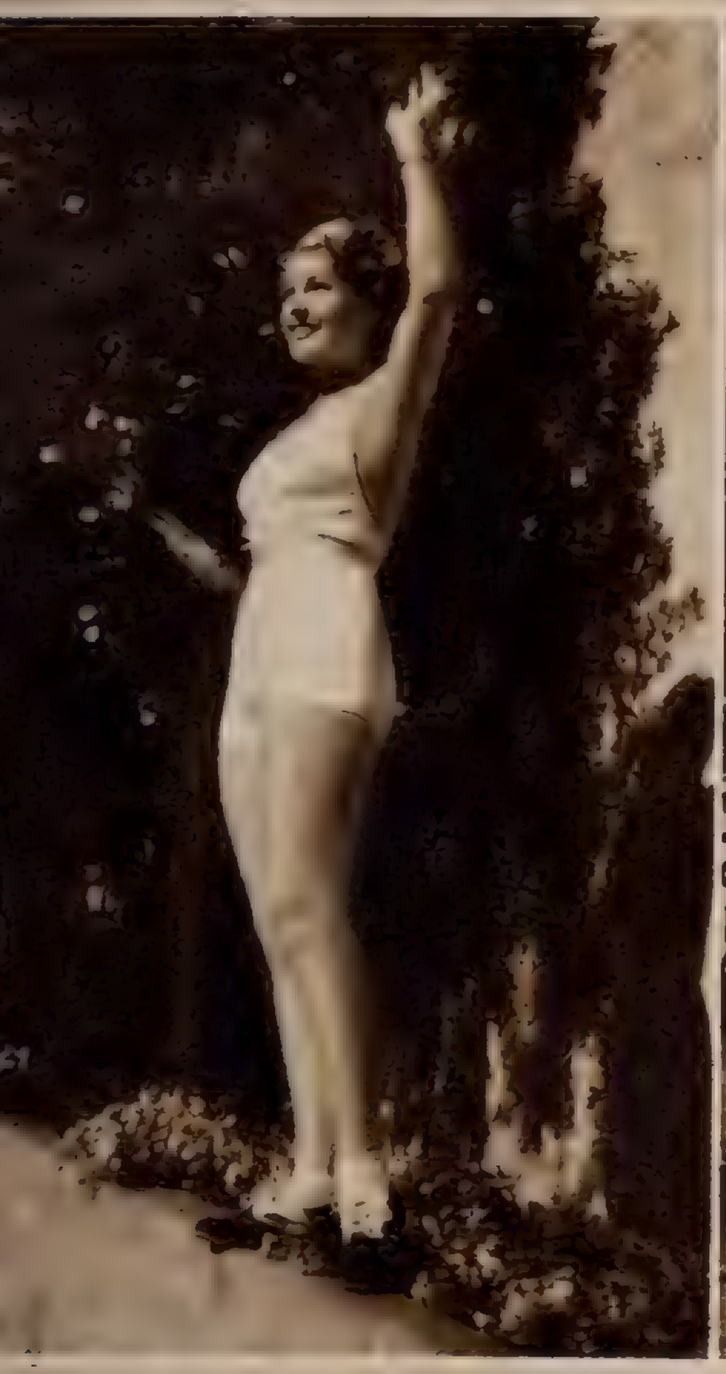
Lovely and lissome, little Durelle Alexander, sweet singer who now has her own *CBS* program, makes a charming study for the photographer.

Don't look now, but we think Foo Foo is yawning! Alice Frost, of *CBS' Big Sister* broadcasts, tells her pet the camera won't bite!

Wide World

RADIO SPOTLIGHT

stars of the summer season's radio roundup in mirth and music



"Mama! Oh, Mama! That man's here again!" chirps comely Marlyn Stuart, *CBS* favorite.

Fibber McGee and Molly (Marian and Jim Jordan) Hollywood-bound, with Kathryn and Jim, Jr., to make a movie.

Bert Lahr, as star of *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* broadcasts, finds himself in plenty of trouble.

A favorite radio star, Charlie McCarthy *(right)* of the *Chase and Sanborn Hour,* turns in surprise as his stooge and pal, ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, introduces a miniature mannikin in his very own image!

Bobby Breen and Jolly Gillette giggle during ground-breaking ceremonies for *CBS'* new studio.

Wide World

Ed East and Ralph Dumke, those doughty "Sisters of the Skillet," tell their beguiling true life story!

WE HELP DISTRACTED

IN 1924 Ed East and Ralph Dumke were vaudevillians, playing the small-time Keith circuit. While stalled in Niagara Falls, with a three-day layoff, just prior to breaking into New York and the big-time, one of their fellow actors gave them a tip.

"Now listen, fellers," he drawled (his name was Jack Benny and drawls even today—drawls down a big salary check), "I *know* this Keith gang in New York. They're a high-pressure bunch and if you show up there just in time to go on, and you sign the contract then, you may get fifty dollars more than you're getting now—but no more. Take an old soldier's advice, beat it up there while you have a chance and demand a big increase in dough."

"Aw gee, Jack," they moaned in something like unison, "we've only got thirteen dollars between us!"

"If that's all that's worrying you, take this—" and Jack Benny handed them a roll of bills that totaled just a little over five hundred dollars.

But East and Dumke didn't go to New York to demand more money, because, well, frankly, they were scared of the big officials. Yes—they got a measly fifty-dollar raise, just as Jack had said they would.

This happened in the formative days of the present stars of the *Knox Gelatine* show and the *Kellogg Corn Flakes* show—the two behemoths of flesh who coyly call themselves *The Sisters Of The Skillet,* and who are about as effeminate as two Jack Dempseys! Ed, for instance, weighs about two hundred and sixty pounds and stands six feet, one and one-half inches tall. Ralph is exactly six feet tall and might weigh a half pound less than Ed, but I doubt it. Can you picture them doing the cartwheels a recent act of theirs called for?

But, to get on. Much water, indeed, has since flowed under the water wheels that make the electricity that runs the radio stations these funsters have patronized—on such shows as *Kolax Shaving Cream, Lomax Twins' Ginger Ale, McLaughlin Manor House Coffee, Procter & Gamble Soaps, Armour Meats, Pontiac Cars, Texaco Gasoline, Charis Corsets, Krueger Beer* and others—not to forget the two present-day shows.

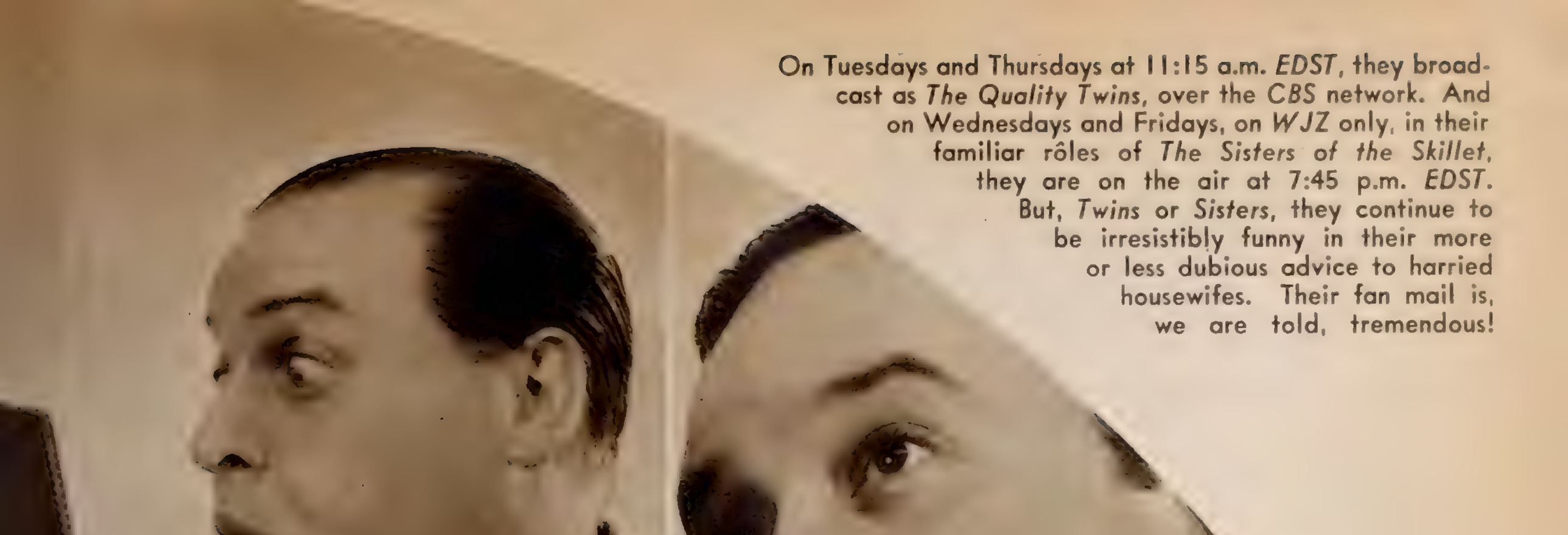
When I talked to them, they were just about to do their *Knox* Thursday-morning show, and they stopped talking to me long enough to rush to the mike and open the show with a duet. Ralph once sang in a quartet with Herr Walter O'Keefe, and, as a consequence, he rather fancies himself as a singer, but Ed, actually, is every whit as good. At any rate, after fifteen minutes of *Knox* sparkling whimsy, they wiped brows and said "Let's go eat!"

Over plates heaped high with food, they relaxed and time turned abruptly backward in its flight.

" I was born," began Ed East, in answer to a question, "in April, the fourth day of the year 18—er—18——"

"1894," sang out Ralph, the man with the face of a cherub. "I know more about you than you do yourself, Ed. You were born in Bloomington, Indiana, and for several years you were a little boy. You grew fast and you went to school with Hoagy Carmichael and you both played piano by ear. He taught you how."

"*I* taught *him,* if you don't mind! Say, do you remember how Hoagy fainted one day when a trumpet player



On Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:15 a.m. *EDST*, they broadcast as *The Quality Twins*, over the *CBS* network. And on Wednesdays and Fridays, on *WJZ* only, in their familiar rôles of *The Sisters of the Skillet*, they are on the air at 7:45 p.m. *EDST*. But, *Twins* or *Sisters*, they continue to be irresistibly funny in their more or less dubious advice to harried housewifes. Their fan mail is, we are told, tremendous!

LADIES!

By WILLIAM L. VALLEE

took a 'break' particularly well? Gosh, how that boy loves music! And how, years later, when he was staying at the Ritz Tower here in New York, we found him by yelling from the street: *'Hoagy! Hoagy Carmichael!'*"

Ed is something of a composer, himself, having turned out some five hundred songs, including a little number called *Swing Waltz*, which you must have heard unless you live in a barrel.

"Then you ran away from home with a carnival," Ralph continued Ed's history, "where you played nursemaid to a bilious elephant named Abner."

"It wasn't an elephant, it was a man. His name wasn't Abner, it was *Dare-Devil Foster*—and he wasn't bilious, he was a high-diver and I announced him."

That left Ed gasping for breath!

"Well, elephant or high-binder—I mean diver—they got you back home again," Ralph continued, "and somehow you were sixteen and you enrolled at Indiana University. During school you were an engine wiper, a soda clerk, and, oh, yes, you led a small and very bad dance band. Then you went into blackface and then law, then blackface once more, and then law again—right, pal?"

"Right, pal—and now how would you like to hear your life story, pal?" There was more than a hint of malice in Ed's tone. He didn't wait for an answer. *"You* were born, I don't know why, in South Bend, Indiana, in 1899. You weren't of much importance to the world when your school put on *The Mikado* and you played 'Nanki Poo,' and you weren't much more, after that! Then you ran away, same's I did, didn't you? You stole a steam-roller, wasn't that it?"

"I ran away because my banjo art demanded expression," answered Ralph, with some heat, "and not because I swiped a steam-roller. I went into vaudeville, mister!"

"Yeah, and you wanted your folks to think that you were selling insurance, so you wrote home on borrowed insurance stationery."

"Would *you* want to stay home and design plows, just because your father had, before you, for forty years?" demanded Ralph.

Ed was nonplused. He did the first thing that came to mind—he fell to eating.

It developed, however, that Ralph returned home and entered Notre Dame University, along with Charlie Butterworth and Walter O'Keefe.

The waiter brought on another course and for several minutes silence, as the cliché has it, reigned supreme.

When everything but the design was eaten from the plates it came out that Ralph and Charlie Butterworth worked in the same clothing shop while at school, Charlie selling boys' wear, and Ralph, haberdashery. It was a strongly-worded hint of the manager's that aided them in their decision to forego commerce and to try their luck together on the local stages.

One of their "angels" at this time was the late Knute Rockne. It appears that the gentry in and about South Bend had a very low regard for the Notre Dame boys and even less for the athletes—so Knute considered the pair good-will ambassadors, to the extent of a regular five-dollar bill from his own pocket to (*Continued on page 76*)

WOMEN WANT TO BE

The candid camera gives us various glimpses of Olga, Countess Albani, as she rehearsed recently for the *Ford* Sunday night *Universal Rhythm* program. Countess Albani, a native daughter of Spain, came to America to pursue her career as a singer. She really has a double career, for she is wife and mother and homemaker, as well as opera, concert and radio singing star. Career women, she thinks, give even more attention to their homes than does the stay-at-home wife, and win far richer reward.

TIED DOWN

The only really free person, says Olga, Countess Albani, is the one whom nobody wants!

BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

"WHEN a woman sets out to make a career, she thinks she's mapping out a job for herself. But she's wrong! She's taking on two jobs, and she might as well know it from the very beginning."

The Countess Albani smiled. Looking at her, you found it hard to believe her a career woman. For all the intelligence of her wide forehead, the humor in her brown eyes, the aliveness of her voice, she doesn't look like a woman who's made her own way in the world. Here, if ever there was one, is a man's woman—so feminine she looks, with her small, slimly rounded figure and her warm skin and that vital something that shows in her laugh and in her talk and the very eagerness with which she looks at you.

Only a happy woman can look like that, a woman who's proved herself to herself and to everyone important to her. Maybe it's that sense of happiness and of complete fulfillment that denies her the look of the career she's worked for so hard.

For, in her, there's none of that restlessness you see in so many successful and near-successful women. None of that feverishness of voice or searching of eyes you see in so many women who have gained the success they thought they wanted.

But then, you see, Olga Albani is smarter than most women!

She knew what she wanted, from the beginning, and she never lost sight of all the values.

"Funny thing about women," she looked taller somehow, sitting so straight in the high-backed chair, "they can give up their lives to independence, to the hard grueling work that goes into the making of a career; they can give up parties and fun and, sometimes, even love—only to discover, in the end, that the thing they want above everything else in the world is the thing they've been running away from.

"For women want to be dependent. They *want* to be tied down! Yes, for all their brittle tongues, they want the same things, in their hearts, that their stay-at-home sisters want, a husband, a home and children.

"They prove it over and over again. If they're living in a hotel, or a furnished room, they're forever buying things of their own to put around it. Curtains or candlesticks, or bookshelves, things that take the very edge off their independence, little things to tie themselves down to. And, as soon as they can afford it, they usually move into an apartment of their own and cheerfully rise an hour earlier to put it in order, and stop on the way home to buy things for dinner, when they could just as well be waited on in a favorite restaurant.

"They talk about being free, and yet, all the time, they're tying themselves down more and more. Sometimes it's a dog, or a cat, or a canary, that holds to earth those fine, brave wings they've won for themselves. Sometimes it's only a geranium that makes them refuse week-end invitations and stay in town over Sunday to see it's watered and taken care of. Women really are funny that way!

"The woman who never has wanted a career beyond the care of her home and family is, in a sense, the happiest. For she hasn't known what *(Continued on page 86)*

Dick Foran — born John Nicholas Foran— whom you hear on the *Burns and Allen* broadcasts and see in Warner Brothers pictures, is a cowboy at heart!

Dick Foran, popular singing cowboy.

A BULL

"Drawing-room stuff is not for me—not without a yelp!" says dashing Dick Foran

By

FAITH SERVICE

"I like to sing cowboy songs!"

Dick flirts with his horse, "Smoky."

"What do *you* want me to sing?"

IN A CHINA SHOP

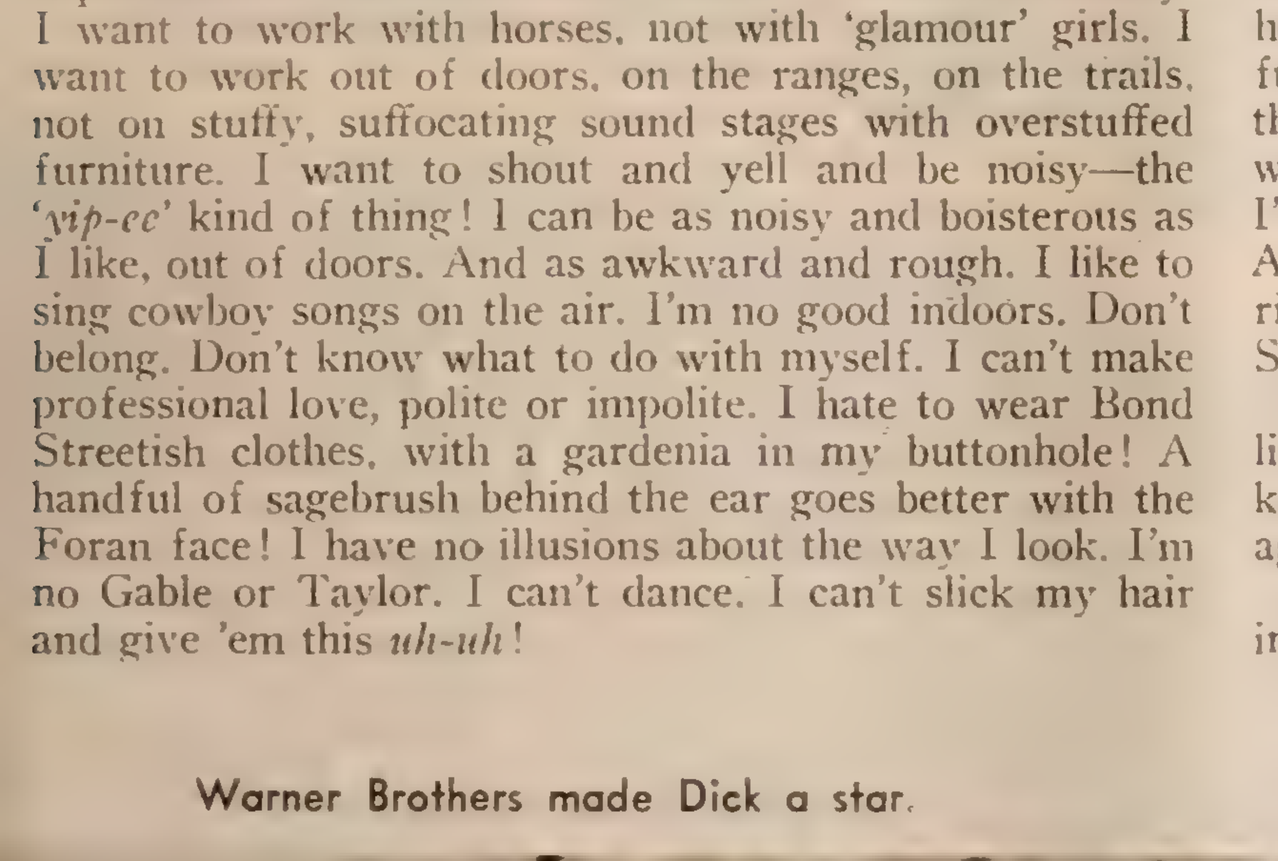
"I AM a cowboy actor, making Westerns," said Dick Foran, "and I want to remain a cowboy actor making Westerns. Yep, forever! They are talking, here at the studio, of 'promoting' me, taking me out of Westerns, putting me into musicals, dramas, and so on. I don't call it promotion! I hate the idea! I want to remain a cowboy. I want to work with horses, not with 'glamour' girls. I want to work out of doors, on the ranges, on the trails, not on stuffy, suffocating sound stages with overstuffed furniture. I want to shout and yell and be noisy—the '*yip-ee*' kind of thing! I can be as noisy and boisterous as I like, out of doors. And as awkward and rough. I like to sing cowboy songs on the air. I'm no good indoors. Don't belong. Don't know what to do with myself. I can't make professional love, polite or impolite. I hate to wear Bond Streetish clothes, with a gardenia in my buttonhole! A handful of sagebrush behind the ear goes better with the Foran face! I have no illusions about the way I look. I'm no Gable or Taylor. I can't dance. I can't slick my hair and give 'em this *uh-uh*!

"I want to keep on working in Westerns, because I like the fellows I work with. That's the real reason. They're swell as they come, all of them! I have fifteen champions working with me, most of the time—bull-doggers (meaning steer wrestlers), broncho riders, bareback broncho riders, calf ropers, buck ropers, all of them. I'd hate like hell to work without them. I'm at home with them. I have fun with them. I speak their language. I admire and respect them and I've got to admire and respect the people I work with, to be happy. And as for the money—and that's what I'm after—well, Tom Mix, Bill Hart, Buck Jones, Gene Autry and about twenty others have done and are doing all right for themselves. Their pictures are making the money. So are Dick's. Bailing in the fan mail. . . . They're *tops*!

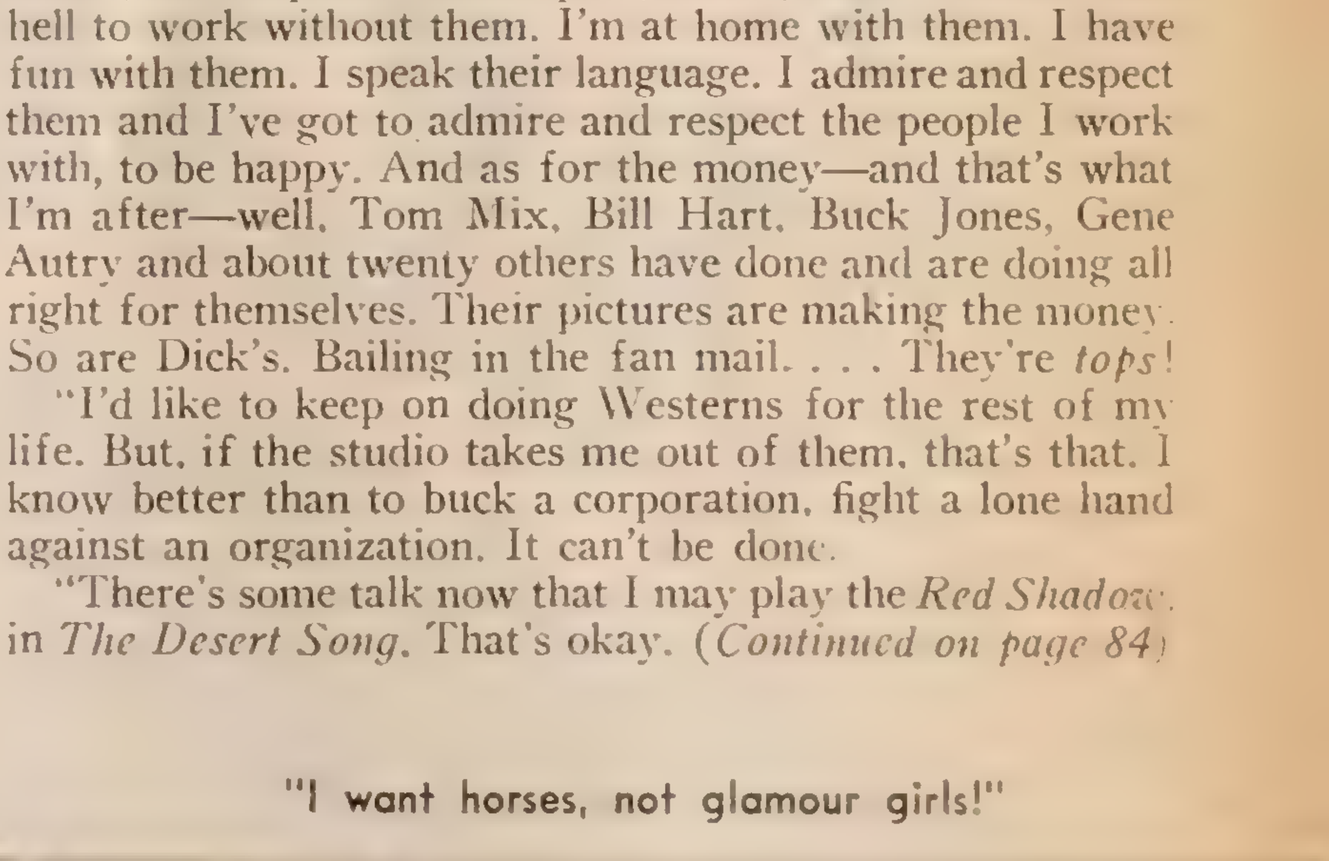
"I'd like to keep on doing Westerns for the rest of my life. But, if the studio takes me out of them, that's that. I know better than to buck a corporation, fight a lone hand against an organization. It can't be done.

"There's some talk now that I may play the *Red Shadow* in *The Desert Song*. That's okay. (*Continued on page 84*)

Warner Brothers made Dick a star.



"I want horses, not glamour girls!"



Martha Raye of *Waikiki Wedding* is teamed again with Bob Burns in a new picture for Paramount.

Clyde Beatty *(left)* with Colonel Jack Major, who interviewed the intrepid animal trainer over CBS.

BETWEEN

Blonde Marlyn Stuart *(left)* and winsome Shirley Ross, of *CBS'* Ken Murray show, pose in a garden.

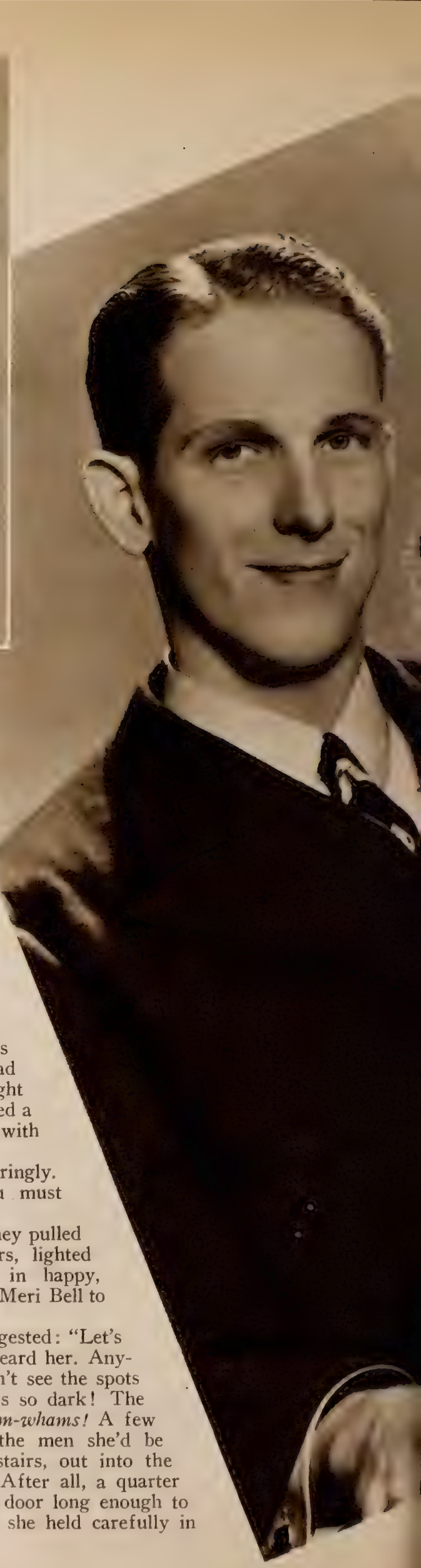
Chief Heap-Big-Sour-Puss (Fred Allen), on vacation from *Town Hall Tonight*, smokes a peace pipe.

BROADCASTS

Maxine Marlowe, vocalist of Phil Spitalny's *All Girl Orchestra*, relaxes at a popular health farm located at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

ISN'T THIS A FINE ROMANCE!

BY MILDRED MASTIN



WHEN Dell Sharbutt first glared at Meri Bell, and she stared back coolly, the best fortune teller in Manhattan couldn't have convinced either of them that love was about to bloom!

That was a little over two years ago—before Meri Bell's velvety voice had scored a hit on the *Five Star Revue,* and when Dell was just beginning to make a name for himself in radio, as an ace announcer.

It was a nice, quiet, sunny afternoon. Dell had finished up for the day and was walking down Sixth Avenue toward home, happy and contented and not expecting anything to happen. Then, all of a sudden, he spotted an old pal of his, from down home in Texas—a fellow named Hal. And Dell, far from home and lonesome, was tickled pink to see him. Sixth Avenue never witnessed a gladder reunion.

Dell asked Hal to come on up to his apartment. Hal pointed, and said: "C'n I bring *her* along?" Then Dell noticed the girl! He looked at her and scowled. The girl scowled back. She was tall and lanky and yellow-haired.

"Yes," said Dell, with a *what-else-can-we-do* air. "She can come, too." So Meri Bell tagged along.

Neither of them knew it, but nothing short of a cataclysm of nature could have shaken Meri Bell loose from them. Because—Meri Bell was hungry! She had come to New York, just the day before, to seek her fortune and a job. She had come with exactly seven and a half dollars. Five dollars she had spent getting her hair fixed. (How can a girl get anywhere if her hair looks stringy?) Two of it had gone for her room at the hotel. (There'd be two more due tomorrow!) She had spent a quarter for food, and had twenty-five cents left. (Those fellows wouldn't get rid of Meri Bell—not till she was fed!)

Dell Sharbutt was pretty proud of his apartment. It was different. For one thing, he had ruby red and cobalt blue light bulbs in the fixtures. He pressed a light button, flooding the room with a soft, deep glow.

"Ah," said Meri Bell witheringly. "The oriental influence! You must know a Turkish dancing girl!"

But the men ignored this. They pulled up two big comfortable chairs, lighted their pipes, and were deep in happy, nostalgic conversation, leaving Meri Bell to think.

After a while Meri Bell suggested: "Let's play a game—" But nobody heard her. Anyhow, thought Meri, you couldn't see the spots on the cards in this dump—it's so dark! The lights were giving her the *whim-whams!* A few minutes later she rose, told the men she'd be back, and walked down the stairs, out into the bright sunshine of the street. After all, a quarter won't keep the wolf from the door long enough to matter! When she came back, she held carefully in her hand a sixty-watt bulb.

Meri Bell and Dell Sharbutt hated each other!

So they married and lived happily ever after!

Today Meri Bell admits: "I have never heard Dell squawk the way he did that afternoon, when I came back and took out a cobalt blue light bulb, substituting a nice, bright, sixty-watter!"

And Dell defends himself: "Well, I didn't want her up there in the first place! And there she was—just like a dame—changing my apartment around, when she hadn't been in it ten minutes!"

"Let's play a game," Meri Bell suggested again. She said it every fifteen minutes. Finally the men told her that, if she'd be good and quiet, so they could talk, they'd take her out to dinner soon, and, after dinner, they'd buy her another sixty-watt bulb—and she could put it in any lamp she wished, and they'd all play a game. So Meri Bell, being reasonable and patient, curled up and snoozed till dinner time.

After dinner, when they asked her what she wanted to play, Meri Bell said: "I don't know any game, except one, a little bit—that's Russian Bank." So they played Russian Bank. When the game started, Meri Bell said: "I don't know how to play it free. I learned to play it with money." So they played for money.

At the end of the evening, Meri Bell had enough cash to pay her room rent and eat frugally for three more days. The boys laughed at "beginner's luck" and took Meri Bell home.

A few days later Dell called Meri Bell and asked her to go out to dinner. He didn't know exactly why he called her. Maybe putting the cobalt blue light bulbs in again had reminded him of her. He suggested taking her to a theatre, but Meri Bell didn't want to see a show—she wanted to play Russian Bank.

For the next three weeks Meri Bell played Russian Bank with Dell Sharbutt every chance she got, and managed to keep the wolf from the door. She was too proud to tell him that she was broke. He never knew, until after they were married, that she had been living off these slim winnings—chicken feed to him—and that if she had lost a game, she couldn't have paid off!

Mr. Sharbutt still thought that Meri Bell was just a lanky, yellow-haired (*Continued on page 71*)

You could search New York with spotlight and spy-glass and never find a happier couple than radio announcer Dell Sharbutt and *CBS* singer Meri Bell.

"GRAVEL VOICE"

SOME years ago, when Andy Devine was no bigger than this, he fell on his face in a gravel pit—or so the story goes. What that gravel did to his face is common knowledge. The man on the street can tell you that Andy isn't beautiful. Chances are he'd never have grown up to look like even a distant relative of Robert Taylor, anyway, so perhaps the gravel pit incident never really did make any startling change in Andy's personal pulchritude. But it had a lot to do with his voice, according to the legend. It seems Andy talked a lot as a kid, so it was only natural that his mouth was open when he fell into the pit. What he got, besides the possible changes in his facial contour, was a mouthful of gravel.

To this day Andy swears he's still carrying that gravel around, and that's why his voice sounds like someone sandpapering a rock. Or *Donald Duck* with a sore throat. You might not like to own it yourself, but to Andy it's the secret of his success on the air, and the reason he's still looked upon with favor by his employers out at Universal Studios. And that's why he regards that dive into the gravel pit as the luckiest moment of his life, even though it took radio some twenty-five years to get wind of it.

"Evidently," I said, after Andy finished his story and woke me up, "you arose from that gravel pit a new man, with visions of a radio and picture career your ultimate goal."

"Well, no," said Andy. "At the time, I figured that, if everything went well, I'd eventually get to be a cowboy. I was in Arizona at the time, and in Arizona, when you grow up, you're either a cowboy or just passing through."

The reason Andy was in Arizona at the time was that a few years prior to the incident—in 1905, to be exact—he honored Flagstaff, Arizona, by choosing it for his birthplace. His father and mother called him Andrew and told him that if he wanted to be a cowboy he could go ahead and be one. But they didn't offer to buy him any cows—and without cows, a cowboy looks pretty silly!

"I think my family had ideas," said Andy. "I mean, they sent me to school. Dad moved to Los Angeles, where he went into the hotel business, so I took a whack at education, and vice versa. It didn't seem to take, even though I was what you might call a four-letter man at school."

"Fishing, boating, bathing and football?"

"Not quite, although I did play football. You see, I went to four schools, and I got a letter from each of them—a letter suggesting that maybe I was in the wrong field of endeavor."

Andy's list of schools sounds like a stock company's road show schedule. He started off at Harvard, and—he always pauses a moment before he adds: Military Academy in Los Angeles. From there he (*Continued on page 70*)

Here's Andy, who rode to radio fame with that hard-riding hombre, Buck Benny, of the Sunday night *Jell-O* program. Andy works six days a week in the moom pitchers, too.

Andy Devine *(center)* with Slim Summerville *(left)*, and Larry Blake. Maurice Murphy *(behind Slim)*, Noah Beery, Jr., and Henry Hunter, as they appeared in Universal's *The Road Back*.

ANDY

By LEO TOWNSEND

Andy Devine, who sounds like Donald Duck with a sore throat, regards a fall into a gravel pit his luckiest moment

It took radio a long time to discover Andy, but the gravel voice pays dividends now, both on the air and in the movies. He first appeared on Bing Crosby's program.

The Cassel family, Jean, Walter, Baby Mary, Mrs. Cassel and Walter, Jr.

Johnny (John Walter Cassel, Jr.) and Jeanie play jackstraws with Daddy (Walter Cassel) on the wide lawn of their Hollywood home.

MARRIAGE MADE A DIFFERENCE

Walter Cassel's glorious voice has won him an enviable place among radio's brilliant stars and also in the movie musicals.

Success has no point but to do things for those you love, says Walter Cassel

Cassel has made *Lady Luck* and *Golden Dawn* for Warner Brothers.

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

Mary Martha Cassel, aged six whole months, refuses to be cajoled by Mother and Daddy and the cameraman! She just naturally hates publicity photographs!

IF you see a fellow ahead of the crowd, successful and prominent in whatever line, aren't you inclined to say: *"Lucky guy!"* or words to that effect? And not stop to ask by what painful route, by what sacrifices, by what grit and determination he has reached that point?

It is human to assume that our favorite stars of screen and stage and radio are lucky, born with silver, if not golden, spoons in their mouths. But facts seldom bear out our casual assumption.

To Walter Cassel, whose glorious voice has but recently won for him an enviable position, rich with promise as well as with the first sweet fruits of achievement, the struggle is still too close to be taken lightly, to be forgotten. Not that he is the least bitter about it—just that it makes for a deeper appreciation and enjoyment of what he now has and what he hopes to have in the future.

"I am not sorry for any of it," he said heartily. "It was all good experience—even wiping engines so that I could go with the Union Pacific band."

For Walter's first efforts toward fame were confined to trumpeting with high school and other bands.

A Council Bluffs, Iowa, boy, Walter was brought up chiefly by a doting aunt and uncle. His father died when he was a baby and, when he was about three, his mother married again. Though the family was not particularly well-to-do, they saw to it that Walter never lacked for anything he needed or wanted.

In those days he took everything pretty much for granted, had no particular ambition or urge to accomplishment. He learned to play the trumpet, because his aunt wanted him to, and he had a good time traipsing around with the local bands, but it was not until he went to college that life was given a more serious turn.

The turning point for him was, quite simply, meeting a girl—a pretty, sweet and ambitious youngster, who was studying voice and had bright particular dreams of her own. But from the time she met Walter, her dreams centered about his blond head, as, in turn, she gave new meaning to life for him. With that brave impatience that has urged him on and on, he prevailed upon Nadine Blackburn to elope, and after marriage and the brief ecstasy of a one-night honeymoon in a little hotel in Logan, Iowa, life began in earnest.

Parental wrath had to be faced, they had to prove they knew what they were doing, were able to cope with everyday problems and new responsibilities. For Walter, all doubts were resolved. He had Nadine to work for now; he *had* to succeed, to amount to something.

Having a natural gift for drawing, Walter turned first to sign painting and lettering. Later, he studied typewriting and secured an office job in a local flour milling business. But Nadine was not satisfied. She was determined that he should do something with his voice. Walter felt uncertain, not sure the voice was worth the obvious sacrifices, inevitable if he were to embark upon that precarious career. But he turned tentatively to radio, played his trumpet with a dance band three nights a week, was soloist in church on Sundays and presently had an evening commercial, which, in some measure, increased his self-assurance.

A lot has been written linking Walter's name with Lawrence Tibbett's. It has been natural enough, partly because Walter bears a certain superficial facial resemblance to his idol and friend, partly because his rich baritone is shown to best advantage in the type of songs Tibbett sings, and partly because the final impetus to his choice of a career was given Walter by an actual contact with the famous singer. *(Continued on page 58)*

IS FATE AGAINST ME?

Whenever opportunity beckons her, Mary Eastman must turn away!

BY HARRIET MENKEN

SOMETHING always seems to happen to Mary Eastman, at the crucial moment, to prevent her from achieving the success she has dreamed of. Mary undoubtedly has a rare voice, one of the really distinguished voices in radio. You feel it when you hear her each Friday night over *NBC*, singing with Frank Munn in *Waltz Time*. You thrill to it each Saturday night over the Columbia network. But, even though she has the success these programs afford, Mary might have gone much farther up the ladder of luminaries if something hadn't happened each time, to keep her from taking her place in the top rank of radio stars.

What were those happenings?

Is fate against beautiful Mary Eastman?

And if it is, what is she going to do about it?

"Things always have happened to me, to seem to prevent my landing at the top of a singing career," said the girl with the hazel eyes, the perfect features and the sunny smile. "Don't misunderstand me. I'm not whining. It's just an amusing fact that something always has happened, just as I seemed all set for real success. This began in my earliest childhood. I was born in Kansas City, of a musical family. My mother played and sang, and my sisters and brothers all were musical. I, myself, could play the piano, without having had a lesson, when I was seven years old. But I always wanted to sing. That was my special dream. Accordingly, it was planned that I should have vocal lessons as soon as I was old enough. But when that time came, the first thing happened to stop me," Mary explained. "The family fortunes wouldn't permit my taking these lessons. Well, in time, I got over that first hurdle. My uncle, my mother's brother, appeared from South America. He was about to make his home in Chicago, and he offered to take me along and give me the advantages of a musical education. The long and short of it was that I went.

"My real name was Mary Hewitt," she told me. "But when I went to live with my uncle, I took his name and became known as Mary Tippett. At his request, I called my uncle 'Father.' In fact, hardly anyone knows to this day that he's not my real father," Mary continued. Years later, before Mary Hewitt-Tippett had become Mary Eastman, and while she still was using her uncle's name, she appeared as a guest artist on a program with Lawrence Tibbett. Mary told me that Tibbett twitted her about the similarity of their names.

Mary studied hard at her singing lessons, and her lessons in harmony and counterpoint, at the Chicago Musical College. When they had a contest, she won the second prize. She secretly (*Continued on page 78*)

Mary Eastman, of the lovely voice, heard over *CBS* and *NBC* networks, dreams secretly of greater fame.

Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.

aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed *(right)* at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give m energy a cheering lift!"

These distinguished women also prefer Camel's mild, delicate taste:

MISS JOAN BELMONT, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

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Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels

Tommy Dorsey, CBS orchestra leader, whose band plays that hot swing music, spends all his spare time in a placid rural existence on his New Jersey farm.

DOWN ON "SWING" FARM

He can show you some prize breeds of hens, and he likes to dig in the garden, says Tommy. He can milk his cows, and do a swell job of running the planting and plowing on his fine twenty-two acre farm.

Meet the Dorsey family—Mrs. Tommy, who is called "Toots," Tommy, young Thomas Francis 3rd, aged six, known as "Skipper," and Patsy Marie, who is eleven. They all are listening to a recording of one of Tommy's *Raleigh and Kool* Broadcasts.

Coast-to-Coast PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red Network is indicated by *NBC-Red;* the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network is indicated by *NBC-Blue;* the Columbia Broadcasting System by *CBS* and Mutual Broadcasting System by *MBS.*

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour. For Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: *11:00* A. M. EDST becomes *10:00* A. M. *EST and CDST; 9:00* A. M. *MDST and CST; 8:00* A. M. *PDST and MST; 7:00* A. M. *PST.*

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED NETWORK

WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
WNAC	Boston, Mass.
WBEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAQ	Chicago, Ill
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
KOA	Denver, Colo.
WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
WWJ	Detroit, Mich
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
WIRE	Indianapolis Ind.
WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
KFI	Los Angeles, Cal.
KSTP	Minneapolis—St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF	New York, N Y.
WOW	Omaha, Neb.
KYW	Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa
WCSH	Portland, Me
KGW	Portland, Ore.
WJAR	Providence, R. I.
WMBG	Richmond, Va.
KSD	St Louis, Mo
KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
KPO	San Francisco, Cal.
WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
KOMO	Seattle, Wash
KHQ	Spokane, Wash
WRC	Washington, D. C.
WDEL	Wilmington, Del.
WTAG	Worcester, Mass

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

WABY	Albany, N. Y
WBAL	Baltimore, Md
WBZ	Boston, Mass
WICC	Bridgeport, Conn
WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y.
WMT	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WENR	Chicago, Ill
WLS	Chicago, Ill.
WCKY	Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
KVOD	Denver, Colo
KSO	Des Moines, Iowa
WXYZ	Detroit, Mich.
WLEU	Erie, Pa.
WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WREN	Kansas City, Kan.
KECA	Los Angeles, Cal.
WTCN	Minneapolis, Minn.
WICC	New Haven, Conn.
WJZ	New York N Y
KLO	Ogden, Utah
KOIL	Omaha, Neb -Council Bluffs, Ia
WFIL	Philadelphia, Pa.
KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
KEX	Portland, Ore.
WEAN	Providence, R. I.
WRTD	Richmond, Va.
WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
KWK	St. Louis, Mo
KFSD	San Diego, Cal
KGO	San Francisco, Cal.
KJR	Seattle, Wash.
KGA	Spokane, Wash
WBZA	Springfield, Mass
WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y
WSPD	Toledo, Ohio
WMAL	Washington, D. C.

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

KOB	Albuquerque, N. M.
WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
KGNC	Amarillo, Tex.
WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
KERN	Bakersfield, Cal.
KGHL	Billings Mont
WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
KFYR	Bismarck, N D.
KGIR	Butte, Mont
WCSC	Charleston, S. C.
WSOC	Charlotte, N C.
WCFL	Chicago, Ill
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
WFLA	Clearwater, Fla.
WIS	Columbia, S. C
WCOL	Columbus, Ohio
WFAA	Dallas, Tex
WEBC	Duluth, Minn
WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WBAP	Ft. Worth, Tex.
KMJ	Fresno, Cal
WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
WFBC	Greenville, S C.
KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
KPRC	Houston, Tex.
WJDX	Jackson, Miss
WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla
WJTN	Jamestown, N. Y.
KARK	Little Rock, Ark.
WAVE	Louisville, Ky
WIBA	Madison, Wis
WFEA	Manchester, N. H.
WMC	Memphis, Tenn
WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
WTMJ	Milwaukee Wis
CFCF	Montreal, Canada
WSM	Nashville, Tenn
WSMB	New Orleans, La
WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla
KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz
KGHF	Pueblo, Colo
WPTF	Raleigh, N. C
KFBK	Sacramento, Cal.
WSUN	St. Petersburg, Fla.
WOAI	San Antonio, Tex
KTBS	Shreveport La
KSOO	Sioux Falls S. D
KGBX	Springfield, Mo
KWG	Stockton, Cal
WEBC	Superior, Wis
WFLA	Tampa, Fla
WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind
CRCT	Toronto, Canada
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla
KANS	Wichita, Kans.
WORK	York, Pa

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

WADC	Akron, Ohio
WOKO	Albany, N. Y
WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
WPG	Atlantic City, N. J
KNOW	Austin, Tex
WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ	Bangor, Me
WBRC	Birmingham, Ala
WNBF	Binghamton, N Y.
WEEI	Boston, Mass.
WGR	Buffalo, N Y
WKBW	Buffalo, N Y.
WCHS	Charleston, W. Va
WBT	Charlotte, N. C
WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn.
WBBM	Chicago Ill
WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
KVOR	Colorado Springs, Colo.
WBNS	Columbus, Ohio
KRLD	Dallas, Tex
WOC	Davenport, Iowa
WHIO	Dayton, Ohio
WJR	Detroit, Mich
KRNT	Des Moines, Iowa
KLZ	Denver, Colo
WKBB	Dubuque, Iowa
WDNC	Durham, N. C.
WESG	Elma-Ithaca, N Y.
WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va.
WTAQ	Green Bay, Wis.
WBIG	Greensboro, N. C.
KFBB	Great Falls, Mont.
WHP	Harrisburg, Pa
WDRC	Hartford, Conn
KTRH	Houston, Tex
WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind
WMBR	Jacksonville, Fla.
KMBC	Kansas City, Mo.
WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn.
WKBH	La Crosse, Wis
KFAB	Lincoln, Neb
KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
KNX	Los Angeles, Cal.
WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
WMAZ	Macon, Ga.
WREC	Memphis, Tenn.
WCOC	Meridian, Miss.
WQAM	Miami, Fla
WALA	Mobile, Ala
WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
KGVO	Missoula, Mont
WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.
CKAC	Montreal, Canada
WLAC	Nashville, Tenn
WWL	New Orleans, La
WABC	New York, N. Y
KOMA	Oklahoma City Okla.
WDBO	Orlando, Fla
WPAR	Parkersburg, W Va.
WCOA	Pensacola, Fla
WMBD	Peoria, Ill
WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
KOY	Phoenix, Ariz
WJAS	Pittsburgh Pa
KOIN	Portland, Ore
WPRO	Providence, R. I.
KOH	Reno, Nev.
WDBJ	Roanoke, Va.,
WHEC	Rochester, N. Y.
KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
WCCO	St. Paul, Minn.
KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
KTSA	San Antonio, Tex.
KSFO	San Francisco, Cal
WTOC	Savannah, Ga
WGBI	Scranton, Pa
KOL	Seattle, Wash.
KWKH	Shreveport, La.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa
WSBT	South Bend, Ind
KFPY	Spokane, Wash
WMAS	Springfield, Mass.
WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
KVI	Tacoma, Wash
WDAE	Tampa, Fla
WIBW	Topeka, Kans
CFRB	Toronto, Canada
KTUL	Tulsa, Okla
WIBX	Utica, N. Y
WACO	Waco, Tex
WJSV	Washington, D. C.
WJNO	W. Palm Beach, Fla
WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va
KFH	Wichita, Kans.
WSJS	Winston-Salem, N C
KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex
WORC	Worcester, Mass
WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

KADA	Ada, Okla
KVSO	Ardmore, Okla
WRDO	Augusta, Me
KPMC	Bakersfield, Cal
WBAL	Baltimore, Md
WLBZ	Bangor, Me
WAAB	Boston, Mass.
WICC	Bridgeport, Conn.
WMT	Cedar Rapids Iowa
WGN	Chicago, Ill.
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
WRR	Dallas, Tex
KFEL	Denver, Colo.
KSO	Des Moines, Iowa
KXO	El Centro, Cal
KASA	Elk City, Okla
KCRC	Enid, Okla
WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
KTAT	Ft. Worth Texas.
KFKA	Greeley, Colo
WTHT	Hartford, Conn.
WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
WLNH	Laconia, N. H
KFOR	Lincoln, Neb
KHJ	Los Angeles, Cal
WLLH	Lowell, Mass.
WFEA	Manchester, N. H
KDON	Monterey, Cal.
KBIX	Muskogee, Okla.
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
WOR	Newark, N. J
WNBH	New Bedford, Mass
WNLC	New London, Conn
KTOK	Oklahoma City, Okla
KOIL	Omaha, Neb
WFIL	Philadelphia, Pa
WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa
WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
WEAN	Providence, R. I.
WRVA	Richmond, Va
KWK	St. Louis, Mo
KFXM	San Bernardino, Cal
KGB	San Diego, Cal
KFRC	San Francisco, Cal
KVOE	Santa Ana Cal
KDB	Santa Barbara, Cal.
KGFF	Shawnee, Okla
WSPR	Springfield, Mass
KGDM	Stockton, Cal
WOL	Washington, D. C.
WBRY	Waterbury, Conn
CKLW	Windsor-Detroit, Mich

Sundays

JULY 4—11—18—25

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: GOLDTHWAITE ENSEMBLE—organ and soloists

NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—Josef Honti's orchestra

8:30

NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Josef Stopak's orchestra, Paul Wing, narrator

NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet

9:00

NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S RHUMBA ORCHESTRA

NBC-Blue: WHITE RABBIT LINE—Milton J. Cross

CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSAN'S—children's program, Artells Dickson

9:30

NBC-Red: CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, organist

9:55

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

Bob Hope

Jane Froman

Bert Lahr

10:00

NBC-Red: HIGH LIGHTS OF THE BIBLE

NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30

NBC-Blue: WALBERG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE

CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra

MBS: RAINBOW HOUSE—children's program with Bob Emery

11:00

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORGAN MOODS

MBS: REVIEWING STAND—world problems

11:05

NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZZY—piano duo

NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto

11:15

NBC-Red: BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE—dramatization

NBC-Blue: HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON—author and lecturer

11:30

NBC-Blue: VARIETY PROGRAM

CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY

11:45

NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS—Jerry Brannon, Paul Gersman

NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet

MBS: CADLE TABERNACLE CHOIR—music, talk

12:30

NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers

NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—soloists

CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN

1:00

NBC-Red: DOROTHY DRESLIN, soprano; FRED HUFSMITH, tenor

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

MBS: NEW POETRY HOUR—A. M. Sullivan

1:30

NBC-Red: DREAMS OF LONG AGO—Ethel Parks Richardson

NBC-Blue: OUR NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer

CBS: FOREIGN NEWS EXCHANGE

1:45

CBS: POETIC STRINGS

2:00

NBC-Red: VARIETY PROGRAM

NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:30

NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES

CBS: LIVING DRAMAS OF THE BIBLE—dramatizations

MBS: THE RIGHT JOB

2:45

MBS: GREAT MUSIC OF THE CHURCH

3:00

NBC-Blue: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fields and Hall, Florence Adair

CBS: EVERYBODY'S MUSIC Howard Barlow, symphony orchestra

MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

3:15

MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

3:30

NBC-Red: WIDOW'S SONS—sketch

NBC-Blue: INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON

3:45

NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor

4:00

NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Ruth Lyon, Edward Davies, Shield's orchestra

NBC-Blue: SUNDAY VESPERS

CBS: SPELLING BEE—Dr. Harry Hagen

4:30

NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization

NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISHFACE AND PROFESSOR FIGGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears' orchestra

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:00

NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S ENCORE MUSIC—Gale Page, Charles Sears

CBS: SUNDAY AFTERNOON PARTY

5:30

CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MBS: FORUM HOUR

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR

NBC-Blue: CANADIAN GRENADIER GUARDS BAND

MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:30

NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch

NBC-Blue: GOLDEN GATE PARK BAND CONCERT

CBS: RUBINOFF'S PROGRAM

MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Dell Sharbutt, Berigan's orchestra

7:00

NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jane Froman, Donald Ross

NBC-Blue: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano

CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP—dramatizations

MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator

7:30

NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso

NBC-Blue: BAKERS BROADCAST—Robert Ripley, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, Shirley Lloyd, vocalist

CBS: HARRY VON ZELL—Oscar Bradley's orchestra

MBS: BENAY VENUTA'S PROGRAM—Willard Amison, Sid Gary, Brusiloff's orchestra

7:45

NBC-Red: FITCH JINGLE PROGRAM—Morin Sisters, Ranch Boys

8:00

NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM — Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Dorothy Lamour, Werner Janssen's orchestra

8:30

CBS: TEXACO PROGRAM—Igor Gorin, Ella Logan, Helen Troy, Jimmy Wallington, Renard's orchestra

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00

NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND — Bert Lahr, Rachel Carlay, Pierre Le Kreeun, Lyman's orchestra

NBC-Blue: RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE—Shep Fields' orchestra, Frank Parker, Bob Hope, Honeychile

CBS: UNIVERSAL RHYTHM—Rex Chandler's orchestra, Alec Templeton, Richard Bonelli

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30

NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Haenschen's orchestra

NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator

MBS: OLD TIME SPELLING BEE

9:45

NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE

MBS: DANCE ORCHESTRA

10:00

NBC-Red: SUNDAY NIGHT PARTY—James Melton, Jane Pickens, Donald Dickson, Dolan's orchestra

NBC-Blue: CALIFORNIA CONCERT

CBS: GILLETTE SUMMER HOTEL—Milton Berle, Wendell Hall, Sannella's orchestra

MBS: SURPRISE PARTY—Kay Kyser's orchestra and guests

10:30

CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN—news commentator

MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45

CBS: MAUREEN O'CONNOR AND THE SINGING STRINGS

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE BUNCH—vocal quartet

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

MBS: DANCE MUSIC

11:10

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORCHESTRA

Mondays

JULY 5—12—19—26

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO — talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45
NBC-Blue: NORSEMEN QUARTET

9:00
NBC-Red: THE STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: MORNING MOODS

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone and organ

12:45
NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE SEXTETTE
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Charles Sears, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES

2:00
NBC-Red: EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA — Ralph Ginsburgh

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
NBC-Blue: HOUR OF MEMORIES—U. S. Navy Band
CBS: MONTANA SLIM
MBS: THE QUIET SANCTUARY

2:45
NBC-Red: JOHNNY O'BRIEN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: POP CONCERT—Howard Barlow
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY HOUR
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Leo Freudberg's orchestra

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: CAROL WEYMANN—mezzo-soprano
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone
MBS: ALPINE VILLAGE CONCERT

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
MBS: STORY TELLERS HOUSE

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone

6:15
NBC-Red: JOHN GURNEY—basso
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartette
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—trio
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs
MBS: CHILDREN'S ALBUM—Story Book Lady

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: BARRY McKINLEY—Barrett's orchestra
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30
NBC-Red: MIDGE WILLIAMS—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor

7:45
NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—baritone
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Dick Foran, Noble's orchestra
CBS: ALEMITE HALF HOUR—Ted Weems' orchestra
MBS: ROMANCE IN RHYTHM—Evelyn Case, Jack Arthur, Brusiloff's orchestra

8:30
NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE — Margaret Speaks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: PAUL MARTIN AND HIS MUSIC
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Jerry Danzig, Dave Driscoll

9:00
NBC-Red: FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Grier's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GOOD TIME SOCIETY—all-Negro revue
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE—dramatizations
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

9:30
NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny and his girls
NBC-Blue: MELODIC STRINGS
MBS: CESARE SODERO DIRECTS

10:00
NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Delia Chiesa, Black's orchestra
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: ELDER LIGHTFOOT, SOLOMON MICHAUX — and congregation

10:30
NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: NECK O' THE WOODS—Carl Carmer
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY

11:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Ray Noble

Vivien Della Chiesa

Fibber McGee

Tuesdays

JULY 6—13—20—27

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE [illegible]s program
NBC [illegible] MORNING DEVOTIONS -organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO — talk and music

8:45
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: ANNETTE KING—contralto
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—East and Dumke

11:30
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: RHYTHMAIRES
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch
MBS: PARENTS' CLUB OF THE AIR

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: HOLLYWOOD SUNSHINE GIRLS—trio

12:30
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE SEXTETTE
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: CLEO BROWN—songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TUNE TWISTERS
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR — Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: THE MERRYMAKERS
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD — Muriel Draper, Levey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio
MBS: THE QUIET SANCTUARY

2:45
NBC-Red: COLLEGIANS—quartet
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—variety program
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS—quartet
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—Story of the Song
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
CBS: SING AND SWING—Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: HOWARD BARLOW'S CONCERT ORCHESTRA
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Elinor Sherry, Freudberg's orchestra

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEWS
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA—and soloists

5:15
NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES—Watson Davis

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ST. LOUIS SYNCOPATORS

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: KING'S MEN QUARTET
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: MEREDITH WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: MUSICAL AMERICANA—orchestra

6:15
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—harmony trio
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: GLENN DARWIN—baritone
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: THE FASHIONAIRES

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—quartet
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—The Town Crier

7:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: FLORENCE GEORGE—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA — Charles Martin, Phil Duey
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL—Lucy Laughlin, Jerry Mann
MBS: LOVE SONGS—Sylvia Cyde, Raoul Nadeau, Brusiloff's orchestra

8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE — Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST In "IT CAN BE DONE"—Masters' orchestra

9:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Hoff's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Red: PACKARD HOUR—Trudy Wood, Jimmy Blair, Johnny Green's orchestra.
NBC-Blue: SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Arden's orchestra
CBS: CAMEL CARAVAN—Benny Goodman's band.

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: PAST MASTERS PROGRAM—harpsicord ensemble
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—sketch
MBS: HOBBY LOBBY

10:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: PICCADILLY MUSIC HALL
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

Meredith Willson

Trudy Wood

Edgar A. Guest

Wednesdays

JULY 7—14—21—28

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45
NBC-Blue: DANDIES OF YESTERDAY—male quartet

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: THE OLD REFRAIN—instrumental group
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: HOMESPUN—William Hiram Foulkes
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE SEXTETTE
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: THREE RANCHEROS
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: MAKE BELIEVE—Bill Perry, Ruth Carhart
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: FANTASIE IN RHYTHM—Jan Savitt
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE
NBC-Blue: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
CBS: MONTANA SLIM
MBS: THE QUIET SANCTUARY

2:45
NBC-Red: MUSIC OF THE MOMENT—Lee Gordon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone, and organ

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: MANHATTAN MATINEE
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Stopak's orchestra

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: POETIC STRINGS

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: DANCE TIME

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: RUSSELL DORR—Goldman's orchestra
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

5:00
NBC-Red: CHICK WEBB'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organist
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartet

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: MEET THE ORCHESTRA—novelty music
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sair Lee
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs

6:15
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:35
NBC-Red: CAPPY BARRA—and his swing harmonicas
NBC-Blue: FLORENCE GEORGE—soprano
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SINGING WAITERS

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
MBS: LES CAVALLIERS de LA SALLE

7:30
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: TIME FOR BUDDY CLARK

7:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: MARIO COZZI, baritone; CHRISTINE JOHNSON, soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: BROADWAY MERRY-GO-ROUND—Beatrice Lillie, Rickey's orchestra
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—drama with music, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL MARDI GRAS

8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SECOND HUSBAND—Helen Menken
CBS: LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY—Oswald, Shirley Ross, Gluskin's band.
MBS: U. S. MARINE BAND

9:00
NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Walter O'Keefe, Van Steeden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC STRING SYMPHONY—Frank Black's orchestra
CBS: CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Frank Parker, Kostelanetz' orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
CBS: PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE—Jessica Dragonette, Goodman's orchestra
MBS: ED FITZGERALD & CO.

10:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE—
NBC-Blue: HEALANI OF THE SOUTH SEAS
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: FIELD MUSEUM DRAMAS

10:15
NBC-Blue: CAROL WEYMANN—mezzo-soprano

10:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short's orchestra
CBS: BABE RUTH'S RADIO PROGRAM
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

10:45
NBC-Red: HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON—author, lecturer

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: BUNNY BERIGAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Walter O'Keefe

Jane Ace

Ken Murray

Thursdays

JULY 1—8—15—22—29

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO — talk and music

8:45
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT—variety program

9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30
CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: SONG STYLISTS—male quartet

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GALE PAGE—soprano
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—East and Dumke

11:30
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: MERRYMAKERS
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

Bob Burns

12:30
NBC-Red: BAILEY AXTON—tenor
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE SEXTETTE
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: MARGUERITE PADULA—songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAL GORDON—tenor
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY sketch

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: RAMBLES IN RHYTHM
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD—Claudine Macdonald, Levey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio
MBS: THE QUIET SANCTUARY

2:45
NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST—quartet
NBC-Blue: PIANO RECITAL
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: LA FORGE-BERUMEN RECITAL

3:30
NBS-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?—old favorite melodies

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE CABALLEROS

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Pauline Alpert, Sid Gary, Norman Brokenshire

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—organist
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George Griffin
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: KING'S MEN QUARTET
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: NORSEMEN QUARTET
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

6:15
NBC-Red: VLADIMIR BRENNER—pianist
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: BERT AND LEW—songs and patter
NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: SPRING RHYTHM

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30
NBC-Red: MARY DIETRICH—soprano
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—The Town Crier

7:45
NBC-Red: EUGENE BOISSEVAIN—commentator
NBC-Blue: CABIN IN THE COTTON—Southernaires quartet
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Rudy Vallee, guests
NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD ENCORE MUSIC—orchestra, soloists
MBS: MUSIC AND YOU—symphony program

8:30
NBC-Blue: BOSTON POP CONCERT—symphony orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Lanny Ross, Tom Thomas
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR

9:15
MBS: TALK ABOUT BOOKS

9:30
NBC-Blue: MIDNIGHT IN MAYFAIR—English dance music
MBS: MUSIC FOR TODAY

10:00
NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bob Burns, Dorsey's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING BEE—Paul Wing
CBS: YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES—Floyd Gibbons
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonzo Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn

10:30
CBS: MARCH OF TIME—dramatizations
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: NBC NIGHT CLUB—Morey Amsterdam
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Roy Shield

Elsie Hitz

Fridays

JULY 2—9—16—23—30

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45
NBC-Blue: DANDIES OF YESTERDAY—quartet

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: NOVELTEERS

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

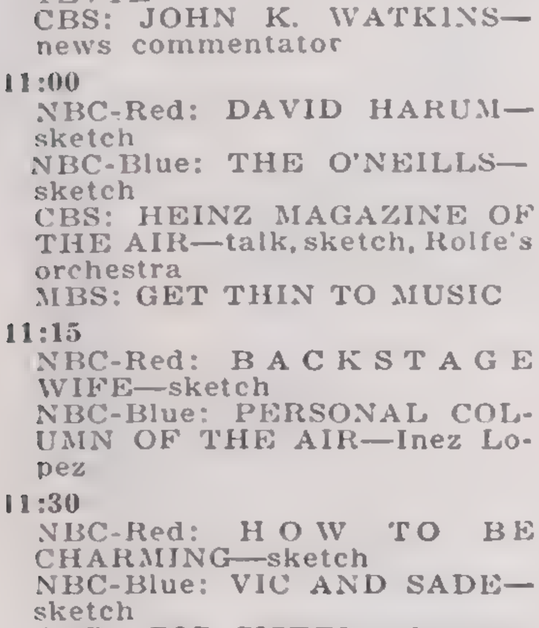
10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE SEXTETTE
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

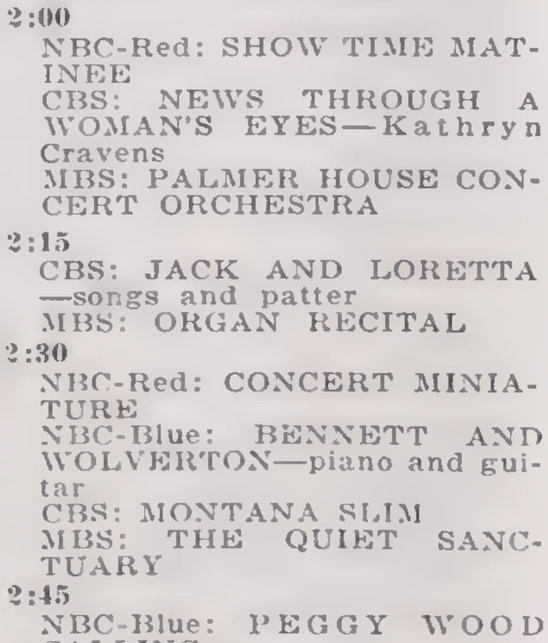
11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: THE OLD REFRAIN—instrumental music
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE



Virginia Verrill



Jerry Cooper

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: MAKE BELIEVE—Bill Perry, Ruth Carhart
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: SHOW TIME MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIATURE
NBC-Blue: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
CBS: MONTANA SLIM
MBS: THE QUIET SANCTUARY

2:45
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: LEO FREUDBERG'S ORCHESTRA

Les Tremayne

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: THREE CONSOLES
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
CBS: FRIDAY MELODY REVIEW
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: SALVATION ARMY STAFF BAND
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—musical plays
CBS: ETON BOYS—male quartet

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone

6:15
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
CBS: DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD—Hobart Bosworth

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: SINGING STRINGS
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: TIME FOR BUDDY CLARK

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—piano duo
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
MBS: NOVELETTE

7:30
NBC-Red: CABALLEROS—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs

7:45
NBC-Red: BUGHOUSE RHYTHM
NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLOREA—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00
NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Manners, Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: IRENE RICH
CBS: BROADWAY VARIETIES—Oscar Shaw, Carmela Ponselle, Elizabeth Lennox, Arden's orchestra

8:30
NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Kay Thompson, Rhythm Singers

8:45
MBS: CHARIOTEERS—quartet

9:00
NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HARLEM—Armstrong's orchestra, Eddie Green
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Anne Jamison, Igor Gorin, Paige's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: CORONET ON THE AIR—Deems Taylor, Armbruster's orchestra
MBS: SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

10:00
NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND KOOL SHOW—Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall, Morton Bowe, Dorsey's orchestra.
CBS: FERDE GROFE'S ORCHESTRA—Edwin Smalle
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
CBS: BABE RUTH'S RADIO PROGRAM

10:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS—movie previews

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Saturdays

JULY 3—10—17—24—31

Mary Eastman

Phil Duey

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE children's program

8:15

NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES

NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30

NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music

8:45

NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00

NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall

NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis

CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15

CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30

CBS: MELLOW MOMENTS

9:45

NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO

9:55

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet

NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi Breen, Peter de Rose

CBS: YOUR GARDEN AND MINE—Ruth Cross

10:15

NBC-Red: THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmony

NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, Milton J. Cross

CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

10:30

NBC-Red: MANHATTERS—Arthur Lang, orchestra

CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program

MBS: ED FITZGERALD & CO.—variety show, Freudberg's orchestra, Elinor Sherry

10:45

NBC-Blue: BILL KRENZ' ORCHESTRA

11:00

NBC-Red: OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS—Dr. Frances Hale

NBC-Blue: MADGE MARLEY—contralto

CBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:15

NBC-Red: HOME TOWN—sketch

NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet

11:30

NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF

NBC-Blue: MAGIC OF SPEECH—Vida Ravenscroft Sutton

CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL

MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH—Anne Sarachon Hooley

CBS: THE CAPTIVATORS

12:15

NBC-Blue: THREE RANCHEROS

CBS: ORIENTALE

12:30

NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

12:45

MBS: ELINOR SHERRY—blues singer

1:00

NBC-Red: WHITNEY ENSEMBLE

NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker

CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor

1:15

CBS: BOB AND VERA—songs and patter

MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

1:30

NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:00

NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists

CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE

MBS: SYLVIA CYDE—soprano

2:15

CBS: ANN LEAF—organist

2:30

NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:45

CBS: TOURS IN TONE

MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

3:00

NBC-Red: WALTER LOGAN'S MUSICALE

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

3:30

NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levey's orchestra

NBC-Blue: RICARDO AND HIS CABALLEROS

3:45

CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

4:00

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra

CBS: THE DICTATORS

MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:30

CBS: DANCEPATORS

MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:00

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: ORCHESTRA

MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15

NBC-Blue: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB—children's program with Lou Rogers

5:30

NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN—varieties, Bruce Kamman, Elinor Harriot

NOTE:

As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

NBC-Blue: BERT BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA

CBS: VOCALS BY VERRILL

5:45

CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt

NBC-Blue: VLADIMIR BRENNER—pianist

CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL

6:15

MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

6:30

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35

NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto

CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45

NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS—Walter W. Van Kirk

CBS: BEN FELD'S ORCHESTRA

7:00

NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE

NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music

CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB—Bunny Berigan and guests

MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15

MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30

NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—Song Stories

NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE—Jim McWilliams

7:45

NBC-Red: THE ABC OF NBC—behind the broadcasting scenes

MBS: IT'S A RACKET—dramatization

8:00

NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE—Kogen's orchestra, guests

NBC-Blue: THERE WAS A WOMAN—dramatization

CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Arthur Godfrey

MBS: SYMPHONIC STRINGS

8:30

NBC-Blue: MEREDITH WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, Phil Duey

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00

NBC-Red: SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly

MBS: HAWAIIAN SERENADES

9:30

NBC-Red: SHELL SHOW—Joe Cook, Watson's orchestra

CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Haenschen's orchestra

MBS: LOUISIANA HAY-RIDE

10:00

NBC-Blue: CONCERT PARTY—English music hall program

CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE

MBS: OTILIO REVARRO AND HIS MEXICAN ORCHESTRA

10:15

MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer

10:30

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

MBS: SATURDAY SERENADE—orchestra, guests

10:45

CBS—PATTI CHAPIN—songs

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC

CBS: BUNNY BERIGAN'S ORCHESTRA

MBS: DANCE MUSIC

"This was the snapshot that brought us together"

"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow —you must take Today

• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL

(*Continued from page 11*)

write about foods as lyrically as did Shelley of the skylark! While to talk of foods is never considered tiresome!

Yes, as I subsequently discovered, when Miss Pons and I discussed the matter in her delightful French-Normandy home in its New England countryside setting, cooking is a subject of the most vital interest to her, as it is to all who proudly claim *la belle France* as their birthplace.

"No Frenchman, you know," my hostess assured me, as we seated ourselves comfortably on the stone terrace outside the lovely green-and-white dining-room, "has any patience with bad or tasteless foods.

"The famous Brillat-Savarin," she continued, "this famous chef once said: *'The invitation of a guest means being responsible for his complete contentment while he lingers under your roof.'* Therefore, seeing that the guest is well fed should be considered one of the most important ways to cater to his comfort."

The French, according to Miss Pons, believe that if you love to cook you will be a good cook! They also pay much more attention to seasoning than we do. They taste as they cook.

In that respect, I remember once reading that when directions say: *"season to taste,"* they mean certain definite proportions of salt and pepper. Just salt and pepper!

"Herbs and spices," said Lily, "such things as tarragon, parsley, shallots, chives and mushrooms, must not be overlooked. I am sure that if I should read *Season to taste*, I should think of these and I should make sure of the final desired effect in the only way possible—by *tasting!*

"No Frenchman is a glutton, you know, but all are epicures," Miss Pons remarked. "Our foods are economical, too. *Remembaire*, nothing is ever wasted, not one scrap! And the pride we take in the special dishes of our part of the country! Our recipes are passed down from one generation to the next! My mother, whom you met today, told me how to prepare some things she was taught to make by her mother!"

Miss Pons described some of the dishes she has served. She also made known some of her own preferences in menus.

Luncheons, in the country in summer, or at her town apartment in winter, generally consist of a soup and a salad. No meal, in fact, is complete without both soup and salad, in her estimation, but whereas they merely supplement the other courses at dinner, they supply, between them, enough nourishment for an entire luncheon. Vegetable salads and fish salads are extremely popular in that delightfully colorful household. With these, either a simple French dressing or mayonnaise is served.

You'll find an easy mayonnaise recipe at the end of this article—it happens to be mine, not Miss Pons', but it goes excellently with the pictured *Tomatoes Côte d'Azur* (tomatoes stuffed with crabmeat and other things in an interesting combination). The recipe is in the leaflet.

You can also use this mayonnaise with the *Oeufs Lakmé* (eggs, to you), which happens to be one of the nicest jellied salads I've ever come across. This one is in the leaflet, too.

Some may prefer a simple French dressing with all salads. The proportion generally used by Miss Pons is 4 tablespoons of oil to 2 tablespoons of vinegar, with salt and pepper "to taste." But at the risk of having my previous words thrown up to me, let me suggest ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper for this amount of dressing. "The dressing *must* be added just before eating," cautions Miss Pons. "Not fifteen minutes ahead of time, not even two!" The addition of finely minced chives is suggested; rubbing the bowl with garlic recommended!

There just isn't room here to tell you any of the interesting things Miss Pons had to say about the French methods of vegetable preparation. But I do suggest that you try the *Mushrooms à la Bordelaise*, for which she gave me the recipe. Nor can I go into the subject of meats, but then, that's no hardship at this particular season of the year, when "going light" on meats is wiser, cooler and more economical. As a substitute, I'm giving you Miss Pons' recipe for *Cheese Soufflé*. With this no sauce is required.

The subject of desserts is always a fascinating one and it's most particularly so when one's *vis-a-vis* is from France, where desserts are so entirely different from our own idea of sweets and so foreign to what we generally think the French like. No *French pastry*, I assure you, will be found among Miss Pons' suggestions—those are for the restaurants, not for the home. Eating lightly as she does—although she is one prima donna who is supposed to consume a certain amount of food every day in order to *gain* weight—Lilly Pons favors sweets that are not too heavy nor too rich. Like all French folk, she particularly likes cooked fruit or fruit-flavored desserts. Very often, too, just plain raw fruit and an assortment of cheeses takes the place of the sweets entirely. Sometimes, however, *Crêpes Suzette* appear on the menu. The sauce for these wafer-thin pancakes usually is prepared at the table in a chafing dish over a spirit lamp. (You can do just as well at the family range). In this month's leaflet Lily's recipes for *Crêpes* and the sauce are given you in detail Also a simpler fruit sauce to serve with the *Crêpes*, as a substitute, if you can't quite "go" the Cointreau and brandy sauce.

Gracious! If I'm going to leave room for some of Miss Pons' recipes here, I can only skim over the other fine dishes included in her leaflet. Briefly then, they include two *Compotes*—or *Stewed Fruit*, but with a difference! And *Oranges Rigoletto*, which combine fresh fruit, sherbet, meringue and a *surprise element*, to make a summer-time sensation!

Now, however, we must leave this corner of France in rural Connecticut! Just time for a farewell pat to Panouche, Lily's Skye terrier, and a stroke of the head for White Socks the new—and to Panouche, unwelcome—feline addition to the family.

A French: *"Au plaisir!"* to Miss Pons' mother, a word of thanks to our hostess herself, and we return to familiar American surroundings, but with fine French recipes as a welcome reminder of the trip. You, too, can have copies of these, you know, for the asking. Those, that is, that you do not find here; which should also be tried out at your leisure. The summery *Salads* and *Sweets* that the coupon brings you will be well worth adding to your collection of delicious and unusual recipes. Send for them now!

MAYONNAISE SUPREME

½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup salad oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Mix dry ingredients. Add lemon juice and blend thoroughly. Add egg. Slowly add salad oil, a teaspoon at a time until one-half of the oil has been added, beating constantly with rotary beater. The remaining half of the oil may be added in larger amounts, to make a stiff dressing. If not stiff enough, add more oil. If too stiff, thin with a little additional lemon juice. Chill thoroughly.

CONSOMME BIARRITZ

Place in a saucepan a lump of butter (about 2 tablespoons) equal quantities of finely minced carrots, turnips, lettuce and cauliflower—2 cups in all. Add 1 pint beef stock (canned bouillon will make an excellent substitute) salt and pepper "to taste" and simmer gently for 1 hour. Just before serving stir in the beaten yolk of 1 egg.

MUSHROOMS A LA BORDELAISE

Peel a dozen large mushrooms, cutting the stems off short. Place mushrooms, stalks uppermost, in a deep frying pan containing hot salad oil. Cook 5 minutes; add ½ clove of garlic, minced fine, also some finely chopped shallots (scallions). Cook 5 minutes more, turn mushrooms and continue cooking slowly for another 5-8 minutes or until tender. Place mushrooms on a very hot dish, season well with salt and pepper, pour over them a little of the hot oil containing garlic and shallots. Sprinkle with parsley and serve immediately.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 teaspoons flour, blend thoroughly. Add ½ cup scalded milk; cook and stir until smooth and thickened; stir in ¼ cup grated cheese. Remove from heat, cool slightly, add beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Fold in beaten whites of eggs carefully. Turn mixture into buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) until puffed, brown and firm to the touch (about 25 minutes). Serve immediately on removal from oven.

CAFE DIABLE

To each cup of hot, strong coffee add 2 whole cloves, a lump of sugar, a 2-inch stick of cinnamon, ¼ orange peel, ¼ lemon peel. Bring to a boil. Put 1½ jiggers of brandy in a ladle, hold it over the coffee, ignite it and stir gradually into coffee. Serve immediately. Very attractive to look at if made at the table over a lighted alcohol lamp, but equally tasty and "spicy" if prepared in a ten-cent saucepan!

KEEP OUT OF THAT HOT KITCHEN!

Serve the Delicious Spaghetti that makes quick Summer Meals Possible

BUT be sure it's Franco-American Spaghetti you use. There is a real difference between Franco-American and ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Well, there ought to be! First, in taste! There are eleven savory ingredients in that world-famous cheese-and-tomato sauce — there's no imitating that! Second, in nourishment. The selected top quality durum wheat that Franco-American is made from — rich in proteins and carbohydrates — there's no improving on that! Franco-American is an appetizing, delicious food that saves you money. It usually costs only ten cents a can — three cents a portion!

When a hot day comes along and you dread cooking — DON'T! Just serve that delicious Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish — with a crisp green salad, milk, and fruit. It's on the table in no time. And your family will say: "Gee, this is swell, Mother!" Or if you've leftovers you want to use up, Franco-American's rare and tasty flavor makes a dish of leftover meat taste like the proud creation of a French chef. Serve Franco-American!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO., Dept. 68, Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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Don't Let
Dry, Dead Skin
Make You A Wall Flower

Here's the Amazing Beauty Cream That's Thrilling Entire America –

Give Your Skin These Thrilling New Beauty Benefits To Help Nature Restore Smooth Younger Looking Skin.

Professionally posed

Romance . . . Dates . . . Fun—to enjoy them you must have skin beauty. . . . At last a way has been found to help nature restore soft, smoother, younger looking skin. The most advanced beauty development known to the cosmetic art to aid nature uncover new, live, fresh, cleaner skin. . . . Beauty editors and specialists are writing about it! Thousands praise it! Now you can let these precious ingredients work for you.

Try This Guaranteed 3 DAY TEST

That Is Showing Thousands of Girls How To Combat Dry, Rough Skin, Shiny Nose, Blackheads, Premature Lines.

The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip), releases precious ingredients to specially combat Dryness, Roughness, Shiny Nose, Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, and fight tragic Wrinkles—Tired Lines. Like nature's own oils helps keep the skin soft and supple. TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip) quickly melts and dissolves the dry, scaly, dead cells. Cleanses, Lubricates, Softens. New, live, younger looking skin appears. By [illegible] the underskin, arousing oil glands, [illegible] pores the cause of blackheads, shiny nose, dryness and prematurely wrinkling is combatted in nature's own way. That's why TAYTON'S CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST

Use TAYTON'S CREAM to cleanse with and also as [illegible] for 3 days. It must make your skin clearer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely, or your money will be refunded.

At [illegible] TAYTON'S CREAM in 10c and 25c sizes at [illegible] stores, or larger 50c and $1.00 sizes at drug and department stores. If your dealer can not supply you do not accept a substitute, but speak to the manager and insist he order for you from his headquarters or wholesaler.

AT DRUG, DEP'T AND 10c STORES

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

How radio stars answer your questions!

At what point in your career did life seem the rosiest?

Pick and Pat: *"Now."*

H. V. Kaltenborn: "When I reached that point of financial independence where I could tell editors, sponsors, program managers and radio executives to go to whatever place it would have pleased me to send them."

Don McNeill: **"Right now. Mrs. McNeill is well, the two little McNeills are well, things on the air for fall look well—well!"**

Bide Dudley: *"When a girl I was in love with at twenty kissed me."*

Elsie Hitz: "Just before I opened as leading lady in a New York play, but that rosy feeling was very short lived—the play was a failure."

Ed Fitzgerald: **"It hasn't."**

Johnny Green: *"The night the Philharmonic Symphony Society played my* Night Club Suite *at the Lewisohn Stadium under the baton of Paul Whiteman."*

Russ Morgan: "The day I walked into the Brunswick Recording Company."

Betty Winkler: **"When I went on the air in my first starring show—five days a week."**

Conrad Thibault: *"Roses bloomed for yours truly when I won a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music, giving me an opportunity to learn and prepare for all that followed—opera, radio, concerts."*

Nick Dawson: "When I was married."

Ted Hammerstein: **"When I was a kid—between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one—because then I didn't have to worry about contract renewals."**

Edgar Bergen: *"It has never been more thrilling than it is now."*

Adela Rogers St. Johns: "I like life so much, being an incurable optimist, that it always seems rosiest right where I am."

Richard Crooks: **"When I married my school days sweetheart, who is still my best girl and my best pal."**

Roscoe Turner: *"Life has never been dull though it has never been easy, so perhaps I should say it has always seemed bright since I have really enjoyed the hard work it takes to make a career."*

Lud Gluskins "When I came from New York to assume the position of Musical Director for *CBS* on the Pacific Coast."

Welcome Lewis: **"When I received my first big commercial—I walked on air."**

Duke Ellington: *"Life seemed rosiest to me during the good old days at the Cotton Club in Harlem—although I have no complaint regarding my lot today, and still am enjoying my work and friends."*

Homer Rodeheaver: "From the public standpoint, my greatest experience was in the great Billy Sunday revival campaigns, where I had the privilege of singing to and directing the largest crowds that were being gathered anywhere in the world."

Gabriel Heatter: **"When I got my first sponsor."**

Helen Broderick: *"Right now. I have a swell grown son, am making money and at last have a permanent home."*

Jack Benny: "When I was first recognized as a radio personality and realized that this was a new and very important phase of show business."

Rubinoff: **"During the days of study—artistic days."**

Kenny Baker: *"The first pay check that brought me out of the red also tinted my life a rosy shade. The date—two years ago this summer."*

Bernice Claire: "When I stepped into the prima donna rôle of *The Desert Song*—my first break, and first professional job."

Do you consider it a necessity to follow your script exactly? How do you react to ad libbing?

Jack Benny: *"If ad lib is natural and fits the situation, I can see no objection."*

Rex Chandler: "It is best to do one's ad libbing in writing the script, rather than afterwards, for 95% of the actors or announcers."

Don McNeill: **"I never follow the script exactly as ad libbing is my forte. In fact, on *The Breakfast Club*, I don't use a script at all."**

Francia White: *"When I have a script I usually follow it. Often when reading dialogue, especially with comedians, one has to expect ad libbing, which is usually a lot of fun but makes me nervous as a cat."*

Morton Bowe: "As much as possible I stick to the script, to avoid embarrassing others. If there are changes to be made to fit a personality, they should be made in rehearsal."

Ted Hammerstein: **"I think one should follow one's script closely because of the timing element. All programs are timed so that any change will throw everyone off."**

Conrad Thibault: *"No, it is not a necessity, but very helpful to one's air personality to be able to ad lib fairly well. I don't mind ad libbing at all."*

Bernice Claire: "Ad libbing is a little out of my line, and the artists who can ad lib cleverly are few. I have personally never done any on the air."

Cab Calloway: **"It is not only unnecessary but it is difficult for me to follow a script exactly. I feel that I am much more natural, both on the air and screen, when I am ad libbing my lines."**

Edgar Bergen: *"I do not read my script but depend on ad libbing which is governed by the audience's reaction. I find it difficult to ad lib with other players, but easy for the dummy to answer any impromptu remark, and it saves me the embarrassment."*

Nick Dawson: "In *Follow the Moon* we rarely present a script as originally written. Intelligent and carefully timed ad libs contribute sparkle and reality to almost any program."

Ethel Blume: **"It depends with whom you are working. Some people must get direct cues or they are lost. If you work with someone who ad libs, you usually follow suit."**

Clem McCarthy: *"Following the script makes for smoother work by others on the program. If doing a monologue, written by myself, no. Some find certain phrases or words in a script which they cannot speak naturally. I think these, if possible, should be altered."*

Victor Moore: "Would much rather follow script closely. Ad libbing is okay, if good."

Johnny Green: **"I have always followed my end of the script exactly and have left the ad libbing to the star. Ad libbing is swell if it happens to be funny."**

Lucille Manners: *"I think it is best to follow the script. There is an exception—sometimes a comedian's ad libbing often adds spontaneity to the program."*

James Melton: "Yes, unless an emergency arises. In informal conversation ad libbing is not confusing, and sometimes it is effective."

Lanny Ross: **"It is better to follow the script when working with others. Ad libbing is necessary if there is a slight slip-up for one reason or another."**

Jimmie Fidler: *"Breaking away from scripts might provide one laugh, but if the habit became general, there would be too many sour ad libs on the air. There are very few conversationalists who are consistently funny."*

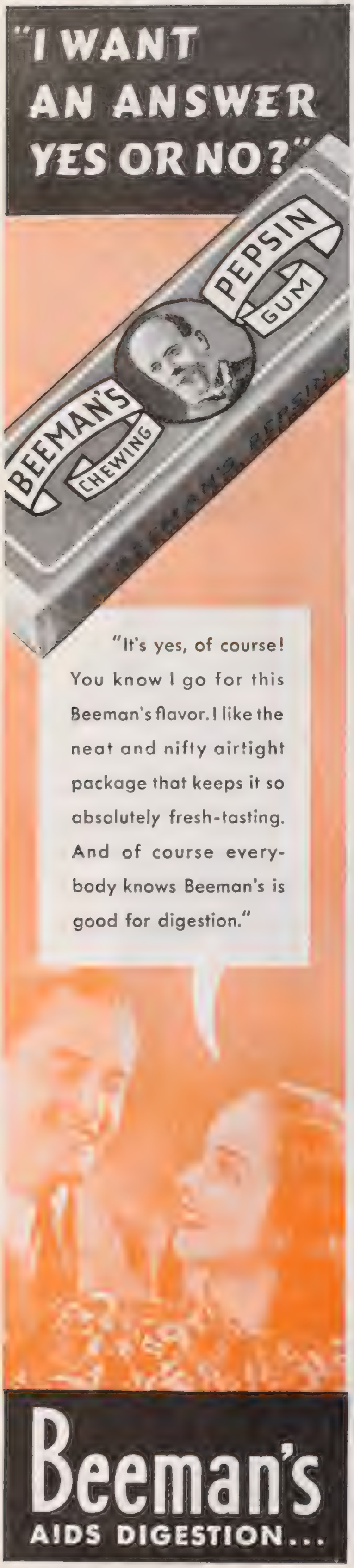
● *"Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say... It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"*

● *"You don't tell me!... You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on... Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy!... Well, I must say you've got something there!"*

● *"Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder... no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"*

● *"Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!" Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orrisroot... Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



MARRIAGE MADE A DIFFERENCE

(*Continued from page 41*)

For a long time Walter had been wishing he could know definitely whether he had something or not, whether Nadine was right and he should give up everything but singing, risk his all on one throw of the dice. Through his studio affiliations, he was given a chance to sing for Tibbett. The great singer listened and was impressed. His only contributions to Walter's career were his assurance that the boy had a voice—and the reminder that being a singer meant a whole lot of work!

Walter was not afraid of work, not afraid of anything, now that he knew he had something more than a pleasing, a microphone, voice.

But for all that Tibbett spoke the deciding word, it is not fair to Walter to regard him as Tibbett's protégé. He never has traded on that name but always has stood determinedly on his own feet, made his own way, and, against heavy odds, has put his name in bright lights, on important contracts.

It never has been easy. And it has meant hard work and many sacrifices, not only on his part, but—what hurts him much more—on Nadine's part.

I have used the word "career" several times and, before going further, I ought to explain that it is a word Walter hates.

"It is essentially a selfish word," he explained. "As if you set yourself and what you were doing apart—a sort of *don't-touch-me* word. As if you said: 'This is *my* career—it has nothing to do with you or anyone else—'" He leaned forward earnestly. "I don't feel that way about it, at all. Singing is my *work*, that is all—like the milling business or sign painting, or anything else. It is what I do to make a living for my family. Naturally, I want to succeed, to do things for them, to buy them the things they need and want—success has no point, no meaning, except as it enables you to do things for the ones you love.

"Nadine has a lovely voice. Perhaps she might have done something with it—perhaps now and then she feels a twinge of regret that she gave up a career of her own—but, although we were very young when we were married, we knew what we were about and we wanted it to last—for always. Nadine felt that what she wanted most was to be wife and mother and homemaker. Her ambitions were transferred to me, centered in me. Without her, I wouldn't have done anything, but she had confidence in me and in my dreams, and whatever I've done has been through her and because of her."

When, in their youthful impatience to get started in the new work—we won't call it career!—Walter gave up his radio and office jobs, everyone said he was crazy. It was too great a risk, they said, for a young man with a wife and family. Besides, they argued, he was young—much better to wait until opportunity knocked on his door than to go, unknown and unprepared, to New York, that city of broken dreams, and hazard everything in an effort to create his own opportunity.

But Walter felt, as all young people do, that youth is fleeting and that it was important to get started. Nadine agreed. With high hopes—and forty dollars—Walter said goodbye to his wife and two babies and set forth for New York.

The trip east was an ordeal in itself. He traveled, transportation free, on a freight train, as escort for a load of steers. He had many and somewhat harrowing experiences, but eventually he found himself in New York. Friendless and alone, with less than forty dollars in his pocket now, but in New York!

He had letters of introduction, but none proved helpful in actually getting him anything to do. But he found an inexpensive place to live, made a few friends, wrote optimistically to Nadine, who, to help tide them over, had taken over his church position and also was clerking in a store.

Briefly, he thought the struggle was about to end, life to be made easy, when a night club position with the princely stipend of $250 a week was dangled over his head. He was all ready to send for his wife and babies when, for what reason he never knew, the job vanished into thin air. Discouraged, determined never again to let his hopes run away with him, Walter wearily went the rounds once more. Even the sign painting kit came out now. There was only one thing the boy was certain of—he couldn't quit! There was no turning back.

At last an audition at *NBC* led to a guest appearance on Ernest Cutting's *Air Breaks* program, and a return engagement. Soon he had a sustaining spot, and finally four of them, which, with a new church position on Sundays, pushed his income up to a living wage. Now, instead of going without food to pay pianists to accompany him at auditions ("I must have made a thousand auditions!" he exclaimed), he could pay up his debts and send for his little family.

He had been alone for nine months—and of all their hardships, Nadine and Walter regard separation as the worst. But they were together again, at last, in a pretty apartment in Forest Hills, and Walter definitely was getting somewhere.

His first guest appearance was on Ted Hammerstein's program, next on *Palmolive Beauty Box*. *Show Boat* followed, with five guest appearances in a row—he sang on that program nine times. Then came a performance with the *General Motors* spring concert, followed by his first commercial series with the *Scaltest Saturday Night Party*.

Then Warner Brothers stepped in, dangling a nice contract, and Walter asked for a cancellation of his *Scaltest* contract and embarked for the Golden West.

It meant another separation—and there was another baby coming! But Nadine's eyes were bright, the words on her lips were: "Go—*you must go!*" It was what she had been dreaming of, hoping for, for longer than Walter knew.

It began with wires and a rush to get a plane, but, true to form, having fetched him out in a hurry, the movies began the familiar waiting game. However, Walter

has been busy. His tests were very good—incidentally, he is six feet tall, blond and very good-looking, and he keeps in fine physical trim with handball and tennis and riding. He has appeared in two pictures, a straight dramatic part in *Lady Luck* and a nice singing rôle in a technicolor operetta, *Golden Dawn*. He also has made five guest appearances on the *Chevrolet Program*, during Rubinoff's stay in Hollywood. The studio has big ideas for him.

"I want him to do that, to be successful in the movies," Nadine said softly, "and I want him to have a radio program of his own. And then—concert work—and the Met! But, oh, I hope it doesn't mean more long separations! I hate them so—I miss him so! I get so lonely, it just seems as if I couldn't bear it!"

And, much as she would like to travel with him, that is out. "I couldn't leave the children," she said simply. "I'd be worried sick if I had to be away from them one night!"

The little family now consists of John Walter Cassel, Jr., aged six, Catherine Jean—better known as Jeanie—aged five, Mary Martha, aged six months—with Marjorie, a charming young girl who accompanied them from New York and helps take care of the babies. For Nadine, the trip west meant the end of another separation; each whirr of the wheels sang that they were that much nearer Hollywood, nearer Walter, nearer *home!*

Walter had found for them in Hollywood a lovely furnished house on a palm-lined street near the foothills. There they live very simply, but happily. Nadine does her own cooking and I not only have her husband's testimony that she is a grand cook but I sampled her delicious spaghetti, myself.

One of Nadine's personal hardships was the necessity of wearing old clothes, so that Walter's wardrobe could be all that of a man in public life should be—that wardrobe which had its early painful beginnings when a week's salary went for a dinner coat or tails, to be worn at some special function where Walter was to sing or meet someone important! But, now, with increasing prosperity, Nadine doesn't desire a lot of new clothes. Her wants remain few, her tastes simple.

Walter, of course, shares her ambitions for himself, and is coaching in dramatic art, studying and practicing faithfully at his music, so that he will be ready for any eventuality. His voice has depth and power and beauty enough to take him far and it has, also, a depth of feeling that derives from his varied experience and from his own emotional response to life and love. His little family means everything in the world to him, and when he sings a love song, you will know he is thinking of Nadine and all the things she has made possible, all he owes to her.

"Of course there is a satisfaction in singing to an audience, in feeling their response. And there is a satisfaction just in the work itself, in perfecting one's performance—I never feel satisfied, always feel sure that I will do better next time! And I think being an artist means being an artisan, giving as capable, as careful a performance as possible. To do that, to give a workmanlike performance, you need to be versatile, to have had a varied, comprehensive experience—a balanced diet!" He smiled, and added: "To live fully, to feel deeply—it all shows in your voice. That is why I am glad I have been a sign painter and worked in an office, been nursemaid to steers and wiped down engines! And why I want to sing on the radio, in the movies, in concert. It is all a part of life and it gives me a deeper understanding, a breadth of sympathy, that is as important as actual vocalizing!

"But, in the final analysis," he continued, "it is just my work, and the whole point of it is to make life pleasant and happy for Nadine and the children. That is the important thing—having someone to work for, and having faith. . . ."

After a moment he went on: "Naturally I want it easier than it has been for Nadine, but we like simple pleasures, a simple way of living. We have fun just in being together, doing things together—if it is only going to the movies."

"Or stopping at the *nutberger* stand," Nadine laughingly contributed. She looked at me suddenly. "You haven't asked *me* any questions!"

I said: "Well—are you sorry you gave up your own career?"

She answered quickly: "Of course not!"

"And how about the movies? Are you afraid Walter will be changed—are you afraid to trust him with all those pretty girls?"

"I wish people would stop trying to make me jealous," she cried. "I'm not jealous—not a bit!"

WHAT AN AMAZING *Improvement* *Maybelline* DOES MAKE!

BOTH the same person — you'd hardly believe it, would you? A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the beauty-world. Pale, scanty, unattractive lashes—or the long, dark, luxuriant fringe that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascaras, when you can so easily have the *natural* appearance of beautiful dark lashes with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-form or famous Solid-form lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter. Try Maybelline — and see why 11,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer it.

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Generous introductory sizes of the world's largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness — insist on Maybelline!

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"She needn't be," Walter interposed quietly. "There is no one out here any prettier than she is."

"And the domestic life is agreeable?"

"Of course. I love cleaning, I love taking care of the children. (She bathed Johnnie and Jeanie herself, the night before Mary was born!) I love buying furniture, furnishing a house—but I hate cooking!" She flashed me a quick look. "I don't have to lie, do I? I really loathe it! What else do you want to know?" she laughed.

She didn't have to lie—especially since I already knew what a grand cook she was. Besides, she didn't really have to answer any questions at all. I had learned all I wanted to know, all I had come for, and when she said: "What else do you want to know?" I could have said: "Nothing you haven't already told me; nothing more than I see in the way you hold your baby, the way you speak to your children, the way you look at Walter—and the way he looks at you."

That's the story—two youngsters against the world. And the world is with them now and forever, because they are so real and so sincere and so ardent, as much as because of the glorious baritone that goes out over the air and that will some day heap many gifts at their feet, but never anything more precious than what they have today in mutual love and understanding.

BEAUTY ADVICE

(*Continued from page 13*)

sleek-on-top and softly waved coiffures are all the rage, she frequently brushes it to a smooth cap on the sides and back and wears just a few soft waves at the front, with the ends of the hair in soft curls. A good permanent, given when the hair is in good condition, is most adaptable and will enable you to style your hair in numerous ways, without waiting to train it to a new style.

We are all interested in highlighting the hair—for unfortunately not all of us have richly-colored hair. If you would like to know about a tint that does this in a beautiful manner, and at the same time contains oil for reconditioning the hair, a letter to me will bring you the necessary information.

When you have your hair waved, and must sit under the dryer, then do take a jar of cold cream along. You will find that a generous slathering of cream will counteract the unpleasant tight-drawn feeling the heat gives to your face, and you will emerge with a complexion soft and supple.

There are all kinds of tricks for applying perfumes, but one of the most pleasing is to dash just a few drops of your favorite perfume in the water when you rinse your hair! You will feel especially lovely, knowing that your hair has a faint fresh whisper of flowers. Write to me and I will tell you about an inexpensive line of perfumes. You will want to use this perfume on your hankies, wrists, and throat, too, to complete the fragrant ensemble.

There is another trick for daintiness, too—and this time I have a free sample

offer to introduce it to you! Don't overlook the coupon at the end of this article—it will bring you a dainty little packet of lipstick tissues, to tuck in your handbag, for use in applying make-up away from the comfort of your private dressing-table.

Lipstick smears can spoil the clear-cut line of your mouth. You know, too, the trick of applying lipstick indelibly is first to apply the lipstick, then wipe it off. Apply lipstick again, and this time dust with powder. Apply lipstick a third time, just delicately retouching the lips to give the highlights. With these little tissues, you will find it a simple matter to follow this three-step routine at any time, any place.

Lipstick stains on the fingertips have an awful way of turning up again on the hat brim, handkerchief, bag and even favorite frocks. These tissues make nothing of that problem. If you are one who likes to apply make-up before slipping into your dress, you will save yourself lots of grief if you will form the habit of pressing one of these tissues between your lips (the tissue will cover all lipstick) and then whisk the dress over your head. No stains then on your lovely frocks. I could chant the uses for these tissues far into the night, but you will be discovering soon for yourself what indispensable items they are!

Here are two new things for summer sunning: Whether you sun on a penthouse terrace, the beach, or in your own backyard, you will be interested in a fragrant and lovely oil that promotes smooth, even tanning. Or perhaps you have decided not to tan, but want to stay white and fair this summer—then you will want to tuck the creamy lotion into your bag to protect and soothe your skin. These two lotions are reasonably priced!

If you acquire your tan synthetically, through the use of a dark powder, don't forget to powder the eyelids. Powder right up to the hairline. Powder the neck. The new summer shades of powders are beautiful, and one of the finest and smoothest powders steps out in *Summer Brunette.* Worth investigating, whether you are fair or tan, for the shade is so subtle.

Twinkling toes just make you feel young and beautiful! Give yourself a pedicure every week, just as you give yourself a manicure. Use the same flattering shades of polish on your toes that you do on your fingers. If you are looking for a long-lasting polish, non-streaky, and that will not dry out in the bottle, I'll be glad to give you the tip. You will be thrilled to find this polish has the newest of new in shades, too!

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Please send me, absolutely free, the gift offer of the handy lipstick tissues.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too! In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor to turn musty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the minute it's on. It's so pleasant, so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant.

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper with this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-E-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THIS NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT HAS PUT ON SOLID POUNDS FOR THOUSANDS OF SKINNY PEOPLE

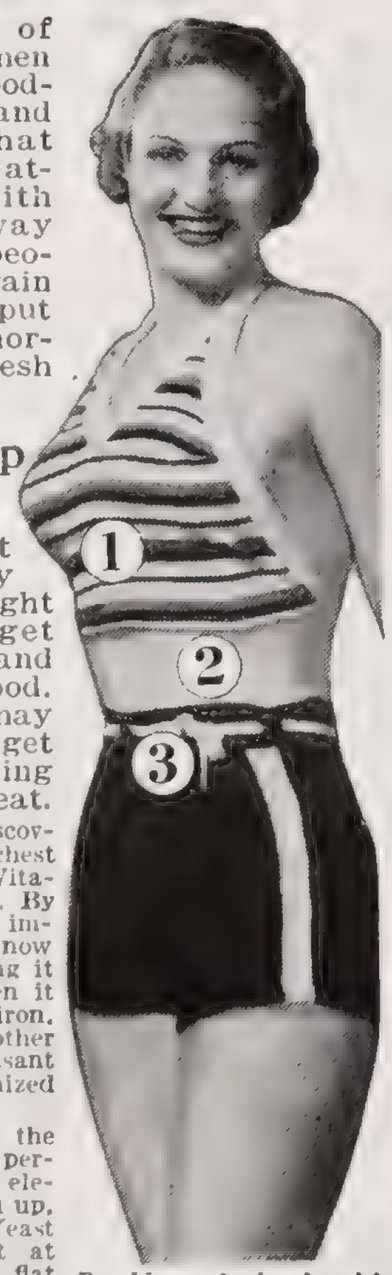
Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

QUICK GAINS OF 10 TO 25 LBS. REPORTED WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

NOW thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say goodbye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh —*in just a few weeks!*



Posed by professional models

Why it builds up so quick

Doctors now know that the real reason why many do not gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now scientists have discovered that one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B is English ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported English ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny," wornout persons who need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new "3-way" Ironized Yeast tablets just a few weeks and watch the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 38, Atlanta, Ga.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(*Continued from page 18*)

vanter, of recent times, objected to having his picture taken and was said to have smashed a camera, and poor Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, according to *Time*, after an encounter with a photographer, said: "They won't leave me alone. And those flashlights scare me to death!"—no one, excepting perhaps the Press, has seemed to realize what is at the basis of it all.

I could not help being amused at the fact that nowhere has anyone dared to point out the specific fact that the trial was a test of human rights!

Even the *Boston Globe*, which has been overwhelmingly fair and generous in its treatment of my difficulties in that city and which quoted about two-thirds of a radio speech which I made in Boston the evening of the day of the trial, quoting me accurately and carefully—even the *Globe* recognized that it was wise to omit any mention that might open up this question for discussion.

I have a hunch that, some day, in the not too distant future, and in spite of ourselves, this subject will be aired and brought to a head. This world of ours has a peculiar way of solving injustices. I am sure that most of the fair-minded editors and publishers, while of course fighting for what are the basic features of their business and lives, have thus far congratulated themselves on the fact that no one has questioned legally this right, and have probably hoped that no one ever would. While cases have been won where photographs have been used for commercial purposes (in advertisements), yet no judge has dared the wrath of the Fourth Estate by taking the word "commercial" to include *any* means of *increasing circulation* and thus *increasing profits.*

To date, in the smoke of battle between those who believe radio broadcasts of picture tunes hurt a picture's gross and those who back the opposite viewpoint, that when the picture has good songs the airing of them helps—the picture Top of The Town *has come through with very satisfactory results. That* Top of The Town—*not generally favored by critics—did excellent grosses in its first showings, seems to point to the side that swears that the broadcasting of its tunes before the appearance of the picture helped it considerably.*

While we are marking time waiting for your definitions of the word *crooner*, let me take time to express myself on the subject of *jazz*—since enough of you have asked me to state my ideas on it. In the first place, I have always preferred to be specific, rather than to take short cuts and time-saving methods in such discussions. In other words, it is my belief that the word *jazz*, itself, has no specific definition and means little or nothing.

It is said to have originated in New Orleans and it is generally believed that it originated with a Negro instrumentalist, whose first name was *Charles* and who was generally called, by admirers, "Chaz," and that eventually this evolved into *jazz.* At least, although the public may not be able to give a clear-cut definition of the word, I believe the average person has a reasonably good idea of the word itself. It must be obvious that it depends on the viewpoint of the individual in question. To the dyed-in-the-wool opera-goer all else but opera—with the possible exception of symphony—is jazz. To the singer of ballads of a semi-classical type, nearly everything else is jazz, although I suppose such an individual would recognize the field of operatic and symphonic music as "good" music.

You will recall that, in my questions to you concerning jazz, *I asked whether it was a question of material—that is, composition itself—whether it was the type of orchestra, size, instrumentation—or the place. It is quite obvious that the defining of the word on these three landmarks presents a knotty problem.*

If—for example—Mr. Paul Whiteman's orchestra of thirty-five pieces plays Rimsky Korsakoff's *Song of India* for dancing at a night club and calls the composition *Song of India*, is it jazz—or not—and why? I would describe it as symphonized syncopation, played at a night club for dancing. Why? Because an orchestra of thirty-five pieces—while not a symphony orchestra by the standards as we know them—does have much of the quality of a symphony orchestra and since the composition is played for dancing, and since dance music always has some sort of syncopation, this would seem to cover it.

To the dyed-in-the-wool lover of the classics and the higher forms of music, all music played in night clubs, ballrooms and the like, becomes jazz.

It must be apparent that music which is specifically rhythmic is not necessarily jazz, because many of the higher forms of music *are in strict dance tempo,* and there are operas where ballet and other forms of dancing are interpolated. Therefore music, merely because it is played for dancing, is not jazz. Nor is it called jazz due to the place where it is played. Night clubs, *palais de danse* and other places of public enjoyment do not necessarily give the stigma to jazz. Such things as glissandos, synchronization, broken chords, arpeggios and such variations are used by dance musicians and *also* by studied, legitimate performers of fine music. Yet the layman, when hearing many of these things performed by pianists, would invariably say they are "pepping things up" or "jazzing it." Frankly, I prefer doing things the laborious and difficult way, because there is much of the stoic in me and I delight in seeing myself work hard. Therefore, in speaking I prefer many movements of the jaws, enunciating and describing specifically what is happening, to saying leisurely, "It is jazz," and going back to my highball or cigarette.

That Old Maestro, Ben Bernie, sly, suave and sophisticated, an example of versatility for "all the lads," and a pain in the neck to Walter Winchell!

Log-rolling among air performers has been rather maudlin, according to critics, in the last several months. I believe our program was one of the first, in a spirit of general *camaraderie,* to do this, because I have always preferred saying kind and pleasant things about people. I can see no discredit, however, in starting the idea of pleasing others for no ulterior motive, until others have, evidently, hoped to find some magic in such a procedure.

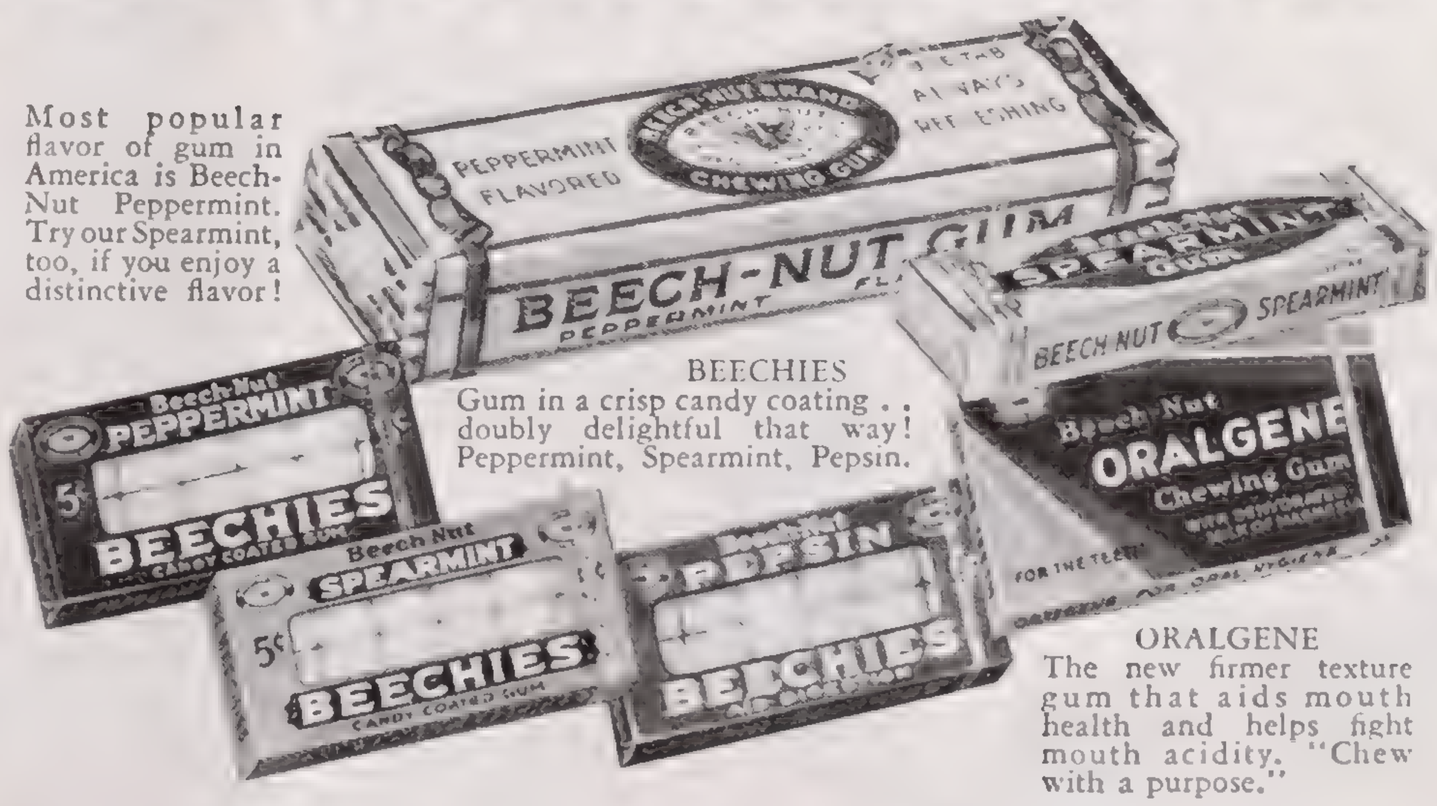
Good trombonists are scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth. Is it because the trombone is a more difficult instrument than the average brass instrument? The answer is *no.* Good trombonists are scarce, because the men with the best sense of pitch, the greatest talent for phrasing, style and physical aptitude, invariably take up a more distinguished-appearing instrument, such as the violin, the saxophone or the trumpet. Quite obviously, if the men with the most talent play the latter instruments, leaving only the second and third raters to take up the trombone, this would explain the fact that the outstanding trombone players in New York City, that is, men with the artistry of Tommy Dorsey and Charley Butterfield, could be counted on the fingers of one hand—at least not more than two.

Pet Peeves Department: Do you ever grind your teeth at the things some people do? If you're a teeth-grinder, step in, this is right up your alley.

Don't you detest people who hang up your coat and hat, when you have deliberately left them across a chair (to make them easier to grab up when you intend staying only a moment), and who invariably (excuse me, always, *is what I mean) disappear at the time you must leave, necessitating a frantic search through all of the closets and resulting in general consternation until finally, much later, someone finds them under Cousin Lettie's coat—Cousin Lettie who intends staying at least two months even though she has been*

BEECH-NUT GUM

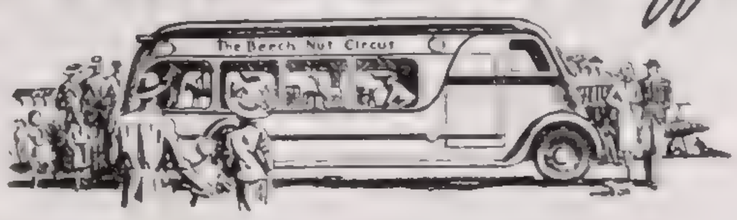
Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

You can taste the difference Quality makes



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

BEWARE of a soiled toilet. Hot weather increases the danger. Germs breed faster. Odors become more noticeable. Keep the bowl sparkling clean. Purify the hidden trap. Use Sani-Flush.

The scientific formula for Sani-Flush was developed especially to do this job better. Sani-Flush cleans toilets without unpleasant scouring. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush. Stains vanish. Odors are banished. Germs are killed. The porcelain becomes white as snow. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

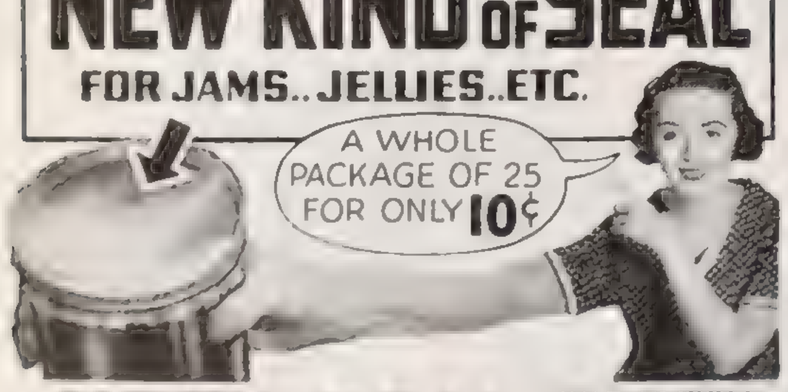
It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Coming—In our *September* issue—A fascinating true story of the girl who might have owned Hollywood! Don't miss RADIO STARS for September!

NEW KIND OF SEAL
FOR JAMS.. JELLIES..ETC.



JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1272 Exeter St., Cincinnati, O.

AT YOUR 5c and 10c STORE, GROCERY and NEIGHBORHOOD STORE

invited only for a fortnight?

People who scrutinize everyone in elevators—as Gilbert and Sullivan would have it! *"I've put them on the list!"* I am aware that it is the job of a detective, but there can't be that many detectives in the world! You've seen those people, the ones who, the minute they enter an elevator, *must* turn a rude stare on everyone present. Not because I fall under the heading of a celebrity and prefer to remain incognito, but just because I believe that in an elevator, or anywhere, a stare is uncalled for and most annoying to everyone with a degree of culture, refinement and breeding.

What is your pronunciation of a word very much in use today, since a celebrated gong started ringing—the word *amateur?* Are you careless? Do you say "amachoor?" Or do you feel extremely pleased with yourself and considerably above the common herd, when you patronizingly correct the individual who pronounces it "amachoor," and tell them in icy tones that it is "amatoor," if you please? Then bend low for a swift kick yourself—because it should be pronounced "amaterr!" Likewise "masseur" and "masseuse" are not "massoor" and "massoose" but "mass-sir' and "mass-serze," accents very lightly on the last syllables.

Time *carries the interesting item that the name* Lockhead *was evolved as a result of public insistence and persistence in pronouncing* Loughead *as* Lock-head.

Reading a criticism of a fellow who does an impression of Charlie Chaplin, drove home the point that an impression of a personality is successful in the rendition *in proportion to the number of people in the audience who have heard the real personality!* Speaking of Frank Carnville, who does impressions of Charlie Chaplin, this critic said it was good for the old folks but that the young ones think it is just a *character get-up!*

We call them PA systems, the apparatus that amplify voices. There are good and bad, expensive and inexpensive ones. Technically they are known as public address or amplifying systems.

They have been used for years in the banquet rooms of a very few New York hotels, for speakers at banquets. The quality of these early systems was atrocious, which probably accounted for their not being used for amplifying singing voices or the instruments of a live orchestra.

I believe that we were the first to use a public address system with music and the singing voice. I had one built in 1929, when the Paramount management suggested that we use one at the New York Paramount Theatre, for a unit called *Novelties.* It was considered really a novelty for me to sing in the wings and for my voice to come out of the walls of the theatre. Yet, for almost a year, motion pictures had been shown with the sound coming through the movie screen. As I contemplated a dance tour in 1930, Paul Whiteman, visiting me at the *Villa Vallée,* mused as to how we should be able to fill some of the large dance halls which we would meet on tour—*The Connecticut Yankees* then numbered eight!

I told him I had no fears as we were carrying an amplifying system. When I think of how it must have sounded, I cannot help but laugh at my naïveté!

For speakers (loud speakers) we used two Victor radios, an old-fashioned carbon microphone (the ultimate in "mikes" in those days), and a little control box, which was not as big as a typewriter.

While it was better than nothing, it must have been pretty bad. It picked up the voices in front of the band platform, as well as the instruments nearest it in the orchestra, and there was always a noticeable hum which made it really difficult to put over the voice. When I compare that early system with the $5000 Western Electric system we carry today wherever we go, with four large horns bigger, in each instance, than a good-sized dressing-table, and the control box five feet high and three feet wide, I am indeed grateful for those scientific researchers who have given us such perfect amplifying apparatus.

We have played in an auditorium to 12,000 people, some of them dancing, others seated, yet every word has been heard, even at the extreme ends of the auditorium required to take such a capacity. It is, indeed, foolish economy to have a cheap public address system, because, wherever the place may be, the bond between the entertainer and the patron is the amplifying system!

Yet there are places and theatres that pay artists thousands of dollars for an appearance before an audience, that has likewise paid thousands for tickets or couvert charges—but—often as not, the performer is badly handicapped and badly presented, in just such a case, by a second-rate public address system costing less than two or three hundred dollars.

Even our best night clubs in New York City rarely have the proper amplifying apparatus. I cannot stress too strongly that this is indeed being penny-wise and pound-foolish.

Cheap economy—but at least there is hardly a place today that does not have some kind of a sound system, so that I can only say "thanks," because it has made possible the saving of the human voice and the possible permanent injury of many a larynx and pharynx which would have strained to cover far corners of many a room over the loud conversation and hubbub of a number of people.

It is a far cry from 1929 to today, or from today to 1929, when at most there were probably four places in the entire United States where any sort of a public address amplifying system was being used—and a happier day for the man who sings for his supper.

Applause-getters in order:

1. Acrobatic and eccentric dancers—especially of the Ray Bolger, Gloria Gilbert type—high kicks—spinning.

2. Comedians.

3. Popular song hits of the day.

4. Patriotic mentions—flag waving.

So, 'till next month—

Cheerio!

A FAMILY AFFAIR

(*Continued from page 9*)

So there was only one thing for Myrt to do—she wrote her daughter into the act, where Marge's Charleston dance scored nicely.

But before this, young George Damerel, Jr., had been born—in 1917, to be exact. Not that the advent of her second child held Myrt down. When he was fourteen days old Myrt was in rehearsal with another show! And, like his sister, Marge, young George decided last year that he'd had enough prep school and college and wanted to go to work. So Myrt began writing him into *Myrt and Marge,* and put him on the air. Young George sings well and fits very nicely into the program.

By the time young George was going into the show, another generation was on the way. Donna "Marge" Damerel had met Gene Kretzinger, married him, and became the mother of little Charles. And on May 14th, this year, another youngster, who was named Richard Gene, was born to Marge. So just about the time Myrt was "writing in" her young son she had to "write out" Marge for awhile, to give her a chance to have her second baby.

No, they don't stay put very long. But neither do they stay down. Back in '29, before Myrt went on the air, she and her husband had left show business to settle down and they operated a real estate business in Chicago. They were doing very nicely when the crash came and wiped them out. Things didn't look so hot there; as a matter of fact, they *weren't* so hot. After years of hard work, all their stability and well-earned security had vanished and Myrt didn't like the idea of going back to innumerable economies, cheap clothes and scrimping. And that was when she decided she was going into the radio, with P. K. Wrigley picked as her sponsor. The fact that she knew nothing about radio—never even had been in front of a mike—didn't stop her. She sallied forth, to sell her idea to Mr. Wrigley, rushing in where agencies feared to tread. But that story has been told before, many times. The net result was *Myrt and Marge,* as successful a script show as anyone could ask.

After five years on the air, they finished up their contracts last April, 1936.

"Now," Myrt sighed with a breath of relief, "we can take it easy awhile and do some of the things we've been wanting to do for years."

"Me, too," said Marge, who had been a bride for some time and had in mind a home with her husband and offspring. So, when the contract finished, Marge and Gene Kretzinger built a lovely eleven-room cabin in the San Jacinto hills, right on the spot where her "radio baby" was supposed to have been born. She was having fun with Gene; riding, shooting and getting her home ready. And she wrote Myrt, in Chicago, how much fun it all was. But there was an undertone of wistfulness to the letter; in spite of herself there must have crept between the lines a hint of sadness at the cessation of so many years of happy work together on the air.

She might have saved the effort. Because

"You have an enemy —a beautiful blonde IT'S YOURSELF!"

"*I see* a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"*I see* merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"*I see* a trip for you — but you are going alone.

"*I see* an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!*"

• • •

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself.* For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm — that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too — you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum —and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

How ugly they look . . . reddened and prominently veined from late hours, over-indulgence, exposure or overwork. But now . . . thanks to the discovery of two prominent eye specialists you can make them

New Kind of Eye Lotion Wins Thousands

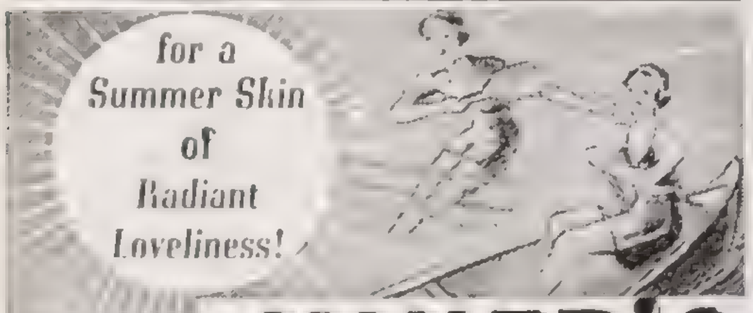
Amazing new formula . . . with an ingredient found in no other eye lotion . . . acts in seconds to make eyes clear-white. Makes tired, overtaxed eyes feel so refreshed . . . almost instantly. With just a couple of drops of EYE-GENE! Stainless as water. Now used by thousands for clear, sparkling, *wide-awake* eyes. At all drug, department and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER—*BRUSH AWAY*

GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



In the searching glare of summer sun—on golf links, tennis court, hikes—and in the moonlit evening that follows—more than ever is your skin on parade. Keep it looking flawless with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply to face, neck, arms, legs. How smooth, how lovely Miner's makes them! Stays on all day, won't rub off or streak. 50¢ at drug & dep't stores. Trial size at 10¢ counters, or mail coupon with 10¢.

SHADES Suntan Peach Rachel Brunette

MINER'S, 40BE. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____ Shade_____

Myrt already was on the train to New York, a new set of *Myrt and Marge* scripts in her bag!

The result was, of course, the present *Myrt and Marge* series, and Mr. and Mrs. Kretzinger had to forsake their ideal new home to come to New York.

"We had trucked all our furniture up to the cabin ourselves," Donna said ruefully, "and had just about got set when we had to leave."

"What she didn't say," Myrt chuckled, "was that moving up there was such a problem, Marge bought a truck!" (Myrt often calls Donna "Marge.") "And they loaded the truck up, made their move, and then sold the truck for more than it cost them!"

This was at Myrt's new home in Forest Hills, New York. It's on a quiet street in the Long Island town; white-painted, grass-bordered and utterly homelike. We were sitting in the bright, enclosed sun porch, and Donna and Gene Kretzinger had just arrived. They have an apartment nearby. Young George Damerel was lounging on a sofa after a ride—horses are his hobby and he's a two-goal polo player. Working in the show, now, there's little time for polo.

When George, Jr., is on the air, Myrt watches his every move, in contrast to the nonchalance of her own performance. When he speaks his lines, or sings, her lips move with his and she's obviously wrapped up in this nice-looking youngster, who is the family's most recent addition to the program. And while he has had a few bumps—young as he is—the way will be a great deal smoother for him than it was for Myrt. The crash that destroyed Myrt and George Damerel's stability took young George out of prep school, where he was a class officer. But when Myrt remembers. . .

"I ran away," she says "and got that first job in the chorus. With the job secure, I put all my money—what there was of it—into renting a room, forgetting that I'd have to eat. And I was slowly starving to death until the other girls noticed how wan I was looking, so they chipped in and fed me until I could collect some salary." And she'll laugh at the memory, but there's a bit of wistfulness behind the laugh. "Then there was the time, in those days, when Easter was coming and I needed a new pair of shoes. It had been very rainy, and my shoes were almost completely gone. So, since I couldn't afford a new pair of shoes, I bought a new, shiny pair of rubbers. And Easter Sunday dawned—bright and sunny. But I had to wear those rubbers just the same. . ." Myrt's gray-green eyes look faraway. "I'll never forget how those rubbers felt, *drawing* on me, that hot day. . ."

"Do you," I ventured, "miss those days—traveling in the theatre?"

"Me? I should say not!" Myrt explodes vigorously. "Regret losing sleepless nights in miserable hotels? Miss cracked china wash-stands, cold water and bathrooms at the end of a chilly hall? One and two-night stands and layoffs and hunting for bookings? No—I don't miss a bit of it!"

But Myrt doesn't indulge in reminiscence easily; she doesn't live in the past. Just as she looked ahead to the new field of radio, when her whole world crashed six years ago, so does she face present and future now; brightly, with quiet confidence and youthful buoyancy that keeps a bright sparkle in her eyes and a smile on her lips. She's not very happy about the time of her show; it means quite a different audience to reach at 2:45 p. m., from that she used to reach in the evening. But she merely wrote the type of program that she thought would appeal to the more feminine listeners at that time of day. Her writing habits, too, have been completely upset.

Formerly Myrt used to write her script from 10:00 a. m. to 3:30 p. m., then rehearse in the afternoon and broadcast But, with the show on the air in the afternoon, rehearsals begin in the morning and carry on right up to the time of the broadcast. Which means that Myrt has to get her writing done at night—three thousand words a night, five days a week. She's still in the process of getting used to it. And when there's trouble working out a script, or last minute changes to make, it means an all-night job. Not very long ago young George raced his Auburn to Manhattan at 6:30 in the morning, to deliver the day's script to the agency, after Myrt had been burning the midnight oil.

But Myrt can take it. Not only that, she undoubtedly loves it. No one who has led as active and busy a life as Myrtle Vail has, can sit back and merely watch the world go by, even though she *says* she'd like a nice job fitting shoes, or something.

They're settled down snugly, for the moment, in Long Island; Myrtle and son George and Ellen Johnson, the colored maid who was with Myrtle back in her theatre days. Donna and Gene and their boys are near by. Gene, incidentally, who was half of the brother singing team of *Gene and Charlie*, no longer is performing on the air. He now holds an executive position with an advertising outfit; not the one, however, handling *Myrt and Marge*. Whenever they have a chance, Gene and Donna go out on what Myrt calls "graveyard tripping," touring through New England, poking about churchyards, investigating ancient taverns and such. Donna will tell you about seeing the Witches' Dungeon at Salem; the graves of John Alden and Priscilla; the wonderful old beams in Sea Horse Inn at Marblehead, and her velvety, dark brown eyes glow with interest while Gene grins affectionately and says: "Isn't she pretty?"

From the varied and sometimes hectic experiences of this gang of Myrt's, you might expect to find them resembling the stage families in *Three Cornered Moon* or *You Can't Take It With You*. (No adv't). But they're not. They're interesting and amusing, without being at all eccentric. Experiences have enriched their lives without warping them; they work and play together in warm, friendly fashion, loving one another, kidding one another and always understanding one another. With all the ties binding them together, they each have lives of their own and interests of their own. And while they have the friendly informality associated with stage families, their conversation is, unlike that of many stage folks, not exclusively about their work or themselves.

Myrt will tell how Donna won a prize in a debating contest in her seventh grade. "I can understand that," Gene nods. "She

could still win it!" And they don't take themselves too seriously, either.

"I was traveling in the West," Gene says, "and Myrt and Marge were appearing on the Kate Smith show as guests. The nearest station carrying the program was *KDKA*, in Pittsburgh, and I managed to tune it in. Everything came through fine; until Myrt and Marge came on. Then I was amazed to hear the most terrific burst of applause I'd ever heard on the air. The funny part of it was, the applause kept right on through their part of the program. And by then I began to realize it was static!"

"We had a terrible time, at first, on that show," Donna smiles. "We weren't used to working before a studio audience."

"Not that we couldn't face an audience Myrt explains, "but working to an audience while holding a script seemed wrong. . ."

"I felt I was holding a paper and making faces!" Donna picks it up. "So we dropped the script and went on *ad lib*."

"Incidentally," young George speaks up mildly, "I'm afraid there are going to be some surprised cops out this way."

Myrt looks up. "Why?"

"Well—you know, I—uh—meet them and sort of mention my connection with the *Myrt and Marge* show, and I've given quite a few of them passes to the broadcast."

"But you have no studio audience," I offer.

"That's just it," George grins. "Will they be surprised!"

"Would you like to see a picture of Chuck?" Donna asks. "Gene—show him the picture." Gene obligingly produces a photo of young Charles Kretzinger on the proverbial photographer's Shetland pony.

"I think it's the same pony I had *my* picture taken on," Myrt grins.

"Chuck has been waking us up early every morning," Donna says. "Always with some different excuse."

"And this morning," Gene cuts in, "he ran out of reasons for waking us . . . so he just came in and kissed us, which was supposed to make everything all right."

"Did it?" I ask.

"Of course!" Donna smiles.

Very normal, very happy people, this family. Each with enough outside interests to balance the hard work. Myrt would like to write—outside of her scripts—and she probably will, sometime soon; Donna is interested in her historical moseyings, in photography and sports; Gene, too, likes to ride and shoot, both with gun and camera. George is an ardent horseman and quite in love with his car.

It's a gratifying achievement, Myrtle Vail's, I think. Still at the peak of a long, interesting career, she has sacrificed none of the more human attributes. She's found time in her busy life to raise two grand, likable children and help them become established in work they love. She has manage to weld a busy workaday life with a happy home life and stay amazingly young and buoyant in the process, taking the bumps as they come and coming out invariably on top.

It's definitely a family, this group, and Myrt is the guiding spirit. But I'd hesitate to call her matriarch . . . or even maternal. She's one of the gang.

Valiant is the word for Myrtle!

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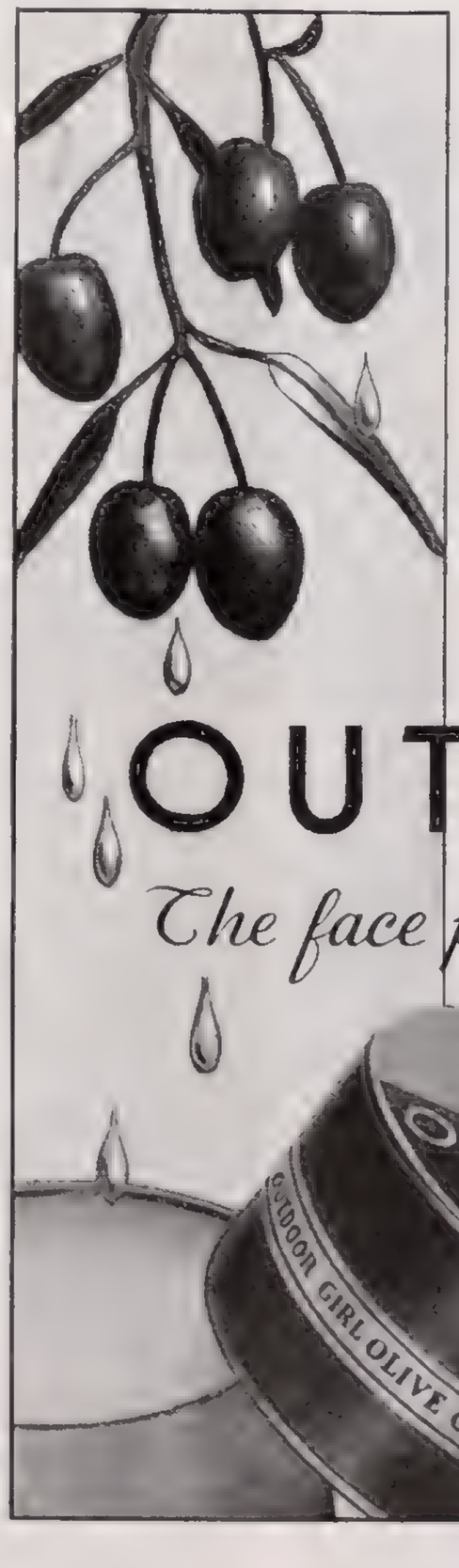

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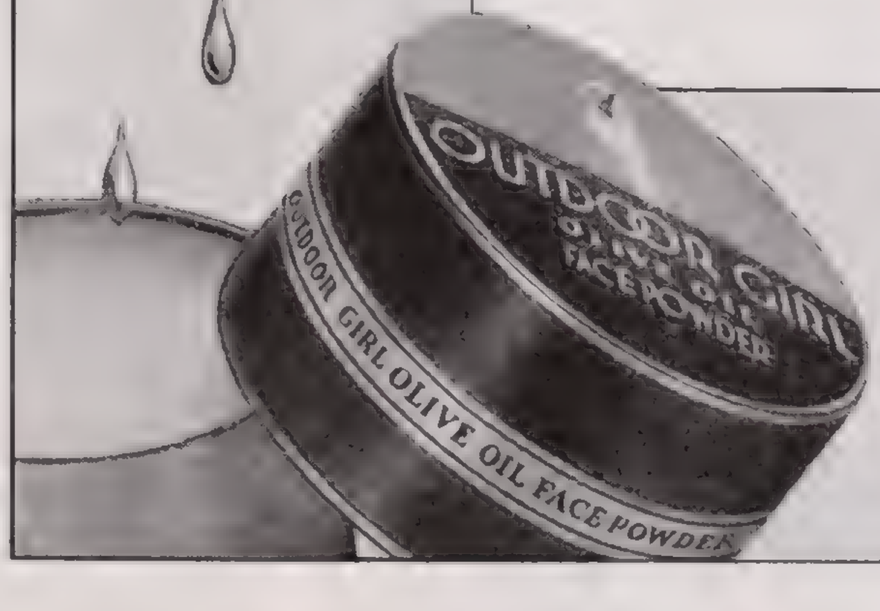

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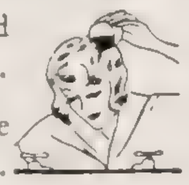

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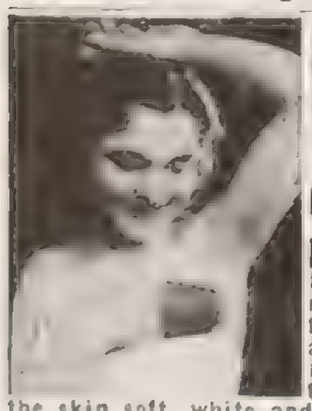

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HER SECOND HUSBAND

(*Continued from page 25*)

Mrs. Taliaferro, mother of Edith and Mabel Taliaferro, long prominent on the stage. Mrs. Taliaferro, a theatrical agent, suggested that Helen's older sister try out for the part in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* But the sister proved to be too tall for the rôle, and Helen, aged four, who had tagged along, was chosen.

At five, she was playing with Gus Edwards. At six she danced with Adelaide Genet. And, in succeeding years, she played a wide variety of rôles, ranging from comedy to tragedy. She was the original *Diane* in *Seventh Heaven.* In a fantasy called *The Mecropolis Secret,* she played a 339-year-old flapper—a rôle she loved.

"This perennial flapper," she recalled, "had lived countless lives. And out of all that past, she remembered only her love affairs! Every time she met a man, she'd say: 'I've seen you before—*somewhere*!'"

Once Miss Menken was arrested and haled to jail because of her performance. It was while she was playing in *The Captive,* a drama, translated from the French, dealing with a sex theme of which we are supposed to be ignorant. But the complaint was withdrawn and the play enjoyed a successful run, during which she received the unique gift of a genuine Chinese slave bracelet sent her by a Chinese prince.

In all her years in the theatre, her performances have been outstanding successes. This young old-timer has a genius for creating unforgettable rôles. She played in *Three Wise Fools.* In *The Pied Piper.* More recently we remember her as the impressive *Queen Elizabeth,* with Helen Hayes in *Mary of Scotland.* And hers was the title rôle in the Pulitzer prize winner of a season ago, *The Old Maid.*

"Queen Elizabeth," she says, "is an absorbing study. I've read every word that's been written about her. Her character, like that of *Chatty* in *The Old Maid,* is the embodiment of conflict."

Such rôles thrill her, and her interpretation of them thrills the spectator.

But, as if all her work in the theatre were not enough work for any one person —or, perhaps, with a canny business sense that seeks expression, this slim, vivid young woman owns and operates, with her sister, a thriving dress shop in New York.

"We've just opened a Hollywood branch, too," she told me.

"But you don't personally operate your shop, of course," we suggested.

"Oh, yes. . . . Even when I'm playing in the theatre. Every day I'm there, at one o'clock. It's great fun. I love meeting the different types of people who come in—the ones who spend five hours looking at everything—and buy nothing. And the ones who know exactly what they want, and buy it in fifteen minutes. This dress I'm wearing," she added, "is one of ours."

It was a smartly tailored dark blue frock. And the pert little hat perched atop her red-gold hair had a twist of red in it.

"I'm always working," she said. "I always have worked. There's always something I must be thinking about for the theatre. A play I should be reading, perhaps. In the next room, my desk is literally buried in play scripts! They've even crept over the floor into my closet, crowding my clothes! You have to keep reading them—you never know when you'll come on something tremendously fine.

"And when I'm not playing in New York, I'm usually either touring the country in the season's play, or making a vaudeville tour. Once, for several seasons, I toured in vaudeville with Jack Benny. He's one of my oldest friends. He used to go on in his act, with his violin. Then I'd play my act. Then, when we'd changed into street clothes, we'd go on 'in one,'—before a backdrop—and do a skit together."

People in the theatre, Miss Menken thinks, become too absorbed in themselves.

"For example," she said, "just recently my sister came on for a visit. She is married to Bert Lytell and has been living in Hollywood. I met her at the train. We rushed into each other's arms. And, while I was embracing her, I asked: *'Did you hear my broadcast? How was I?'* Not a word about her—how she was—and I hadn't seen her for two years!

"There's a classic story in that line, of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. It was after *The Guardsman* opened. He was walking up and down the room, telling her just how he had played certain scenes, asking her if she had noticed this or that—how he had put it over. And, when he finished, she said: 'I wonder if my lip rouge was on straight?'

"We're sensitive, too," she mused, "to what is said about us! The kind, the flattering thing, we may forget—but anything that hurts, we always remember!

"After my first broadcast, one of the critics said: *'After all these years of fine achievement, Helen Menken has stooped to appear in trash!'* I don't think *Second Husband* is trash! It's not the usual Cinderella story. The characters are adult. The woman, *Brenda,* has two fairly large children and the problems and situations require mature understanding. I think the development of Brenda's second marriage is going to be very interesting. What is all that money going to mean to her? There are going to be crises and conflicts that will be difficult for her to handle. It's an intriguing psychological situation. There's promise in it — and there's menace . . . "

Marriage, Miss Menken thinks, demands balance, understanding, tolerance. "My philosophy—in so far as I have any—" she says, "is tolerance. But you have to have experience, to acquire it."

Despite her own divorce and second marriage, she does not believe in divorce, in the frequent marriages that some indulge in.

She said: "When I married the second time, some of my friends said to me: 'Why did you marry again? How will *this* work out?' Well, I told them: 'This time, it will be *my* fault!'"

There is, she thinks, a sort of special

affinity between people of the theatre and those whose professions are medicine, or the church. Which, she maintains, augurs for success in marriages between them.

"In a sense," she explained, "the minister and the doctor are playing rôles—they are the spiritual adviser, the comforter, the healer. They must, to a certain extent, dramatize themselves and the situation between them and the patient or parishioner. I find that harmony between my husband's profession and mine. It makes for mutual understanding and sympathy."

"Would you," we asked her, "like to retire? To have more time for home life?"

"Well—some day, of course. But I want to grow old gracefully in the theatre . . . Lee Shubert says a woman isn't old enough to play an ingénue till she's forty! I think around thirty-six or thirty-seven are a woman's best ages in the theatre.

"I want to do some movies, too. I was going to do one for Universal, this summer, called *Delay in the Sun*—but it got *delayed*! The scene was laid in Spain—and the Spanish situation made them decide to postpone it.

"Then—of course, one doesn't look more than a day ahead in this business—but I want to do more in radio . . . "

Radio, Helen Menken thinks, that already gives us the best in music, can and will give us the best in drama—eventually, perhaps, with television, supplanting the stage. She doesn't agree with those who think the average mental age of the radio listener is twelve years. She doesn't believe in writing down to that supposed age.

In one script, recently, she wanted to say: *"That was very gracefully put."* But the form decided upon was: *"That is just what I thought you'd say."* "Colorful" words, she thinks, make dialogue more arresting and intriguing.

"I believe radio listeners," she said, "are precisely the same people who go to the theatre . . . People," she mused, "pan radio, because it costs nothing. The theatre is expensive, movies are cheap, and radio is free. Therefore we pan it! We never appreciate things we get for nothing!"

Pursuing the thought, she added: "President Roosevelt wants to raise more money. Why doesn't he tax each of us one cent a day for our radios? No one would feel such a tax—the poorest person could pay it. And three dollars and sixty-five cents a year from over one hundred and twenty million people would be a lot of money!"

But we shied away from the grim thought of further taxes!

"Would you like," we asked, "if radio does supplant the stage and you are not tied to town, to live in the country?"

"Perhaps . . . " She was a little doubtful. "I love the country—but, in a small town you haven't the freedom you have in the city. You're more conspicuous there . . .

"New York," she said enthusiastically, "is the grandest city in the world. You can live in a tiny furnished room, or in an attic, though your friends may live in palaces. No one asks where you come from or what you have. You can go out anywhere, without an escort. One evening Judith Anderson and I decided to have dinner at the Ritz and go to a movie. We went to the Ritz in the tailored suits we happened to be wearing. Everyone else was in evening dress—but no one stared. No one cared. You couldn't do that in London, or in Paris. On the Continent it wouldn't even be safe. So, though I may some day live in the country, I shall always love New York. I love everything about it—and I've been poor in it, too."

The hard hand of poverty, however, had no part in shaping the room in which we sat. It had a cool, formal beauty, an intellectual rather than a sensuous charm. Nevertheless it was definitely home-like and hospitable. The soft gray tone of the walls and the white woodwork was repeated in the gray velvet rug, fringed with white. Twin sofas of gray velvet, with small white velvet cushions, stood out from each side of a green bronze fireplace. Between them a low white table with a mirror top, on which were trays and cigarette containers of silver and crystal. A similar table stood across the room, in front of a green silk sofa, flanked by two small chairs covered in pale yellow silk. Behind them, on the wall, a wide black mirror. White candles, set in silver, with glittering crystal drops. White peonies on the ebony piano . . .

"Well," we murmured, glancing about the room, "this is close to the sky—but hardly an attic! Did anyone help you," we asked our hostess, "in your career? Was there a fairy godmother, to change a Village attic into a Central Park salon?"

Helen Menken laughed. "No one. I never had anyone to help me. I often wished I had . . . Except—" her voice was suddenly soft, breathless, "my husband . . . He helps me . . "

And, as we said goodbye, she added: "I hope Brenda is going to be as happy with her *Second Husband*!"

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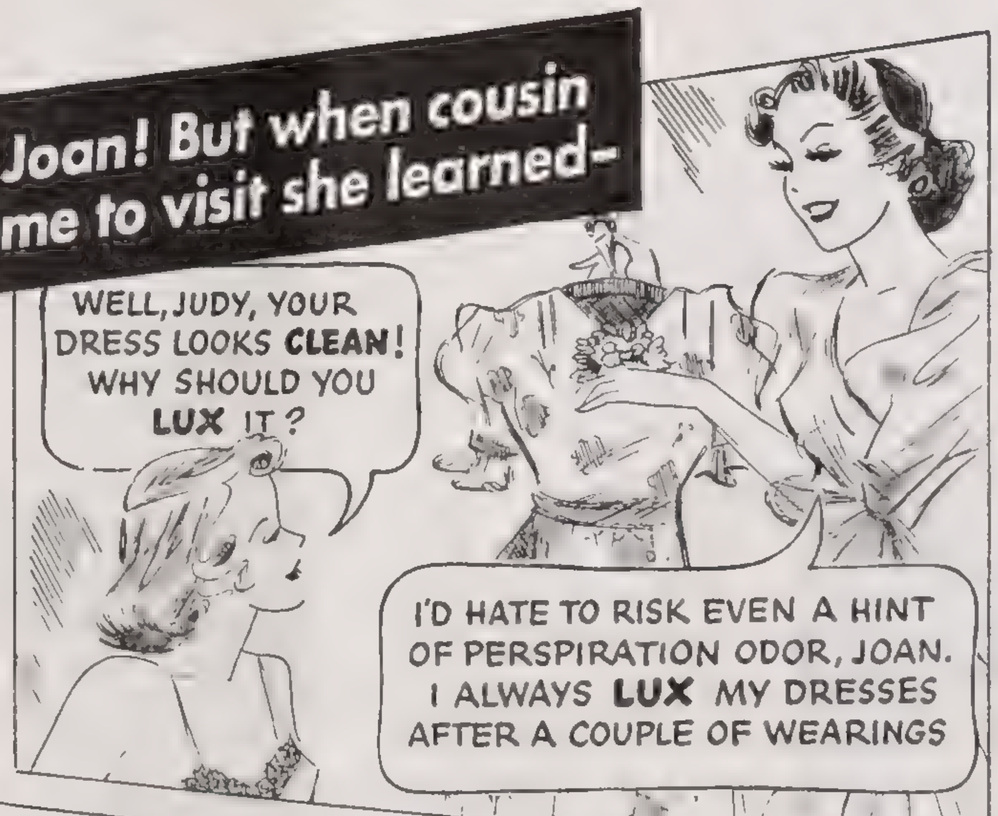

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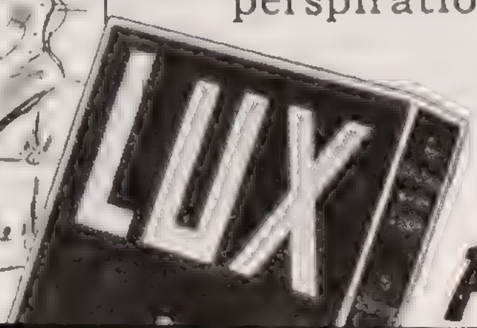

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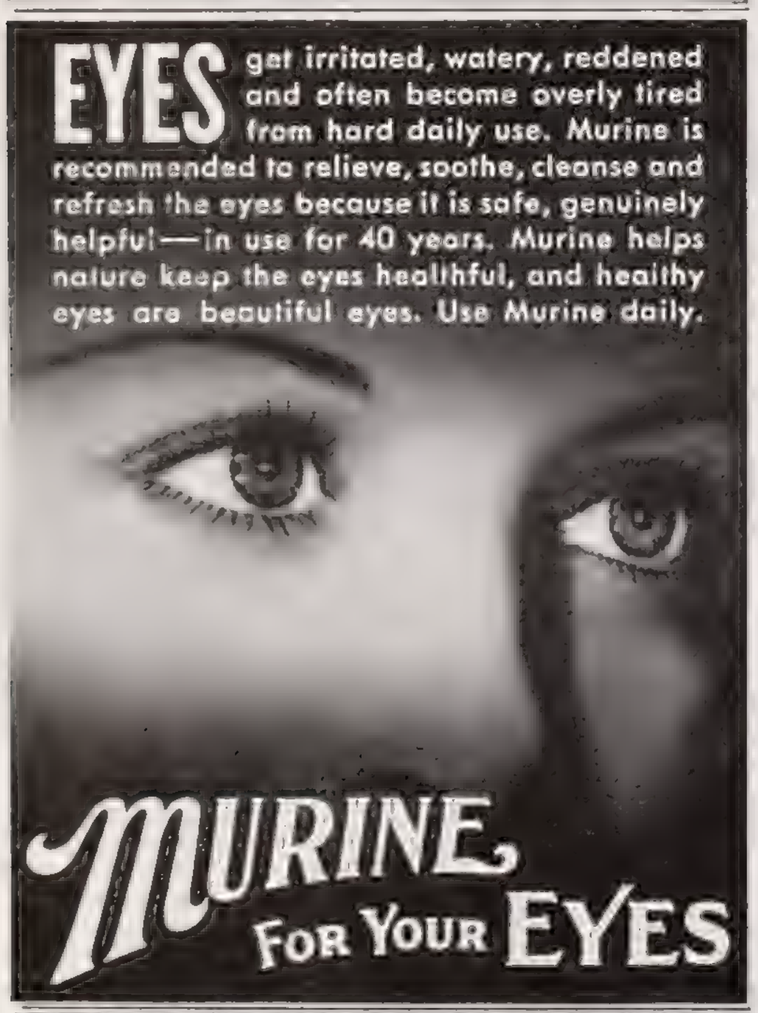

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"GRAVEL VOICE" ANDY

(*Continued from page 38*)

pursued education across the plains to St. Benedict's College in Atchison, Kansas. Next on the list was Santa Clara University and then, for some reason or other, he wound up at Arizona Teachers' College, where he was a better football player than a potential teacher.

"Dad died in Los Angeles, in 1926," Andy continued, "and I came back here for the funeral. Expected to stay only a week, but somehow I've been here ever since. About that time I heard that Universal was making a football series called *The Collegians*, so I went to Carl Laemmle, Jr., and told him I was Arizona's greatest football player. He'd never heard of either me or Arizona, so he gave me a job. It lasted for a while, then talkies arrived and I was through. They told me it was on account of my voice."

So Andy, whose voice got him his first break in radio, was fired from pictures. He got himself a job as lifeguard on the beach at Venice, California, but the damsels in distress never gave him much of their time. There was a handsome lifeguard on the same beach, so most of the alleged drowning was done in the other guy's territory.

Finally, in 1930, Andy went back to Junior Laemmle at Universal. Laemmle listened, and decided Andy's strange voice might be okay for sound. So he drew the comedy lead in *The Spirit of Notre Dame*, with Lew Ayres and Sally Blane. The result of that is that he's still under contract to Universal, and that gravel pays dividends every week.

Andy's first radio experience was with his old friend and counselor, Bing Crosby. The crooner has been a pal of Andy's for years, which accounts for the fact that the Devine vocal phenomenon first rent the airwaves in 1935, when he appeared as guest on Bing's program.

"About a year after that, while I was still waiting for offers," said Andy, "I was playing golf one day with Jack Benny. I beat him, and he asked me if I'd like to go on the air. I told him sure, so nothing happened."

Nothing, that is, until Jack started that terrific and colossal epic of the West, *Buck Benny Rides Again*. Jack remembered Andy, and that's why his rasping voice has been adding laughs to Benny's program ever since.

"Jack," says Andy, "is one of the greatest guys in the world. Heck, he's the greatest! He wanted me to come to New York with him, a few months ago, when the program was being broadcast from there. Invited my wife along, too, and he was going to pay all our expenses. But I was working at the studio, in *The Road Back*, so Buck Benny had to ride alone. And that was a tough break for a guy who's never been east of Detroit."

Andy's schedule is a tough one. He works six days a week in pictures, and when he was on the Benny show he rehearsed Saturday night and Sunday morning and spent the rest of Sunday at *NBC's* Hollywood studio.

"Outside of the actual broadcast," said Andy, "we got most of the laughs at the Saturday night rehearsal. All of us sit around the room in a circle, and Jack stands in the center with the script. You may not believe it, but he does the whole program for us, all by himself. Reads all the parts, including Don Wilson's plugs for *Jell-O*. It's a howl, only I'm afraid that, if the sponsor ever heard it, the rest of us would lose our jobs and they'd put Jack on as a one-man show!"

Funniest incident Andy can recall happened one night during the regular Sunday broadcast.

"We were doing *Buck Benny Rides Again*, and the sound man was whacking two cocoanuts on a table, to get the sound of horses hooves. Right in the middle of the thing he dropped one of the cocoanuts. Everyone but Jack was sort of petrified. He just stepped up to the mike and said; *'Hold on, thar! My horse fell down!'* A second later the guy found his cocoanut and Buck Benny rode again!"

Andy hasn't any definite plans at the moment, but he hopes when fall comes around he'll be back on the airlanes again. He really wants to go back with Jack Benny, but there's talk around that some sponsor will grab Andy for a featured spot on his own program. In that case, there'll be more gold dug out of that ancient gravel pit.

Right now Andy has three possessions he's mighty proud of. They're his wife, whom he married in 1933, his son, Timothy Andrew Devine, better known as Tad, and his trailer. Andy's so fond of his trailer, he takes it with him to the studio, and his bosses have been kind enough to let him wheel it right on to the set where he's working, so he can use it for a dressing-room. At the moment it's sort of crowded, because he's sharing it with Slim Summerville. On a clear day Andy tips the scales at two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and Slim stands six feet six in Andy's socks—so conditions are slightly less than ideal.

The apple of his eye, of course, is young Tad, who will one day grow up to be quite a wealthy guy. The reason is that every week Tad's old man slips a hundred bucks into his bank account. At the moment Tad is going on three, which means that, when he's twenty-one, he'll be quite a solvent catch for the ladies. But Andy is worried about him, just the same. It seems something terrible is coming over Tad.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell it," said Andy, sadly, "but I found it out over a year ago, when Tad first learned to talk. It's pretty awful—but he sounds just like me!"

COMING!!! THE MASTER OF MIRTH!!!
W. C. Fields, of the new *Chase and Sanborn Hour* in a grand story!
RADIO STARS for September—Out August 1st

ISN'T THIS A FINE ROMANCE!

(*Continued from page 37*)

youngster with impudent eyes. A nice kid, a swell voice, but no appeal. Then, one night, he went up to see her, and there were two other fellows there. Dell wasn't jealous. He just felt sorry for Meri Bell. They were typical Broadway boys—loud shirts, screaming ties. *Dese-dose-dem* boys, that a nice girl shouldn't know.

To protect her, Dell decided he'd outstay them. When they finally left, Meri Bell, tired and gallant, explained that they were vaudevillians—she had met them while traveling once with a show, and they had been kind to her, so she wanted to be kind to them.

Dell says, now, he felt real sorry for her. She really was sort of sweet and very innocent. He rose to go—then turned, and kissed her softly, just once. And then he was gone.

Meri Bell thought about that kiss several times, the next day. After all, Dell Sharbutt was *different*—in more ways than light bulbs!

He came again, a few nights later, and they had dinner together and played Russian Bank. When it was time for Dell to go, he went to the door, as usual. Said: "Well, good night," and left.

But Meri Bell called him back. She said: "Last time you came, you kissed me when you left!"

Dell looked at her and groaned: "Is that any reason why I should kiss you this time? Dames are nuts!" And the door slammed after him.

He was, Meri Bell decided, a *funny* fellow. Probably hard to manage . . . Then she forgot about it. There were too many other things to think about.

The next week she was offered a job, touring with an air show. So she packed her bag, said goodbye to New York and Dell Sharbutt— and for eight months she didn't hear from him and seldom thought of him.

When she finally did hit New York again, on her way to New England, she happened to be near the studio, and gave him a ring to say "Hello." He asked her to go to dinner with him. Her train left that evening. It was a winter night and New York was locked tight in a blizzard. They had an early dinner and he went to the train with her. The town was blanketed with snow, and he teased her because she was heading north in a blizzard, and told her there was no colder place on earth than a small New England hotel in midwinter.

The next night she knew he was right! She filled the tub full of hot water and jumped in, to thaw out. The telephone rang. It might be something about an early rehearsal call. So she jumped out of the lovely hot bath, wrapped herself in a towel and robe, and went, shivering, dripping, to the phone.

It was Dell Sharbutt—calling from New York, to tell her gleefully that he was sitting in front of an open fire in his New York apartment, with plenty of steam heat and a hot toddy by his side—and didn't

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BOTTLE or TUBE ..... 10¢
LARGER SIZES FOR ECONOMY

she wish she was there? She says she was mad—until she learned that he had phoned every hotel in town until he located her. Then she figured there must be something to it, only he was really *crazy*—and she didn't like him much, anyhow!

To this day they don't know exactly how they happened to get married. But, three weeks after the blizzard, Meri Bell was back in New York, and Dell Sharbutt was going up to see her every night, instead of just once in a while, and staying late to make sure that nobody else called after he left. Then, all of a sudden, one night he said: "What would your mother say, if we got married?" And Meri Bell said casually: "Oh, I don't know . . . I guess maybe she'd like it." So the next day—it was a Friday—they called up everybody they knew and said: "We're going to get married tomorrow. Want to come around Sunday and help us celebrate?"

Then, having made it official by announcing it, they had to do it. They were married down at City Hall, in New York, and pretty sore they were, too, because the city employees were so matter of fact about it. Couldn't they see that this was a real romance? And different?

Today you could search New York with spotlight and spyglass and never find a happier couple. Of course, Dell knows now that Meri Bell is not a tall, lanky, yellow-haired kid, but a slim and lovely young woman with natural blonde hair and a peaches-and-cream complexion any girl would envy. And Meri Bell realizes that a calm and casual lover can turn into a most romantic husband.

Just recently they took a big, roomy house out in Forest Hills, Long Island, where they are living happily ever after. Their pride and joy is a bright-eyed black Scotch terrier named Stinky. When they aren't working or entertaining an apparently endless procession of guests, you'll find them on the golf course. Dell is a proud member of the *Hole-in-One Club*, and won their tournament last year.

Love, home, dog, success, golf—yes, life is smooth as high quality satin now! And both of them have hit enough rough spots in the past to appreciate its smoothness.

Dell can remember, a few years back, the lonely, bitter days when he *had* to make good, or else. When he chose to go into radio, Dell was compelled to leave home and cut himself off completely from his family. That's always a heart-breaking thing for a youngster to do. And especially hard when life at home always has been pleasant and happy and full of deep affections.

Dell was the only son. From the time he was a tiny child, his parents planned that someday he should be a fine lawyer. Throughout childhood and youth, his training, his parents' hopes and dreams, pointed him for that profession. He was in his third year of law school when he was offered a part-time job, singing on the air over a local station. He took the job—studying law by day, singing by night. At the end of the month he showed his father his check from the broadcasting company. It was for a hundred and seventy-five dollars. His father looked at the check, then said sharply to his boy: "That's too much money for a young fellow your age to be making. Forget radio and get back to your books."

But Dell couldn't forget radio. Especially he couldn't when he found that some young lawyers, who had graduated years before him, considered themselves lucky if they earned a hundred a month. He had made almost twice that much in his spare time. Still, it wasn't the money that lured him, really. It was the job—singing songs you liked, the exciting moment of quiet tenseness before you went on the air, the pleasant, friendly "let down," when the show was over—the atmosphere of the studio. As night followed night, Dell realized more and more that he never could be happy in a law office. He put the problem up to his father and mother. But they were firm. Law and home, or radio and no family! Dell chose. He couldn't stay in Texas after the break with his family. He came to New York and got a job, not as a singer, but as an announcer. He is announcer now for Guy Lombardo, for *Ma and Pa*, for *Fun in Swingtime*, with Tim and Irene, and for *Broadway Varieties*. His successful rise is a well-known story in radio now.

It wasn't until Dell was on national hook-ups, and the home-town folks were lavish in their praise, that his parents forgave him for disappointing them so bitterly. They are very proud of him now, of course, and everybody is happy.

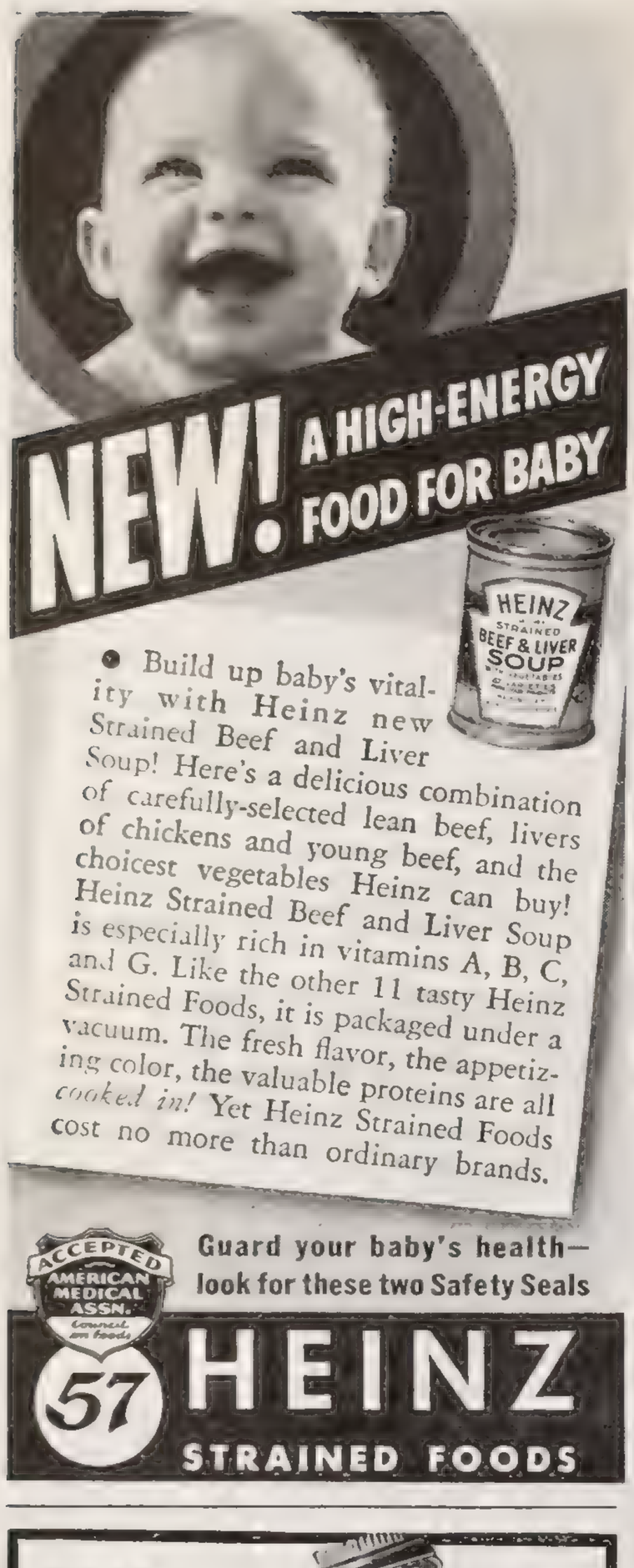
While Dell was fighting loneliness and struggling for a firm hold on the air, Meri Bell was having battles, too. She had her first fling at radio in Indianapolis singing over a small station. Everybody liked her voice, but somehow there was no sponsor who needed her at the moment, and she was off the air again in a few weeks.

She got a job as a stenographer, and might have given up singing altogether, if she hadn't dropped by the studio one day to say "Hello" to her friends, and there she met Guy Lombardo. He asked her to sing for him. No, he didn't give her a job. But, a short time later, up in Chicago, he mentioned Meri Bell and her voice to Gus Arnheim. It was Arnheim who brought her to Chicago and gave her a job. After that she toured the country, singing in most of the better night clubs, and even taking a brief fling at pictures, doubling in singing sequences for Kay Francis, Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow and other stars.

Like most ambitious kids, New York was her goal. And even if she came without money, she had plenty of talent and bright hopes and lots of grit. Still, if Dell Sharbutt had been any good at Russian Bank, Meri Bell might be back in the Middle West instead of singing with Ray Sinatra's orchestra on the *Karo* hour.

Plans for the future loom high and shining. Success came to Dell as an announcer, and he's pleased with it. But it isn't enough. People who know him well predict that greater fame will come to him when he gets back to his singing. And Meri Bell? She's happiest just being Mrs. Dell Sharbutt. She's been turning down auditions for new shows, because, if she had more work, she couldn't take care of Dell. She acts as his secretary and general manager. And it's a big job. She's still in her early twenties, and Dell is only three years her senior. So they have lots of time and lots of talent, and should go far together.

But, aside from all that, isn't it a fine romance?



MRS. BING CROSBY GETS CONFIDENTIAL

(*Continued from page 21*)

birthday? Well, Bing never likes any fuss made over his birthday, you know. Or any holiday, for that matter. He thinks it's all a lot of nonsense. Even Christmas. He says that Christmas is a religious festival and that people have completely lost track of that. Anyway, on Bing's last birthday, we thought we'd make a little fuss over him. I ordered a big cake, with candles and all. I invited a few people in for the day. And do you know what he did? He took the kids to the zoo. That's the way he celebrated his birthday! He's crazy about the kids. Wrestles with them. Sings to them all over the place. I tell him that if he must sing to them like that, he might at least sing nicely and—and crooningly. He doesn't—he shouts. Gary has a voice just like his Dad's I don't mean a singing voice. It's too early to tell about that yet. But his speaking voice is exactly the same as Bing's. Did you notice that?"

I said I had. I said that he was exactly like Bing in every way.

"Bing is a pretty good disciplinarian, too," Dixie went on confidentially. "He never spanks them. But you know that voice of his when he lets it go—all he has to do is yell: *'Hi, there!'* at the children and there's instant obedience. He plays Hide and Seek with them, and Cops and Robbers. He rides their scooters and kiddie cars, and I must say *that's* a pretty sight! He swims with them, ducks them, has water fights with them. He hears their prayers and tells them bedtime stories and is up with them at the crack of dawn every morning.

"You know," Dixie meditated, "I never thought Bing would be the way he is. Never! He's so serious. He's so quiet. He's often worried, but he never says that he is. He never tells me anything about his worries or problems. But I know him so well, I can tell. And he gets more serious and more dignified and quieter and quieter as time goes on. When he's with the kids is practically the only time he ever lets loose and acts crazy. We never go anywhere, you know. We almost never go to parties. Bing won't go to the Troc' or any other night clubs. He says that when he goes to a night club he feels just like he's going to work. He sang in places like that for so long, you know. About once or, at most, twice a year, I'm able to drag him out and we go stepping. And when we do, he stays till the last trumpet blows. He is always the last to go home. Bing, who was the craziest Indian alive when he began, you know, in the old days (I think of them as 'the old days' now) when he was one of the *Rhythm Boys,* with Paul Whiteman!

"I think," said Dixie, discerningly, "that's the real reason why Bing won't go out. He knows himself too well. He knows that he likes to have some drinks, and then some more drinks. And he just

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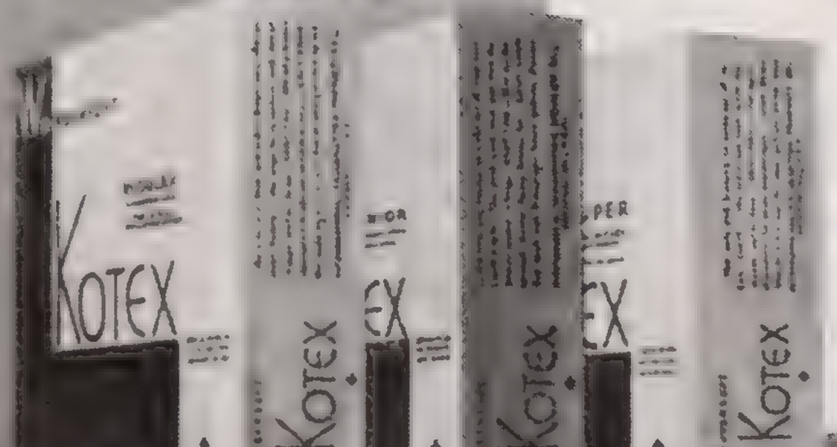

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doesn't go any place where he might be tempted. He *never* takes a drink, not even beer, during the week. And only on very rare occasions, on a Saturday night, can he be induced to have one or two highballs. So, we just stay at home, go to bed every night at ten o'clock—and I *mean* ten o'clock. The only places he ever goes to are the homes of our few intimate friends, the Andy Devines, the Dick Arlens, the homes of some of the boys who are on the air with him.

"He has absolutely *no* personal vanity. It's almost unbelievable, even to me. I can't understand it. I've given up trying. Bing's mother told me, ages ago, that I'd better not try to understand Bing. *She* never had! But it really fascinates me," said Dixie, seriously, "to watch a man who has come through all the adulation Bing has had, all the girl-crush and fan-crush avalanche to which he was, and still is, subjected, and to realize that he *just isn't conscious of it.* Maybe he isn't conscious," laughed Dixie, mischievously, "maybe that's the explanation of it!

"I told Bing, by the way, that you were coming over to interview me, Gladys. I asked him if he wanted me to tell you the real truth about him. He said: 'Sure, why not?' And I said: 'If I do, my good man, you have sung your last song over the air!' It didn't faze him!

"But honestly, he really is unbelievable. He *never* looks decent. When Harold Grieve 'did' our dining-room for us—you saw it, kind of formal and elegant and all—I said: 'Imagine the Crooner dining in *that,* in his sweat shirt!' Which," sighed Dixie dolorously, "is the very thing he *does* dine in! And nothing I can say has any effect. I tell him I like the Herbert Marshall type, sort of dignified and wearing morning coats and striped trousers, the kind who 'dress for dinner'—and Bing just laughs and says: 'Yeah—want to get yourself another boy?' and goes into dinner in the sweat shirt! He makes me furious! Even when he's broadcasting—well, have you ever *seen* him?"

I said that I had.

"Then you know," sighed Dixie, "that he stands up there in front of that audience, wearing a shirt, a pair of trousers, no tie, his hair guiltless of a hair brush since early morning. When we go to the races or to tennis or golf matches—almost the only places he'll go at all—he'll trot off with me, wearing an old polo shirt, an ancient pair of flannels, looking like something that should be on relief! And when I speak my piece about it, he says: 'No one's going to look at *me*—they're going to look at the horses.' And he believes it. I tell him that *I* might like to feel proud of him, that I like to know that people are looking at us and saying: 'There's Bing Crosby and his wife.' He still doesn't get it. Things like that are just unimportant to Bing.

"I think one explanation is," laughed Dixie, "that Bing really doesn't *like women.* He's typically and entirely a man's man. His two major passions in life are horses and golf. The sport of kings, the sport of men. I don't mean that he's a woman-hater. Bing would never think of such a thing. He wouldn't be that dramatic about anything. He just isn't aware of women. He isn't 'noticing' when it comes to women. He thinks we are all very well in our way and in our places. Wives and mothers are necessary, of course, and very nice. But beyond those spheres—no. He never notices what women wear. He never knows what I have on. I've spent an evening out with Bing—one of our rare evenings—and I'll be all done up in some brand new totsy little number, and when we get home Bing won't even be able to tell me what color I've been wearing! I've never once heard him make a remark about any girl, one way or another. I've never seen him even attempt a mild flirtation. It's wonderful!

"He's absolutely without any self-consciousness at all. He proves that by the way he behaves when we do go out. When you can get him into a night club, for instance, he'll take over the whole show. He'll sing all evening long, because he enjoys it. Because he's having a good time. You can tell that it never strikes him that *Bing Crosby* is singing. He's completely unaware of any connotation. He's just having fun, as Joe Doakes or any other citizen might do on an evening out. One time, in New York, we went to the movies. They had one of those 'sings,' where the words of songs are flashed on the screen, an organist plays, the audience joins in. And Bing just stood up there and sang at the top of his lungs. It never occurred to him that everyone in the place would know that Bing Crosby was singing—you couldn't miss that voice—and would mob him. He thought, if he thought about it at all, that he had just as much right to stand up there and sing as any Rotarian visiting New York. And would attract about the same amount of attention, no more. *I* nearly died. I had to take him by his coat-tails and pull him back in his seat and shush him up. Before we were surrounded.

"He's crazy about his work. But it's a business with him. He's interested in it, just as a banker is interested in banking, a chain store grocer is interested in his chain stores and their success. He's in it for the *do re mi* that's in it, as any business man is. That's all. He never reads his fan mail, unless we push some of the letters right under his nose. He never goes to his previews. He just doesn't pay any attention to the 'glamour' part of it at all. It's nice, of course, that he's the way he is, with all the 'ham' left out. But it's too bad for him, I think. He misses all of the kick he might get out of it, out of being Bing Crosby.

"He always gets up at six every morning, when he's working, when he's not working. When he's making a picture he's off to the studio, of course. He's always on time, punctual to the minute. When he's not working, he just putters and potters about the house. He's the neatest man about his possessions! The most orderly man I ever knew. He cleans out cupboards and puts bureau drawers in order. He mosies about the garden, examining the flowers and shrubs and trees. He sort of looks things over. About once every six months he goes on a sort of head-of-the-house rampage and asks why the books aren't better taken care of! And that's the end of that for six months more. He isn't a bit fussy about his food. So long as his tummy is filled, he doesn't care what he eats.

"He doesn't worry about putting on weight. We have to do that worrying for him. Though he did come home one day last week and say: 'I want a glass of orange juice for lunch.' 'Wassa matter, Crooner,' I said, 'dieting?' He looked kind of sheepish and said: 'I saw my rushes this morning. I looked like Walter Hiers. *Orange juice.*'

"Another thing about Bing," said Bing's wife—and all the time she talked lightly, amusingly, one could detect, without doing much detecting, the strong, underlying note of affection, of admiration, slightly amazed admiration, for the carefree Crooner who has "grown up" to be so solid, so substantial a citizen—"another thing about Bing is that when he tells anyone he will do a thing, he does it. That's what I mean, again, when I say that I never dreamed Bing would be like this.. Even when he was a little boy, he was wild, his mother tells me. He was always into something, always in hot water—and now look at him! You remember how he got the name of Bing—the old story about how, when he was a kid in Spokane, he used to ride a broomstick horse and romp about playing Cowboy and Indian and shouting: *'Bing! Bing!'* louder than any other six boys put together. Bing it was then, and Bing has stuck—the Harry Lillis Crosby they gave him at his christening is all but forgotten. He refuses to admit to the 'Lillis' at all. *I* still call him 'Crooner,'" laughed Dixie, "and that burns him up, too!

"Perhaps playing Cowboy was also a part of being father to the man—for all Bing really likes to talk about now is the race track, his horses. You know that he first had the idea of our Del Mar race track? That's the only thing Bing ever consulted me about—buying his first horse. He thought, then, that he would buy just that one, no more! Now I couldn't tell you how many we have. We're breeding them at our Santa Fe ranch. I was scared when Bing first got this craze. It eats up money. Then I saw it was no use and I just said to him: 'Okay, Crooner. We can always work in the stables and, if worse comes to worst, we have three potential jockeys in the family.' Now I'm as keen about the horses as he is. You can't help it—watching little wobbly-legged colts, being with them from the moment they are born, figuring that some day they may win a race. There's a kick to it, no doubt about that. And it's swell for the kids. Being with horses is supposed to teach boys something about human nature and character and stamina and all that, isn't it?

"Horses, racing, golf—these are Bing's hobbies. He hasn't any other hobby. He has no other extravagances. He drives his own car. He wouldn't have a chauffeur. He would die if he ever had a valet to 'lay out his clothes.' He'd think someone was playing a joke on him, not a very funny one. He doesn't read much. He doesn't care about traveling. Neither of us has ever been abroad, and we have no desire to go.

"I guess I could sum it all up by saying this," said Dixie thoughtfully—"I get much more kick out of being Bing Crosby's wife than Bing gets out of being Bing Crosby."

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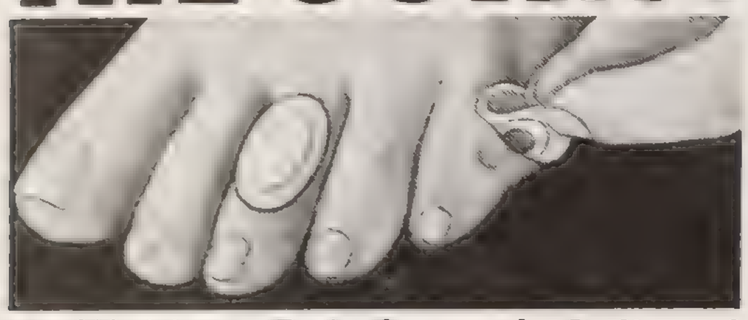

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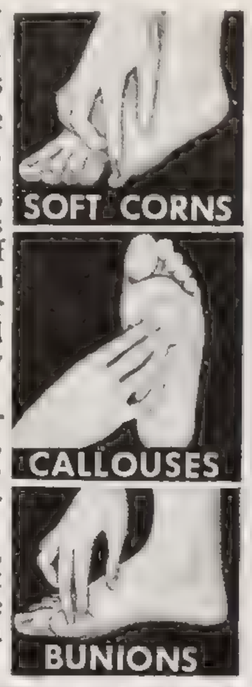

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WE HELP DISTRACTED LADIES!

(*Continued from page 29*)

finance their neighborhood appearances.

"Like all good things, that came to an end," Ed went on telling Ralph about his own life. "You joined Charlie Davis' band, playing banjo, and then what important thing happened?"

"You mean, I met you?"

"Of course, of course, man—are ye daft?" Ed, who looks Swedish but is not, was facetiously Scotch.

"*You're* telling the story of my life, so tell it, laddie!" Ralph went on eating pie.

"I'm not sure whether I thought of the combination, or whether Ralph did," Ed said, "but I think it was inevitable that we should wind up as an act. It took us a while to shape it up to the point where it was really presentable, and, of course, we made mistakes.

"In fact, one reason why we didn't dare to take Jack Benny's advice was that, early in our career as an act, we'd taken the counsel of a pal of ours named Tink, and had tried a similar trick with a vaudeville booker. According to the plan outlined to us by Tink, we promptly turned down the booker's offer of sixty dollars, and marched off to the elevator. Tink had assured us that the agent would stop us, before we could reach the car, and plead with us to take more dough. We walked as slowly as we could—we even let three elevators go by before we took one—but the man didn't stir from his desk. We waited two hours in the lobby and, finally, slunk back and took the sixty bucks! So you see—"

They had a lot of fun in vaudeville, before they tired of it. On long trips they'd greet each other at railroad stations as long-lost brothers and attract crowds with their loud: *"How are you—how's Aunt Jessie?"* And so on, through hundreds of imaginary relatives. Once Ed fettered Ralph with handcuffs, and Ralph worked on the sympathies of the station crowd so successfully that there was a movement afoot to string Ed up!

Their first taste of radio came to them in return for a charitable act they had performed. They were playing in New Orleans, in 1926, when that section suffered one of its periodic floods. The boys organized several flood benefits and a couple of them were broadcast by the local radio station. They definitely liked the taste.

Chicago's *WGN* gave them a crack at a regular program but they didn't, somehow, impress the listeners, so back they trudged to the "boards" and the split weeks.

"But we were serious about clowning on the radio, so we saved up some dough, went back to *WGN* and offered our services free. They took us," said Ralph.

They decided to burlesque the currently popular recipe-giving type of air show and it went over with a bang—or rather with a thud—the thud of overflowing mail bags, stuffed with letters from amused women listeners, by the thousands! (4,861 women wrote in, during their first year, to ask about a method of moth prevention advocated in an unguarded moment by the duo!) And the station began to take heed.

The lads went back on the payroll and each sold his trunk marked *Theatre.*

There has been some talk, recently, of changing the name they adopted for their gag-recipe show, *Sisters Of The Skillet,* but, because almost everyone now knows them by this name, and because as astute a radio man as George Engles of *NBC* has advised them to hold on to it, you probably will continue to hear these gents announced as such—silly as it may seem.

Over the *CBS* network they broadcast as *The Quality Twins.*

You may even hear one or the other playing such rôles as *Gwendolyn, the Gorgeous Dish Washer, Bessie, the Beautiful Barbecue Girl,* or *Pet Plenty, Love Expert Extraordinaire.*

"We advised farmers to save worn-out buttonholes and to use them for postholes," said Ed, "and the next and subsequent mails brought us tons of 'em. Even today we occasionally get a buttonhole from a farmer with a long memory."

"Yeah," mumbled Ralph, chasing the last minute speck of pie around the plate with his fork, "we helped distracted ladies! We told them how to prevent their husbands from annoying them with their snoring, how to stop their husbands from leaving the cellar light on and how to get rid of the icicles on the back porch. I really don't know what they'd'a done without our help!"

Had any of the good ladies taken them seriously it would perhaps have been a question of what the husbands would have done with *them!* Because—to prevent snoring from annoying, the boys described, and illustrated fully over the air, a way of attaching a midget harmonica to the snoring husband's mouth, thereby rendering him—would you say—sonorous? To prevent the thoughtless, heedless gents from leaving the cellar light on, they outlined a highly dubious method of attaching a bell to a moth. The moth, on seeing the light, would fly about ringing the bell and the good wife would murmur sleepily: *"Joe—ummm—Joe—go back and put out the cellar light—Ambrose is a-ringin'!"* To get rid of the icicles on the back porch, no such elaborate method was necessary—you merely burned down the porch and there were no more icicles there!

Ed got up to take a phone call for him.

"Ed's a swell guy," said Ralph, eyeing a tray of French pastry but struggling manfully, "we get along fine. Did you know that, a while ago, he fell from his back porch and wrenched his ankle severely? But it didn't prevent him from working on the show that day!"

That's a fact—he did work, even though it took three of *CBS'* strongest men to support him while he did it! They've both been through enough in show business to know that there's a reason for this "show must go on" talk—it must go on, or there's a new act in your place, pronto!

They've also been through enough peripatetic show business to appreciate their homes, too. Ed married a girl he has known since the eighth grade and they have an attractive daughter, Jeanne, now twenty years old. Ralph married Greta Edner, a

pianist, whom he started courting in his freshman year at high school. They have two strapping sons, Jimmy and Billy, seven and nine. (Ralph wonders why the fathers, not the sons, aren't the strapping ones!) Both men have boats, and big lawns that they can mow, when cameramen come for publicity stills, but it's Ed who has *George.* George, kind people, is one of those immense, shaggy English sheep-dogs, the kind you see with the movie stars. Wits are prone to ask Ed if *that* isn't Ralph, wrapped in a fur robe! George doesn't mind.

They wanted to talk about their new *Kellogg* show.

"It's this way," said Ed, who does most of the writing, "we're going to pretend that we don't want to be sponsored and, in arguing with us, they will be able to spot the commercials with the smallest amount of pain, we think. We'll have our usual household-aid department, of course."

Meanwhile, they're not worrying about television, although there has been some talk about a wider screen to accommodate their images. There even has been lots of loose talk about diets and exercise, but Monday lunch-time sees an end to such chatter! They've tried exercising, but the appetites so developed have more than overcome any benefits derived from the bars, so they are going on, for the present, at least, in the jolly, well-fed way so ably maintained by this very lunch.

They've tried the movies and even though Ralph's wife complained that he didn't look enough like Clark Gable, they plan to continue making shorts.

"We had lots of fun, out there in Astoria, making our last short," chuckled Ed. "We were supposed to wear tails for the picture, but we didn't—we couldn't get into ours."

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Simmons (Patti Pickens) and Terry. Bob is tenor with the *NBC Revelers Quartet.*

"We were so fat the tails stuck straight out!" laughed Ralph.

"Anyway," Ed continued, "the light-colored suits we wore, worked out better. Ralph and I are supposed to be surrounded by a pack of faithful bloodhounds, who are to help us find a lost collar button. Actually the dogs refused to give us so much as *hello,* but they slobbered all over the cameraman. Finally Ralph and I—"

"Held pounds of sliced ham in our hands, so they'd come to us instead of to the cameraman," interrupted Ralph. "*They did!* They knocked me down! By this time they had decided they liked us, so we got down to business. The director dipped the collar button in rabbit grease and threw it under the bed. The ten bloodhounds looked all afternoon, but couldn't find it. When we looked for it, ourselves, *we* couldn't locate it! So we were about to send a plane back to New York for another collar button, when one of the girl players calmly strolled over to a corner and picked it up."

Aside from such technical difficulties, and, the 7:30 a.m. call and the job of getting anyone to work while Ralph was being fitted to a woman's blonde wig, their shorts are doing very well, thank you, throughout the country. One of them, in fact, is listed as the second best seller in the United States. This is very encouraging to men harassed by lunatic bloodhounds!

"The manager of the movie theatre in Ed's home town," said Ralph, "wrote to Educational Pictures and asked if he couldn't have the world première of our first short. The movie crowd was so tickled by the idea of a world première for a short, that they rushed it out air mail with good wishes.

"They made quite a thing out of it. Had Ed's ma at the première and a band."

The boys couldn't get there, themselves, but they sent a cute wire to the theatre manager, who promptly posted it in the lobby:

"A bas avec le Gable!"

Ma East is mighty proud of both of them. . . .

Melts FLAKINESS AWAY —IN ONE APPLICATION

ANN'S made a hit! Any girl does if her skin is smooth and soft, if her make-up looks flawless—stays looking that way.

Popular girls use Pond's Vanishing Cream. As a famous dermatologist says, "A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to *melt away* harsh, dried-out surface cells when it touches the skin. Instantly the skin becomes fresh and smooth."

Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smooth as silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

For powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a perfect powder base because it *smooths* your skin. Make-up goes on with an even finish . . . stays.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. Lovely skin by morning!

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Miss Nancy Whitney

"Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths off little roughnesses right away. Make-up looks better."

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Pond's Dept. 9RS-VH, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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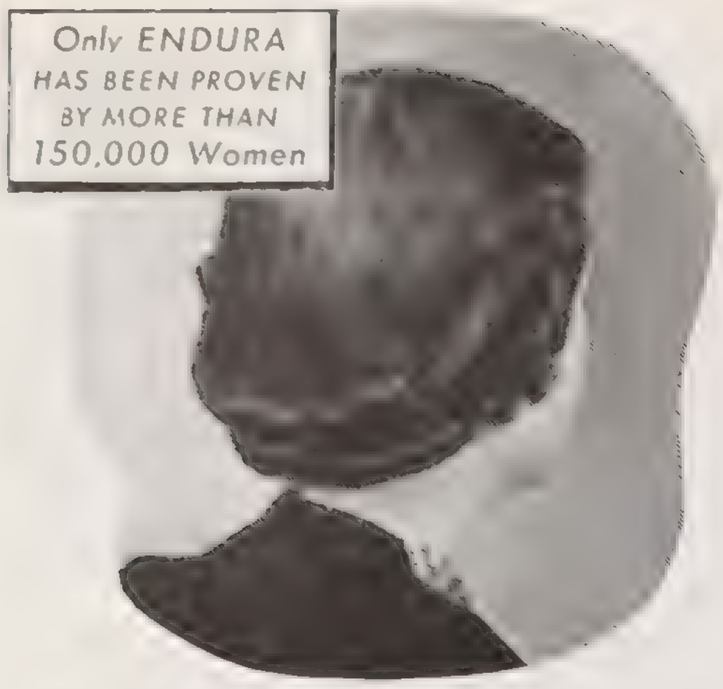

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ENDURA GIVES YOU TEN WINSOME CURLS FOR 25c

Endura permanent waves those unruly end and side curls and makes your present permanent last twice as long. Endura is so easy to use, so inexpensive, so certain. Without machines, heat or electricity you can permanent wave your unruly curls at home while you work or read or even sleep; it's no trouble at all. More than 150,000 women have changed to this modern way to lovely, lasting waves.

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The large-size Endura gives you 50 curlers. Everything you need for a complete home permanent.

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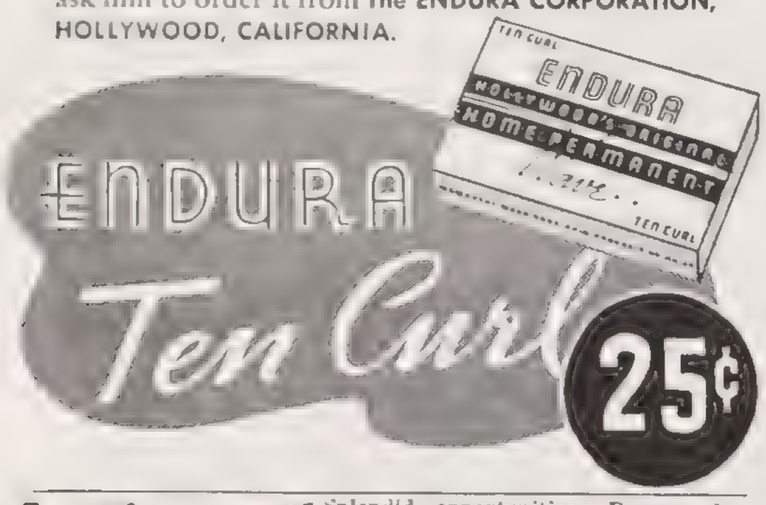

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FACIAL BRUSH
with every bowl of

Sevilo OLIVE OIL *Cream*
25c Complete

This unique brush will give you the grandest facial you ever had. Just slip it over two fingers and scoop up the desired amount of Sevilo Cream. Its 250 flexible "fingers" will work the cream into your pores, bring out the dirt, give your face a thorough massage. You'll *love* this new thrilling, economical way of applying Sevilo Cleansing Cream.

Sevilo Cream is ideal for a facial—blended with pure imported olive oil, it cleanses, soothes, refreshes. No powder-base cream is needed with Sevilo. Opal bowl holds enough cream for 15 to 20 facials. Empty bowl is adorable for jewels or powder.

Brush and cream *complete*, 25c. Buy at the better 5c and 10c stores, or mail 25c direct to:

LEON SEVILO, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
V3

IS FATE AGAINST ME?

(*Continued from page 42*)

believes she would even have won the first prize, if she'd been allowed to warble the song she'd personally selected. "But they wouldn't let me," Mary declared. "That was another thing that happened to hinder me, even though it was a very little one," she said. "However, this time, it didn't really matter. For I was progressing wonderfully at the musical college, I'm happy to say. I was the baby of the place, and everyone made a great fuss about my talent. I was supposed to be a phenomenal child. My dearest ambition was to get into the Chicago Opera Company, and I think I would have made it in a year or two. I was all set. But again something happened. My uncle had to move to New York, for business reasons, and, naturally, I had to go along. So there went my chance at the Chicago Opera Company, and, soon after I left, my teacher at the college became a coach at the Opera House! Wasn't that ironic?"

In New York, Mr. Tippett took Mary to Frank La Forge, who was so impressed with her voice that he took her as a pupil of his own at once, instead of letting one of his assistants teach her, as had been originally planned. "In fact, Mr. La Forge was so interested in me that, after a while, he had me give an audition for Otto Kahn," Mary told me. "Mr. Kahn was also much impressed with my voice. To my intense delight, he arranged an audition for me at the Metropolitan. I was thrilled, hopeful and expectant. I felt that, because Mr. Kahn really admired my voice, I'd probably not have much trouble getting into the Metropolitan Opera Company. So another great moment of my life approached. But something tragic happened . . . Mr. Kahn died!"

Time passed, and Mary continued her studies. Her teacher believed that she should have some operatic experience, and arranged for the singer to go into a little opera company. She appeared as Violetta in *Traviata,* in Stamford, Connecticut, singing in the Armory there. Curiously enough, that Armory was just two doors away from a certain prominent gentleman's business. That gentleman, Mr. Lee Eastman, whom she hadn't met as yet, was destined to become Mary's husband.

"I sang at the Armory that night," Mary went on, "and an *NBC* official happened to be in the audience. He came to see me afterward, and told me that he liked my voice immensely and felt that I could have a great future in radio. Through him I was given a chance, some time later, to appear as a guest artist on a commercial program. The great night of my commercial radio début finally came. I was very much elated because I felt that this night might open up enormous possibilities for me in the radio field. All kinds of dreams floated through my mind as I stood waiting for my number. Then just before my number, the announcer took the stand with my music on it, and carried it to a different position. The music was eight pages long. It fell to the ground and scattered all over the floor. Of course I couldn't get it together at once. I had to sing *'la, la, la'* for the first four or five bars! You can imagine how it upset me. Naturally, I didn't sing my best, and, consequently, I didn't get any other radio offers at the time.

"Another little hindrance occurred right afterwards," Mary said. "Although it wasn't so important, it seemed bad at the time, because I had just had such a big disappointment. Mr. La Forge arranged for me to be heard by one of his famous pupils, a celebrated singer who was known for her helpfulness to young artists. The day I was to sing for her—I developed a cold!"

Next came an offer for Mary to understudy the star in *Earl Carroll's Vanities.* But her foster father, Mr. Tippett, wouldn't permit her to do it. Mary feels that, although she might have soared to musical comedy heights had she accepted this offer, she's really glad now that her uncle-father refused to permit her to appear. However, at the time, she felt that she'd received another blow to her career.

"All this time I'd been giving recitals around the country," Mary said. "One day a friend of mine asked me to go out on a blind date, with her brother and another man. I couldn't go because I was sailing for Havana. But when I came back and this girl asked me again, I said: 'All right.' Her brother was—Lee Eastman. I married him!"

But it really was six months after they met, that Mary married the president of the Eastman Motor Car Company, whose father is president of the Packard Motor Car Company. Just before they were to be married, Mary got an offer to sing with an opera company in Australia. It might have led to great things, but something was happening now to prevent it—something outside of her career, that Mary wanted for her happiness—the ringing of wedding bells!

"Since then, there is one happening that has recurred several times," Mary said. "Frequently I've been at the point of landing a really big commercial, only to find that it was an *automobile* commercial! And when it was discovered that I was Mrs. Lee Eastman, everything was over. I've sung as Mary Eastman for four and a half years now, ever since my marriage," Mary said. "I did appear on Buick, it is true, but how they kidded me!

"Well, anyway" Mary Eastman related, "a few months after my marriage, I signed up with Columbia. My friend, Julius Seebach, who was with *CBS* then, signed me and took infinite pains and trouble with me, giving me a wonderful build-up. *CBS* wanted me to be their Jessica Dragonette. Miss Dragonette was with *NBC* at the time. I felt that, at last, something big was coming to me in radio. And then—I found that I was going to have a baby! Glad as I was—and I was *very* glad, as you may imagine—I definitely felt that this was the end of my career as I left Columbia."

But such was not to be the case. Mary Eastman was at home about five months. She was very very ill. Even her life was in danger. But she recovered and, in time, Columbia got in touch with her and asked her to do a sustaining program.

"But, in February, a year ago, they told me that they didn't have a place for my sustaining hour," Mary said. "I was heartbroken. I felt that this time I was really finished. For I'm not the sort of person who can sell herself. I can only sing. Well, I went to Miami with my husband for the winter. When I came back, however, I did get a guest performance on Paul Whiteman's show. The following October, I had an audition, with thirty-six other sopranos, for *Pet Milk*. They knew me only as *Number 24*. And I got the job to broadcast for them on Saturday nights. Another commercial came along for Friday nights—*Waltz Time*. I am very happy in these programs—very!

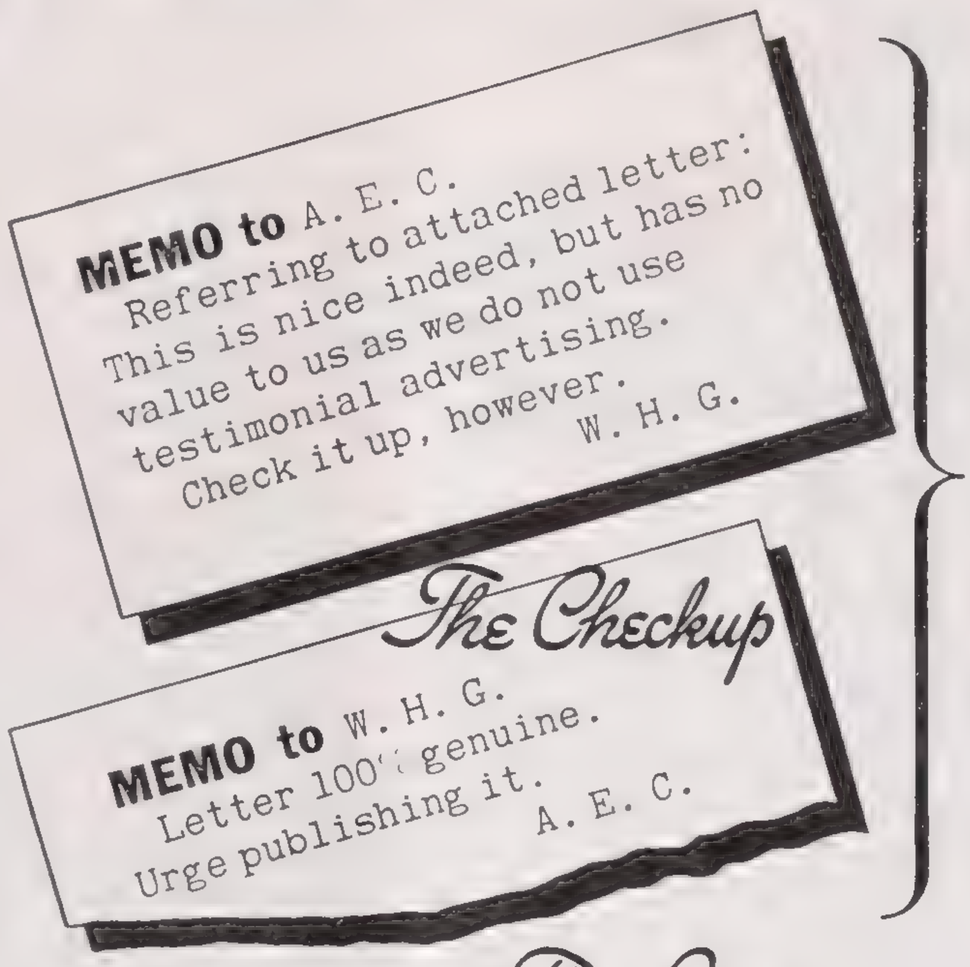
"And on reflecting on it all, I believe that, if it hadn't happened that I had a nice home, that I knew I'd always be taken care of, I might have had more gumption to get out and do things for myself."

Mary, who is one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen, feels that another thing to hinder her success was—her appearance! "It's always been against me," she said. "I've never looked old enough, at any age, and I don't look a bit like a singer! I don't look tall and regal, as a singer should! And then, perhaps, another thing that hindered me was that I was born to enjoy too many things, instead of having the ability to devote myself to one thing. Also, I married a man who, in his heart, prefers a home woman. Oh, he's sweet about my singing, he's wonderful, even helpful. But I know, deep down, he wishes that I'd give up my career. But whether or not all these things really have delayed my success, I think anyone will agree that every time I was ready for my biggest chances, something happened to stop me.

"Is fate against me? I'm a very happy person—but I can't help feeling that it is!" Mary even feels that it's possible that she's not destined to become an immortal name in the singing world. Perhaps fate hasn't intended it. She hopes this is not true.

"But I'm going to do something about it," Mary said to me. "I'm going to give myself just two years more to become a celebrated singer in radio, or at the Metropolitan Opera House. I have got a manager. I've got a publicity agent. I'm studying hard. And I'm going to try harder than ever have before, to reach the top. I'm going to give myself these next two years to do it. In that time, if I haven't scaled the heights, I'll give it all up. I'll believe that I wasn't meant to be a great singer. And I'll accept Fate's verdict," Mary said.

Two years! Well, lovely Mary of the beautiful voice, I hope that in two years from now, you will have your dream of greatness! I hope that Cinderella's fairy godmother will come along and touch you with her magic wand. I hope that she'll eradicate from your life the phrase: *Something always happens to prevent me from achieving my biggest success.*" I hope that her magic carpet will transport you and your gorgeous voice, high, high up to the starry fields where you yearn to shine!



So a rule was changed to give this Good News to Certain People

"I HAD A sister-in-law who was so nervous, in fact for years, she would say, I am so nervous my body itches all over and she at times would embarrass me as she was always either scratching her foot or her arm or her leg, and I said really you should see a doctor as you make me so nervous you don't sit still a minute.

She finally decided on seeing one of the best doctors in Chicago (I could give you his name at any time) and after he examined her he found nothing wrong. Just told her to rest more and take things calmly. He said, have you ever used Linit. She said, well, I don't do my own washing. He said, No, I mean for the Bath. She said, No. So he said, now I want you to buy it, and use ½ a box in your bath every morning and see what fine results you gain from it.

I can't tell you what a different person she is due to this product. In fact, her whole appearance is different to me. Her face looks 10 years younger, she seems so much more relaxful and can truthfully say, her body is free from that horrible itching, that she had, all due to this wonderful product."

FOR THE BATH

QUICKLY CLEARS THE SKIN of PIMPLES

Say Satisfied Users of

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How Old is Your Mouth?

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• Help your lips to look 5 years younger—with Cutex Lipstick! Its special oil helps keep them smoother, more alluring. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby.

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LETTERS TO LISTENERS

(Reversing the Usual Order)

My dear Radio Fans:

One of the peculiar things about radio is the fact that no three people will agree on what they like about a program. I believe this is especially true of musical offerings.

In my own case, the first comments I usually get after a show are from professional musicians, and these are usually contradictory. Some will say that the balance of the orchestra was excellent, others that it was bad; some that the string section was too prominent, others that the strings weren't loud enough. And so on.

The public, of course, is not so technical in its approach. You either like us or you don't—for more general reasons. I make it a point, personally, to sound out forty or fifty people every week for frank opinions of the show. If there's one item in the program that receives a preponderance of criticism, the only sensible thing to do is to revise or delete it.

The public, after all, has the final word in our success or failure, and we're always hospitable to criticism from one and all.

Let us have your criticism, but don't pull your punches. Let us know why you like or dislike a broadcast. If we know how we can make broadcasting better, we'll do so.

REX CHANDLER

Dear Listeners:

For some time now, you've been sending me letters requesting that I sing this song and that, and once in a while, when yours wasn't on my schedule, you became peeved.

Let me explain, therefore, why your request was not included.

In the first place, requesting a number does not mean that it definitely will be featured. Far from it. I submit the song you request, providing it is a baritone selection or one that can be transposed easily, to our production chief. It is his duty to check with the networks to see how many times the same song is to be featured on the same network the same evening. If it is already scheduled over the ASCAP limit, I have to wait until there is an evening without a full schedule.

Even then it might not be heard. There might be sponsorial objection or it might not fit in with Russ Morgan's musical plans, and if I feel the number is not suited to my style, it is automatically eliminated.

So you see that accommodating every person who writes in requesting songs isn't the easiest task in the world. Bear with me, dear listeners, and perhaps I'll be able to get around to your tune.

PHIL DUEY

Dear Listeners:

Like most musicians who have spent their early years in another land, one of my greatest enthusiasms, ever since I've been in America, has been the wealth of musical possibilities in your folk music.

It's one of those things you take for granted, and I've discovered that the size of the country has kept native songs, in too many instances, completely within their original locality.

Radio, it seems to me, is the ideal medium for paying just tribute to the charm of this unexploited musical field, and of bringing national recognition to the melodies of the various parts of the country.

Of course, much has been done with hillbilly mountain songs and cowboy songs, yet only a small portion of these are the true songs of the people in those districts. Too many are clever, but synthetic, products of professional song writers.

You radio listeners are the largest research staff any musician could possibly hope to have, so I wish those of you who have been hearing or singing local melodies for years would bring them to our attention.

I know you radio fans like songs such as *Oh, Susanna* and *Good Night, Ladies,* because you've told me so. I'd like to bring you some you haven't heard yet. And believe me, I will!

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

Dear Listeners:

I appreciate your interest and am sincerely thankful for your kind comments on our work. But I'd like to explain why it's really impossible for me to send you broadcast tickets. We, on the program, are given only a limited number of them, which are gone as soon as received.

I am quite sure that if you write to the sponsor, your request will be granted. Again, on behalf of the boys and myself, many thanks for your letters.

HAL KEMP

Dear Listeners:

This is the first public opportunity I have had to thank you, on behalf of Marge and myself, for the wonderful manner in which you have received our *Myrt and Marge* offerings.

Writing five scripts a week is a diffcult task, and it requires intensive concentration on the part of all members of our company. It is, therefore, with a feeling of the utmost sincerity that I thank each and every one of you who have taken the trouble to let me know you like our offerings.

I only hope that you continue your interest in *Myrt and Marge.* You, dear listeners, can make or break a radio program. If you feel you can give any constructive criticism, please do so. I shall give every opinion serious consideration.

MYRTLE VAIL DAMEREL

Dear Listeners:

A great many listeners write to ask aid in securing auditions and engagements, but unfortunately there is very little that a radio artist can do beyond giving advice.

That advice is the result of experience. Frankly, we advise would-be radio artists against coming to New York to seek their fortunes. Competition is too heavy, jobs are scarce and it takes more than enthusiasm to get along. It is hopeless to expect

even the smallest amount of success unless you are able to support yourself for a year, at least, have experience at some other kind of work, or have responsible friends in Manhattan who can look after you.

There is usually some way in which to air your talents in your own town—a community theatre, a radio station. Try them, and if you are capable, your talents will soon be recognized and brought to the attention of the right people.

LANDT TRIO

Dear Listeners:

In all my radio experience I have constantly noticed one peculiar thing about criticisms of programs, whether oral or written, and that is the great number of times people deplore the lack of serious music on the majority of broadcasts.

Now here is the interesting paradox:

We *do* hear from those listeners who want popular melodies. They know what they want and just which selections are their favorites. And they are just as positive about the popular songs they no longer want to hear.

But the letters of those who say they like serious music are much fewer and, while they condemn popular music, they just as often don't bother to mention what they do want to hear.

We, on the air, want to please you who listen, so let's hear more often from those who like classical selections so that we can balance our musical fare. If you want both *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm* and *Indian Love Lyrics*—we'll give them to you.

Best wishes and thanks for the many kind letters from those of you who know what you like and say so when you hear it.

LANNY ROSS

Dear Listeners:

No, we're not a real-life family! In fact, not a single member of *Pepper Young's Family* is even remotely related to another, and until the program went on the air, none of us knew the others!

Jack Roseleigh is my radio husband, "Mr. Young." Betty Wragge, a pretty 19-year-old girl, is cast as "Peggy," and the hero of the script, "Pepper," is played by Curtis Arnall, whom you may remember as *Buck Rogers* in the script of that name.

Strangely enough, in real life we closely resemble any happy American family. After broadcasts we gather for little socials, share each other's troubles.

I hope you will continue to correspond with us. We enjoy every letter received. This letter is intended for a double purpose—to make it clear that we are not a real-life family, and to thank you for all past correspondence.

MARIAN BARNEY (*"Mrs. Young."*)

Dear Listeners:

I'd like to take this opportunity to clear up a popular misconception. Everyone seems to think that it's the collegians who set the pace for hit songs with the public.

It's true that they're discriminating, and when we introduce a new song I'm always very interested to hear their reactions to it.

But, among the radio audience are many who no longer care particularly to go dancing regularly, week after week, as the school boys and girls manage to do. Among these are many of the fathers and mothers of those youngsters who tell me week after week what they think of the latest songs.

I believe that the older generation hasn't received nearly enough credit for being able to single out a hit song. Time after time, when a new number has been introduced, the first letters saying: "I like that," are from parents of collegians.

The boys and girls may keep a hit song going, but I think they ought to add their thanks to mine for the encouragement older folks give to young song writers and orchestra musicians. Years ago the old folks at home said: "That awful jazz!" Now they say: "Strike up the band."

GUY LOMBARDO

Dear Listeners:

Recently all of us got together to choose our pet radio peeve, and the unanimous decision was "people who play bridge and talk while listening to the radio."

Now, doing this would tax the brain of an Einstein. You don't do the game justice; you can't possibly pay full attention to what your neighbor is saying; and finally, you hear practically nothing of what is broadcast.

Bridge, radio and social conversation are three separate entities and should never be mixed. The purpose of any type of radio program is to afford you enjoyment from your radio. Trying to do something else while listening to it completely nullifies the pleasure you might get. Talking while listening to the radio should be as taboo as talking in the theatre or at a movie.

See if you don't get more solid pleasure out of radio, bridge and social conversation if you treat them as individual happenings.

"THE O'NEILLS"

Remove Unsightly Hair

the modern, feminine way

Are you letting unsightly hair-growth spoil your feminine charm? Here is the dainty, modern method of removing hair on arms and legs without a razor.

Use NEET—easy, sure, effective! Like a cold cream in texture, you simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how soft and delightfully smooth it leaves the skin!

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Regrowth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.

NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

Set of 10 20¢ At all 5 and 10c Stores

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS

NU-NAIL CO. 5249 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Who was the most important woman in Don Ameche's life? You'll find the answer in an absorbing story in *September* RADIO STARS.

FRECKLES DISAPPEAR *in 5 to 10 days*

Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 157, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

THE BABE IS STILL KING!

(Continued from page 23)

can well stand a broadcast such as that of Ruth, for the game has not yet taken full advantage of the air waves. There are daily broadcasts of baseball games in most major league cities, to be sure, but the evening baseball hours on the air aren't much, lacking authoritative comment, and being little more than a recital of that day's scores. Babe, on the other hand, is a true expert and his observations on baseball are certainly more enjoyable to the fans than the mere listing of that afternoon's results.

Ruth is no stranger to the microphone. He was on the *Quaker Oats* program in 1934, a thirteen-weeks' venture in which he appeared thrice weekly at $1,000 per broadcast, or $39,000 for the entire series. There was a dramatization of some incident in Babe's career on each broadcast, followed by some question-and-answer dialogue between Ruth and Norman Sweetster, with Sweetster asking the questions and Ruth making the comments. The script was one of the best any athlete ever had on the air and Babe, through constant rehearsals with Sweetster, delivered it fairly well.

The program was such a success that the contract was not renewed, which sounds like a gag, but isn't. Baseball gloves and bats were awarded to those sending in package tops of the products advertised, and so many package tops were sent in during the thirteen-week program that the sponsors decided the saturation point had been reached. It was obvious that once a youngster, listening in, had obtained a glove or bat, there was no further incentive for him to save carton tops for another glove or another bat. Another factor which mitigated against an extension of Ruth's contract was that these broadcasts, which went over the *NBC* network, didn't start until 8:45 p. m., a time at which many of the youngsters, at whom it was aimed, were asleep.

In his *Sinclair* program, Ruth again has the advantage of a fine script. It is written at the direction of Joe Hill and gives Babe plenty of opportunity to make intelligent comment on baseball affairs. John Reed King gives Babe the questions in this broadcast and sets the stage for some keen, expert answers by Ruth. For this series, which emanates from the *CBS* studios on Madison Avenue, the Babe receives $750 a broadcast, which will net him $19,500 for the entire program. His current contract extends through July 8th.

Once the major league season opened, Ruth's broadcasts perked up, just as his playing used to in the old days when the chips were down. The Babe goes either to Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds on the afternoon of each broadcast, with the result that he is in a position to comment on that day's game. He usually has a guest star on each program, so far meeting with only one refusal and that not from the player himself, but from the player's manager.

The guest stars on Ruth's program get $100 for their turn before the mike. Babe tried to get Dick Bartell, peppery shortstop of the *Giants,* for one of his April broadcasts, but Bill Terry, dictatorial manager of the *Giants,* refused to allow Bartell to accept, apparently believing that $100 wasn't enough.

That one refusal, through the shortsightedness of Terry, didn't hamper the program. Ruth has had Buddy Myer, Jewish star of the *Washington Senators* and the batting champion of the American League in 1935. Other baseball figures whom Babe has had as guest stars include Tony Cuccinello, second baseman of the *Boston Bees,* Buddy Hassett, the Irish tenor who plays first base for the *Brooklyn Dodgers,* and Tiny Parker, one of the National League umpires.

Since Ruth is on the air from 10:30 (*EDST*) until 10:45 each Wednesday and Friday evening, his program has a distinct edge on the other baseball programs, other than the boost it gets from his name alone. Whereas the others have to content themselves with the results of that day's games, and sometimes not the complete results, the Babe has a chance to study those results and comment on them in relation to each other, to editorialize, as it were, rather than merely report. An added feature is the introduction of up-to-the-minute summaries, the leading pitcher, leading batter, leading scorer, and so on, something which couldn't possibly be compiled in time for the earlier broadcasts.

Don't think from all the foregoing that the Babe is an accomplished radio performer. He isn't. The Babe is reading his lines fairly well, but he staggers every once in a while. And every so often, too, the big fellow ad libs, which causes his scriptwriters to stagger with fright. So far the results have not been fatal. From the viewpoint of the listeners-in, Ruth's ad libbing lends the program an authentic touch.

The Babe is inordinately proud of his radio work, like a kid with a new toy. Ruth has a genuine love of the game he helped to build up and sincerely believes that his broadcasts are an aid to baseball.

"I don't think baseball gets enough publicity over the air," said Babe, in his apartment in the upper Eighties, one afternoon. "If there were more programs like this, the game would profit. I don't say this because of my own program—it could be anybody's program, as long as it took regular big leaguers, whose names are known to the fans, and let them chat about that day's ball game. It gives the listeners-in a chance to hear first-hand information about the game, and I'm sure it builds up their interest. I like this business of broadcasting, swell—everything but the rehearsals! But I guess we have to go through some hardships to have some fun! I loved playing baseball, too, but I hated those reducing sessions I had to go through at Artie McGovern's gym every winter, to get in shape for the season. Yet I couldn't have played without 'em, and it's the same way with rehearsing. I can't broadcast unless I first rehearse."

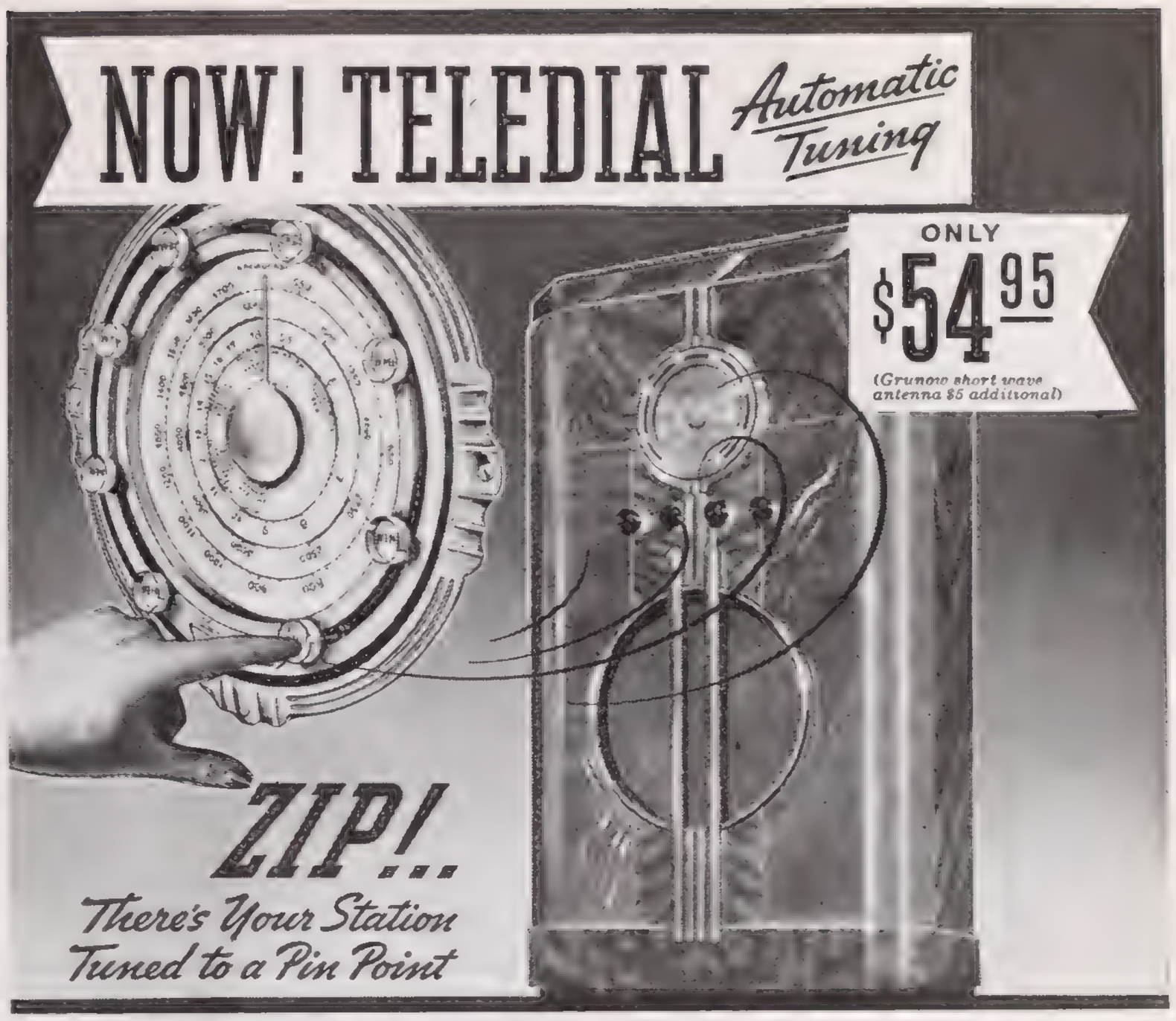
At a recent flood benefit Irvin Cobb *(left)* and Walter Winchell contributed their services on an *NBC*-Red Cross radio broadcast.

Should Ruth's current *Sinclair* program continue to be well received, it would seem there might be a spot for Babe as an actual broadcaster of ball games. Not in Greater New York, of course, since the *Yankees, Giants* and *Dodgers* have a five-year agreement not to broadcast from their parks. The Babe wouldn't care to go out of town to broadcast, but he might be worked in next fall at the World Series, wherever it may be played.

The Babe's resonant, booming voice should go well in the broadcast of a ball game, better than it does in mere reading from script. Aside from the glamour of his name and his fame, Ruth could present an accurate and expert picture of exactly what was taking place, with no guessing, hemming or hawing and no phony enthusiasm of the *"Oh-boy-Oh-boy"* type.

Ruth has mellowed with the years. No longer is he the rough, tough kid whom the late Jack Dunn christened "Babe," when he was with the *Baltimore Orioles*. No longer is he the turbulent swashbuckler, whose nights of riotous carousing and afternoons of amazing baseball performances alternately kept the late little Miller Huggins between a scowling frown and a wide grin. The $5,000-fine, slapped on him by Hug and collected by the *Yankees*, started Babe on the path of decorum, and his marriage to Claire Hodgson, in April, 1929, completed the reformation.

The Babe is out of baseball now, out of it officially, but not sentimentally. He goes to the ball park whenever he can, and probably would be there daily if he could go incognito and not be mobbed by his admirers. He talks baseball all the time, not alone on his radio broadcasts. And they do say that the Babe may some day be back in the game again, as manager of a big league club. Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, who was Colonel Ruppert's partner when the *Yanks* were purchased in 1915, is eyeing the attractive Brooklyn franchise as the spot to install Babe as manager. And by 1938, you may find the Babe in Flatbush!



EUROPE GUARANTEED!

● Yes! GRUNOW for 1938 halves the price of TELEDIAL, first and finest in automatic tuning. Now . . . a big beautiful matched walnut TELEDIAL console with American, foreign, police, amateur and aviation reception . . . only $54.95! See it at leading radio and department stores. Convenient payments. Other GRUNOW Radios, $22.50 up. (Prices slightly higher West and South).

NEW Grunow FOR 1938

GENERAL HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES COMPANY • Chicago, Illinois • Marion, Indiana

THE WAY HOLLYWOOD MAKES LOVE

●

Hollywood, romantic capital of the world, knows all there is to know about making love. FOTO takes you to Hollywood to show you "How To Make Love."

But the Hollywood section is only a part of this outstanding picture magazine. In addition, you will be thrilled and delighted by:

"Meet 'Miss Anatomy',"—sensational successor to the "transparent woman."

"Streamline Your Body,"—containing many worthwhile hints for reducing.

"Backstage at Broadway's French Casino," the inside picture story of the nation's most daring night club.

And, there are dozens of other new exciting pictures that you won't want to miss. Don't fail to secure your copy of the biggest picture magazine on the newsstands.

AUGUST ISSUE 10¢

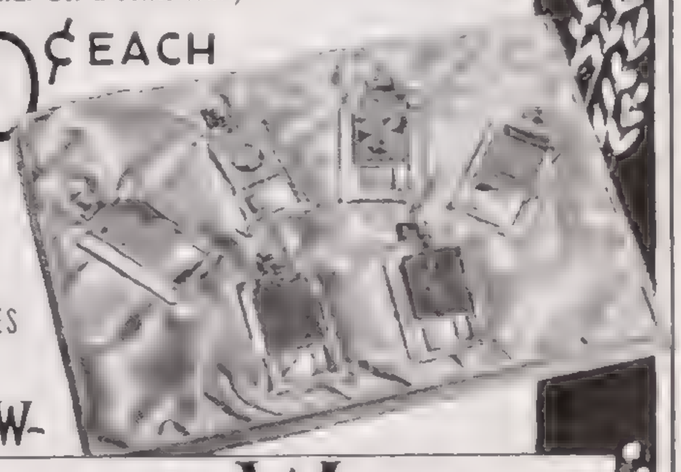
FOTO

RADIO STARS for *September* offers you, among other unusually intriguing stories, the delightful story of the *Show Boat's* lovely little soprano, Nadine Conner. DON'T MISS IT! *Out August 1st.*

REFRESHING as a dip in the Sea!

Summer is toilet water time. On warm days nothing is quite so refreshing and stimulating as RONNI Toilet Water. Six popular odors from which to choose—Gardenia, Lilac, Lily of the Valley, Lavender, Sweet Pea and Orchid. *Get a bottle today*

10¢ EACH



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10c

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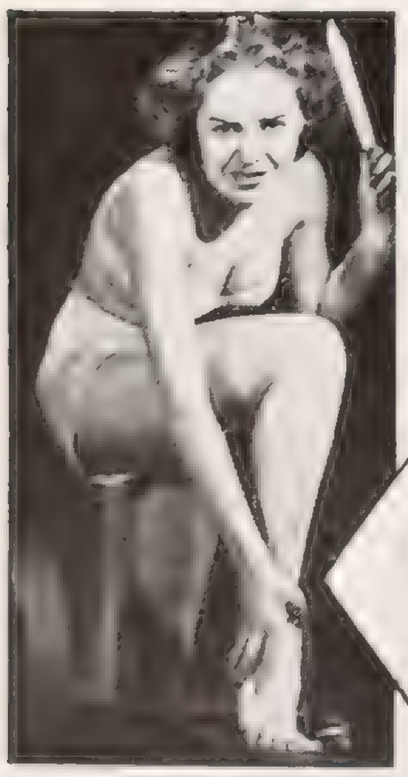

● Home paring methods make corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take that chance. Use the Blue-Jay method that removes corns completely by lifting out the corn Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Easy to use, Blue-Jay is a modern, scientific corn plaster. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. B-99, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

• A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP

(*Continued from page 33*)

After all, the *Red Shadow* is nothing but a cowboy, wrapped up in a sheet instead of a flannel shirt! He rides across the desert, instead of riding the ranges. But this drawing-room stuff is not for me—not without a yelp!"

No, not for him! Looking at Dick Foran, I had to agree with him. I had, also, to deplore the idea of cramping this splendid specimen in conventional cutaways and capers. For he would be a bull, restive, in any china shop. A flame-headed bull, smashing his head against Sevres sentiment, porcelain passion, Dresden desire and dodads. He is six feet three in height. He weighs one hundred and ninety robust, muscular pounds. He has blazing red hair, blazing blue eyes, sometimes hot, when the fighting Irish is up in them; sometimes cold and slightly contemptuous, a little cruel in their appraisal of mice and men. He didn't tell me that he likes dogs and horses better than men. He didn't need to. And health glows in him so splendidly, so abundantly, that it is like a physical impact

Nor does he talk quite so glibly as it may sound, written down. For, characteristic of the man who is his own man with men, with horses, with the out-of-doors, he is shy and somewhat inarticulate when it comes to prattling on, fluently, about himself. He would constantly interrupt himself while talking and say: "Aw, but you don't want to hear about that!" or: "Say, we're not getting anywhere, are we?"

The boy was, indeed, father to the man. For, back home in Flemington, New Jersey, (Dick's father was Collector of the Port of New York, one of the most prominent of the Republican politicians) is a fine, old Colonial mansion, the Foran homestead, set staunchly among century-old elms. And here the five Foran brothers were lustily born and lustily grew to manhood—Dick (christened John Nicholas Foran), Arthur, Jim, Walter and Billy (now aged nine) in the order of their personal appearances upon this earth. They went to public school there in Flemington, the Foran boys. And the fine old house was stout harborage for five rough and always ready boys; for their wrestlings and noisy growing, for their football gear and baseball gear and bikes and skates and music. They grew up in a solid world, the Foran brothers, with a mother gentle and understanding and firm, with a father they could honor and respect and be pals with.

Dick went, later, he told me, to most of the prep schools in the country. And—ah—left most of them! They didn't agree, Dick and the schools, as to what boys and schools should do together. This may be a slight exaggeration, since his official biography gives Mercersburg Academy and the Hun School as his two schools preparatory to Princeton.

But before and during his school life, Dick and his brothers spent most of their time, week-ends, long vacations, on the huge, 2600-acre hunting preserve which their father owned, and still owns, in New Jersey. An immense game preserve, with lakes and streams and timber lands. And there Dick and his brothers and their pals hunted and fished and rode horses, bareback, Western saddle, on their heads, on their hands, on their knees. They played they were cowboys, steer wrestlers, Indians. They hewed wood and cooked and slept out of doors. They grew familiar with the rough earth as their bed and the stars and the winds as their blankets. And here Dick grew to his vigorous proportions and here he learned to love, as his natural habitat, the "all-out-doors." Love it with the passion that, today, makes him eager to cleave to it, forsaking all other film rôles.

Later still, Dick went to Princeton. He majored in geology. He played football and baseball and lacrosse and ice-hockey. He shipped, for two successive summers, as an able seaman aboard freighters visiting most of the South American countries, and the West Indies. While in college a rich baritone voice was discovered to be lodging in the deep barrel of the Foran chest. And he studied voice, with opera, the Met. as his objectives. He intended, academically, to become a geologist. He said to me: "I'm glad I didn't. There are more *rocks* in Hollywood than in all the ancient excavations of other, and perhaps more polished, civilizations! And it's the rocks I'm after! There's no other place in the world, no other business or profession in the world, where a young man of my age can make the money I make here. And that's what I want. I've gone hungry. I didn't like it. I went hungry after I came to Hollywood. I learned how to eat 'on the cuff.' Song-writing pals of mine supplied the horrid gaps in my diet. I'd paid two months' rent in advance, or it would have meant the park bench for the first of the five Forans! I learned a lot. I also learned that, despite the few charitable exceptions, thumbs are down and doors closed and faces averted from the fellow who is down and out. The world isn't kind to failures. I have no illusions about that! Well, that's all right, too. The law of the survival of the fittest is a hard law. But it is the law of the herd—and I mean the human herd, too."

Dick never made grand opera. "Not good enough," he told me, grinning. "Rotten, in fact! But that didn't keep me from singing. For, next to being a cowboy, I like to sing. I like to sing on the air, on the range, in the bathtub, in church, anywhere and everywhere!"

He did some radio work. Mostly for experience, or as a courtesy for friends. And then, after matriculating at Princeton, he went to work as a special investigator for the Pennsylvania Railroad. And one of these investigations brought him to Hollywood, to Los Angeles. In Hollywood he met Lew Brown, of the musical comedy producing organization of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. They persuaded him to take a screen test. And a contract with Fox was the result. He had a small part (of course they didn't let him sing!) in *Stand Up And Cheer.* ("*Stand Up and Leave,*" said Dick, "should have been the title of that!")

Then Warner Brothers borrowed him

to play a leading rôle in *Gentlemen Are Born*, and he did such an excellent job that he was cast in the rôle of Midshipman Gifford in *Shipmates Forever*. It was while this production was under way that a series of tests were conducted for a cowboy star for six Westerns, to be made by Warner Brothers. Dick took the test. And a new cowboy star was made, then and there. Now, on the Warner Brothers lot, without benefit of ballyhoo, publicity or any of the customary star-manufacturing methods, Dick's fan mail is third in bulk of anyone on the lot. And when you consider that Bette Davis, Errol Flynn and Kay Francis also are on that lot, you may dimly perceive the value, the box-office value, of Dick Foran. He has since appeared in *Lottery Lover, One More Spring, Moonlight on the Prairie, Song of the Saddle, Petrified Forest, Treachery Rides The Range, Public Enemy's Wife, Pony Express Rider, Guns of the Pecos* and *Black Legion*. And Burns and Allen have staked their claim on him for radio, as you know.

Dick said: "If I could have things just as I would like to have them, I would like to continue to do Western pictures and *nothing else but*. And I would like to sing cowboy songs on the air. At least, part of the time. I'd like to know what the radio fans would most like me to sing, though. I wish you would ask them for me, in this story. I wish you'd ask them whether they prefer me to sing Western songs exclusively, such as *Little Buckaroo* or *Home On The Range*, or whether they'd prefer me to vary the broadcasts with popular songs such as *When My Dreamboat Comes Home*, and such classical standards as operatic arias and *Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes*, and so forth. I'd really like to know. Ask them to write in and tell me, will you?

"For my part," said Dick, lounging back of the luncheon table in the Green Room on the Warner Brothers lot, seeming much too large for his chair and decidedly uncomfortable in it, waving an acknowledging hand to Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Archie Mayo, Harry Joe Brown and others who came into the Green Room and, one and all, called congratulations on his broadcast of the night before, "for my part I like to sing the kind of songs that just gush out—*Ai, Ai, Ai* is my favorite song, by the way. I like to sing the kind of songs that just come out spontaneously, as well on a horse or on the prairie as in a broadcasting station or on a sound stage. I like everything that's natural. Richard Tauber is my favorite singer. And Jack Benny and Fred Allen are my favorite comedians on the air. Just because they all are so natural and human. Burns and Allen, of course. I still think Burns' crack about 'learning to ad lib without rattling a paper' is one of the funniest cracks ever made on the air or anywhere else! Yep, I like things and people natural. I like an actor who's natural. I like a book that's natural, not too highbrow, not too lowbrow. I like people who are natural and human and folksy and understandable. And girls . . . "

It's just one girl now! Six months after Dick met Ruth Hollingsworth, New York socialite, at a Hollywood party, he eloped with her to Tia Juana, where they were married, as we went to press!

1) "My hair was gradually growing drab and dark—then a friend told me to use Marchand's".

2) Famous for more than forty years—Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

3) "Now everyone says my hair is my greatest beauty asset — thanks to Marchand's!"

"I feel like a Cinderella after using Marchand's", writes Dorothy W*. "Restoring the sunny, golden color to my hair has really accomplished a miracle in my appearance *and* popularity. Now I recommend it to all my girl friends."

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Milton Berle, with Tommy Mack and Bert Gordon of the *Gillette Program.*

WOMEN WANT TO BE TIED DOWN

(Continued from page 31)

it means to be rent between two interests, to be torn between deciding which of her emotions is the most important to her. It's different when women have an urge to do things on their own. The restless wife would be better off for having interests of her own.

"Years ago, before women were allowed to take their place in a world of men, those who, today, would have made careers for themselves, had to stifle any urge for life outside of the home. So, for the most part, they made restless, dissatisfied wives, women who wrote scraps of poetry nobody ever saw, women who spent secret hours playing the piano or lost in daydreams of what might have been. Women, who would have made a name for themselves in the business world, nagged their husbands because there was no outlet for their talents and the men they married became as unhappy as they did.

"Of course there were other women, wiser women, who used their excess energy in a constructive way and helped their husbands to achieve things they weren't allowed to win for themselves. These were the women, who, if their husbands were the right type, helped to build great fortunes, or paint great pictures, or write great books. These were the women who bundled the most precious of their belongings into covered wagons and went with their husbands on the new trails leading westward and who helped them till alien fields and begin a home in a new country.

"I was probably meant to be a home woman. All my heritage points that way. After all, I was born in the Spain that used to be, the country of possessive men and sheltered women. But I was brought up in America. I saw the girls I had grown up with making their own way in the world, so that, when the time came for me to make my way, too, it was exciting to me rather than depressing.

"A cousin of mine, in Spain, really has an amazing voice and, though her parents have spent a small fortune in having it trained, it is nothing more to her now than a pleasing talent. Her teacher said to her once: 'What a pity you don't have to sing for your living! Your voice would bring so much pleasure to so many people.'

"I *had* to sing. My husband's business went wrong and it was the only talent I had to work with. Afterwards, after my marriage went, too, I had to keep on, to support my small son.

"There wasn't any choice for me, then, about the things I had to do. I had to make a home for my small son and I had to make the money to keep it going. Maybe that's where I was luckier than most women, who have to choose between domesticity and a career."

It was then that work became more than work, and success more than success, for Olga Albani. It was in those days that she really began growing up. For all that she had fallen in love and married and borne a child, she really didn't know much about the world she was living in. It was only when disillusionment came, that she found that life wasn't the pretty story she always had thought it. It was only when she found work, that she realized how easy it would have been to become bitter when the fragile bubble of happiness broke in her hands.

Work . . . It became awfully important to her, then. She found in it a thing separate and apart from the rest of her existence. Somehow it had nothing to do with her small son, or the life they shared together. It had nothing to do with her love for him, or the fun the two of them had together.

It was something that stood on its own firm feet, something that she could control as she couldn't control other things. Love could come, and could change, and could

During a *Sealtest* Sunday Night *Party* rehearsal, Tom Howard tries the piano for M. C. James Melton.

go—but work wasn't like that! Her work was tangibly part of herself. It was something that could grow and become more exciting with the growing. It was the only thing she could count on, as she could count on herself.

So she saw her name go up in lights over the theatre, where the successful operetta, *New Moon,* was playing, and she knew the thrill of reading enthusiastic reviews of her rôle in the play.

Life was exciting. It couldn't be anything else, with the flowers that began arriving, the homage that was given her, the offers that came her way. There was only one thing she would have changed then and that was her life with her son. Starring on Broadway didn't give her as much time to spend with him as she wanted to have.

So, when the time came for her to make a decision, it was the National Broadcasting Company's offer that she accepted. For radio was different from the other arts. Different from the stage or movies or opera. Radio was a *home* institution. Its appeal, unlike that of any of the others, was primarily designed for the home, not only as far as its listeners were concerned, but for its artists as well.

When she went to Chicago for that engagement, Olga Albani thought her life and her future were pretty well mapped out. But then something happened that she couldn't possibly have foreseen. She fell in love.

Only it was different this time. Once before a girl had fallen in love. That had been all romance and ignorance and moonlight and youth. Now it was a woman who fell in love. A woman whose eyes were wide open and who had grown wise through living. And so she came to know, as so many women before her had come to know, that second love was real love. No less exciting because it was adult and understanding; no less thrilling because there was peace mixed up in it, too.

Life was beginning all over again. Once it had been spring, then winter had come—and now it was spring again.

But falling in love brought its own problem. For the first time she had to decide between a home and a career.

There was no compulsion to keep on with her work now. The man she was going to marry was a successful business man,

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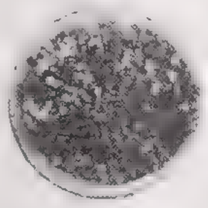

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who preferred that his wife shouldn't work. But Wallace Caldwell was an understanding man, too, and felt that it was his wife's privilege to make her own decision.

Maybe that's the reason their marriage has been so successful. That understanding both of them have for each other. For when Olga Albani decided that she had worked too hard for her career to give it up, she saw her husband's side of the problem as well as her own.

"That's when I discovered that career-women really choose two jobs for themselves." She laughed. "For it isn't fair to a man, who wants a home, to have to take half measures. Women with careers have to give even more attention to their homes than the stay-at-home wife must give to it.

"When I came to New York for my Friday night broadcast of *Universal Rhythm,* I had to plan things so that they would run smoothly while I was away from home. That meant menus for those days must be worked out before I went, and that I must have trained my household help, so that everything went on as efficiently as if I were there.

"My career is separate and apart from my home life. And I find joy in both of them. The cook's night out is an event we all look forward to in our home, for, on that night, I cook dinner and my husband and the two children have just as much fun helping me as I have in cooking it. And my cooking is one of the things I brag about shamelessly!

"I think the woman who runs both a career and a home gets her biggest reward in the different attitudes her family have toward her. Why, you would almost think a queen had condescended to come into the kitchen, from the fuss they make over me! Instead of taking things for granted, they think it is wonderful when I do things for them.

"And a husband and children love bragging about a woman with a life of her own apart from them. Often I've heard the children talking about me to their playmates, telling them of this thing I've done, and that thing, and I wouldn't be human if it didn't give me a terrific kick! I've seen Wallace beam, too, when friends of his have told him they've enjoyed my singing over the radio.

"For the most part, I keep my business details away from him. It doesn't seem fair to saddle him with my responsibilities. I make my decisions for myself and would no more think of asking him for advice than he would think of giving it.

"That's the reason my career has never conflicted with our life together. When I've made mistakes, he would no more think of mentioning them to me than he would to a friend who had done the same thing.

"It's important, in marriage, to give each other the same courtesies you would give to a friend. It's so easy to say to a wife or to a husband: 'I told you so!' or : 'Why didn't you do this or that?' To keep love, you have to earn it, just as much as you have to earn friendship. It's when intimate association makes men or women feel they own their partners, that married happiness goes.

"You have to work to earn happiness in anything, and a successful marriage isn't a fluke. It's something you've worked as hard to attain as success in any other field. And there's no other success that brings such complete satisfaction.

"I felt some of that satisfaction, the other evening, when Wally turned to me and said: 'You know, I can't really believe I've married a working gal! My friends aren't so sure of finding their wives at home, waiting for them, when they leave the office, as I am—and you always have time to do things I want to do.'

"He really sounded surprised, as if he hadn't expected a career-woman would be like that, and, somehow, I felt it was the greatest compliment anyone ever had given me.

"In the beginning, I think Wally thought he was being an exceptionally understanding husband, by not interfering with my career. But that was only in the beginning, before he had the chance to see how it all worked out. Now he knows my work takes nothing away from him. After all, most of it is done while he is working, too. It only means that I have less leisure for play than most women have, less time for lunches and theatres and bridge and shopping. If I have stolen time from anyone, it is only from myself that I have stolen it. But my work is so absorbing to me, I couldn't begrudge any of the things it might have taken from me.

"And, if anything, my home encroaches on my career more than my career encroaches on my home. Sometimes it is something I am doing for Wally that takes some of the time I had planned for business details. Sometimes it is the children. Sometimes it is the dog.

"The other day he was gone for hours. I was worried when I called up a neighbor whose dog is a pal of ours, and discovered that his dog was safe at their home. I had a business engagement that day, but I had to put it off, and spent the afternoon running around in the car to all the places a dog might possibly have gone.

"None of us could eat dinner that night and the children didn't even try to hide their tears as Wally and I had to, because we were grown up and not supposed to go to pieces over a lost dog. But I couldn't hold them back any longer when I heard that familiar scratching at the door and flung it open to take a muddy, tired animal in my arms and make a complete and thorough fool of myself over him!

"Maybe that's the reason I'm so devoted to that dog, because he does tie me down, just as my children tie me down, and my husband and home tie me. *Because I want to be tied down!* And the only person in this whole world who is free is the person nobody needs! That must be really tragic, mustn't it? Not being needed, being free, because there's no one to care enough about you to hold you down!"

Olga Albani smiled, in the way that really happy women smile, with her eyes as well as her lips, and then she gasped as she looked down at her wrist watch.

"I've only fifteen minutes to make my train!"

There was a mad dash to the taxi, for Olga Albani was on her way to Chicago, back to the husband and the children, and the dog, and all the other things that go to make up the home, tying her down to happiness.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(*Continued from page 6*)

about people, it's hard to resist running out and blurting the secret to everyone you know.

Here's another secret deal that probably will have taken shape on *NBC* networks by the time you read this. Lanny Ross has a brother, Winston, from whom he had been separated since boyhood. Their parents parted when the two boys were small. Lanny stayed in America with his mother and Winston went to England with his father.

While Lanny was at Yale becoming a star miler (he just missed going on an Olympic team, you know) and the star tenor of the Yale Glee Club, Winston was in England, studying for the theatre. He sang, too. Winston returned to the United States a year or so ago. Entrée into radio, theatre or the movies would have been made easy on Lanny's stardom and influence. Neither brother was willing to do anything of that sort. Both are proud, dignified and honest.

Winston went his own way and played all of the past season in *Idiot's Delight,* during the show's Broadway engagement and on the road. Independent of his brother, he caught some radio attention, also. *NBC* has just signed Winston Ross as a tenor and he is to start singing on a program regularly in the late spring or summer. But his name won't be Ross.

These two brothers are keeping the whole affair so secret, I can't tell you what his name will be. But if you hear a new young tenor voice under the name, So-and-so Winston, listen carefully and see what you think of Lanny's brother. He has decided to keep Winston as his last name.

It took radio quite a while to settle on "listener" as the word to describe a member of its audience. Now comes television demanding a new word for the member of the audiences it will create. Just as hints of words to come: "viewer" is the word the English use; American engineers who watch television broadcasts speak of one another as "observers."

Lou Holtz was full of negotiations about radio programs all spring. Conferences went on about his stepping into various programs for the summer.

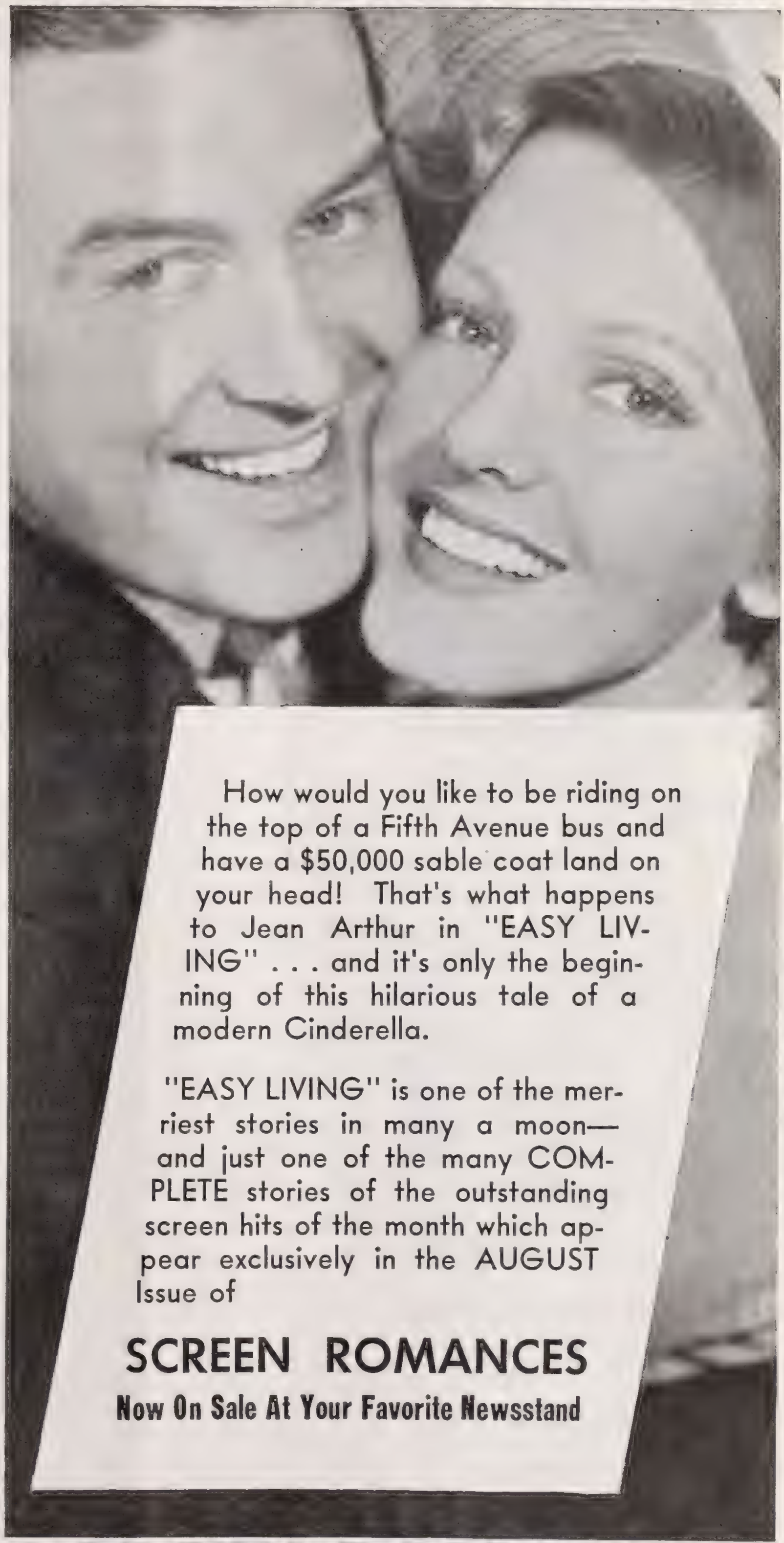
"It's the craziest business," Lou insists, "all this talk and what's happening."

Radio always seems to take crazy turns, as far as Lou Holtz is concerned. Before a program, he's usually so nervous he sits backstage sipping at a bottle of sherry to nerve himself to go on.

Then, after a recent appearance with Ben Bernie was over, he came into the control room for a few minutes and mentioned nothing except: "Boy, wasn't I good? I killed them, didn't I?"

After each guest star appearance, he wonders about sanity of radio sponsors

SABLES FROM HEAVEN



How would you like to be riding on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus and have a $50,000 sable coat land on your head! That's what happens to Jean Arthur in "EASY LIVING" . . . and it's only the beginning of this hilarious tale of a modern Cinderella.

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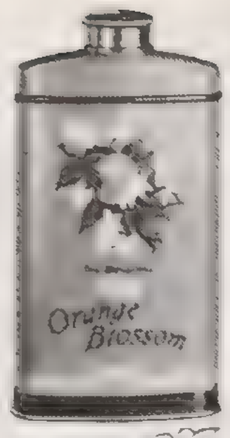

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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

who don't grab him at once. He walked off the *Show Boat* stage and suggested: "Every time I go on the air, it's a success. I'm great! Everyone tells me that! I do it every time!"

This brave swaggerer will make another guest radio appearance before long. Just before broadcast time, the chances are you'll find him, small bottle of sherry in hand, uneasy and depressed, hoping he'll have nerve enough to get through the coming microphone ordeal.

"How can I be good?" he probably will ask. "That director cut out one of my best jokes. Crazy people you work with around here!"

One of the sights of New York this spring has been Jimmy Melton driving around in an automobile old enough to be a museum piece. The car is a 1910 White, high-backed seats, small doors, no top, horn with a rubber bulb, gear shift out on the running board. It doesn't go very fast, the brakes don't work well, it is uncomfortable—and Jimmy takes it out and drives around every chance he gets.

As the car lumbers along crowded New York streets, people howl: "Get a horse!" *and Jimmy howls back* "Rubberneck!" *The only trouble is that when the car pulls up to the curb, passersby are so intent on its vintage, they overlook the fame of the driver. Jimmy is a man who doesn't like to have his fame overlooked, but with his good old gas buggy, he doesn't mind even that.*

"I didn't want just any old car," he recounts. "It took me years to find this one. My uncle had a car like this when I was a kid. It was one of the first I ever saw and I wanted one like it more than anything in the world."

By the time Jimmy could have a car like that, he could have a much better and more modern one. He still wanted a 1910 White touring car. He started an advertising campaign in the country newspapers, hoping to find some old country gentleman who still had an old White sitting out in the shed. When he finally located the right White, it hadn't been running for goodness knows how many years. Fixing it cost Jim around $1,000. But there it is now, all painted red, and the engine ready to say: *"Twenty-three skidoo!"* at a twist of the crank. It's all just like the luxury Jim's uncle had back in 1910.

The White company wanted to borrow the car for an exhibit at the Cleveland exposition this summer. They had been so nice about fixing it, Jimmy couldn't say no.

"I told them they could have it just for a couple of weeks. It cheers me up to drive this old buggy around. Whenever I have to go anywhere I don't want to go, I drive this good old buggy down there. You can't imagine what a feeling it gives me."

If Joe Cook hadn't so many more important distinctions, you might put him down as the politest man about *No Trespassing* signs on his country place. Instead of the usual "penalty of the law" threat, Joe's signs merely read, *No Trespassing, Please.* It's surprising how ashamed the "please" makes you feel, after you've been out on a hike that wandered mostly through private grounds.

Perhaps this accounting is a little belated, but Nelson Eddy paid an astonishing sum for a minor operation on his throat and nose last winter. The doctor bill was minor. Cancelled broadcasts and concerts rolled up a loss between $20,000 and $25,000, no trifle even to a young man with Nelson Eddy's income. Besides, he went through the whole latter half of his radio season and concert tour feeling miserable. When it ended this spring he was on the verge of a breakdown, both vocal and nervous.

The operation was not an emergency, either. He was advised he'd feel more comfortable with the thing out of the way, so he submitted right in the middle of his season. Things seemed to be going well in the first few days of his convalescence. Then the medically incalculable happened and complications arose.

By the time the season was over, he realized he probably had had the highest priced tonsillectomy on record.

Over the lemonade the other night, a friend spoke in scientific spirit: "You know a lot of comedians. What is it they have, a colossal brass that gives them nerve to get up with those old jokes, or are they so ignorant about jokes they don't know the gags are old?"

Right on the spot I made a memorandum about asking a few comedians—but, on second thought, it's not the sort of question you can ask, is it? I wish someone with either ignorance or colossal brass would go around asking and settle that question!

After the strain of getting a radio program together for a whole season, most comedians insist on a couple of months' rest to refresh minds and stave off collapse. An exception is Bob Burns. He has become important enough now to demand almost any sort of rest period he pleases. So he took a mere two weeks off this spring.

Bob struggled through so many discouraging years in small time vaudeville and, after that, years still more discouraging as a Hollywood extra, he is taking no chances about losing any cracks at the big money he now commands. His tastes are simple and he saves nearly every cent he makes, minus that ol' debbil income tax. His success came so suddenly, it still seems too incredible to last.

"I'll have a good rest when this thing blows up," he remarks.

Other exceptions to the vacation rule are George Burns and Gracie Allen. Their only extended vacation in five years of broadcasting was the summer two years ago when they made a tour of Europe. Gracie relishes a holiday, but not George.

George simply loves jokes—telling them, hearing them or simply discussing them. He laughs easily and heartily over little remarks that crop up in conversation. That's just talk. A joke is something different. Over gags for the program, he nods solemnly in appreciation, with the air of a connoisseur sampling a fine old wine. His writers bring in the raw material for

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a program and George sits with them, assembling it, gag by gag, much as a crowd of old gentlemen might sit putting together their stamp collection. One may laugh occasionally, but someone usually reprimands: "Come on, let's get back to work."

What good would a vacation be to George, taking him away from jokes?

Ben Bernie is one who has decided on a permanent vacation. He is still doing his broadcast every week, but for years and years Ben has been on the go, week in and week out, theatres, hotels, ball rooms, summer casinos, any spot that wanted Ben Bernie's band at a good fee. He's a rich man now and doesn't need to work so hard.

"But," he protested, "one broadcast a week is not enough to keep a band like mine going. I couldn't afford to pay them all week for just one broadcast."

Ben solved that problem by dropping his band. He simply engages some good band for the evening, every Tuesday, when broadcast time rolls around. To a man who has worked as hard as Bernie, all these years, one broadcast a week is practically retirement into leisure.

His preparation for a radio program is almost relaxation. The band comes to rehearsal and Ben sits and listens for a couple of hours, occasionally suggesting a tune. He can't be sure which tunes he will use on the program that night. Often as not, Ben has not written his script before rehearsal and you can't arrange a band program until you have the script.

It's no way to run a business as big as the Bernie enterprise, but there's a quality about running it that way that has kept Ben in the prominent radio ranks for ten years. After you mention *Amos 'n' Andy*, who else has held first rank popularity as long as Ben Bernie?

After running into radio artists for a long time, here are some of the queer and characteristic things you remember:

Tom Howard is the man who never bothers about his clothes, except when he has a new suit. He goes the whole hog then and gets new shoes, too. A couple of years ago, he even tried gray suede shoes with a gray summer suit. "All dolled up, hey?" he asked everyone. He took great pride in that outfit at first, but after a while, the suede shoes did not appear any more. Tom just laughs it off now when you ask him how he ever happened to buy gray suede shoes.

Paul Whiteman is the man who came back from Texas with spurs made of delicate filigree work. They are the apple of Paul's eye. At a casual glance they look as though they would break if a determined rider jammed them against a horse, but Paul hoots at that idea.

Lily Pons is the only girl who wears a fabulously valuable diamond bracelet at broadcasts.

Ken Murray has a syndicated column and it interrupts rehearsals when the man who writes it comes rushing in for Ken's OK *and then rushes off again to get it to the syndicate office.*

—ARTHUR MASON.

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RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

MILTON: Well, Tony Martin did come along with Miss Faye and myself, but I only took him along to help with the car.

SEYMOUR: What do you mean . . . help with the car?

MILTON: Well, while Tony danced with Alice, I watched the car. But later in the afternoon it was different.

SEYMOUR: What do you mean, different?

MILTON: Yes . . . I watched the car, and Tony danced with Alice.

(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)

PILKINGTON: Just now Ermintrude confessed to me that yesterday she kissed the plumber.

BEATRICE: Oh, she did? I'll kill her!

PILK: Oh, now, Miss Lillie, you mustn't be too hard on her. After all, the fact that she confessed shows she's sorry.

BEATRICE: That's not the point . . . Why should she kiss the plumber, when we owe the landlord three months' rent?

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

ED: Hello, Sheila Barrett. What are you going to do for us this evening?

SHEILA: Well, you know I'm a mimic.

ED: I don't care about the condition of your blood. I want to know what you're going to do.

(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)

FRANK: I hear your show had a great run in Chicago.

BOB: Yeah . . . ha, ha . . . the man in the box-office died of heart failure, and nobody knew it for a week!

(BOB HOPE and FRANK PARKER, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

EDGAR: I want you to personally carry them all on so there is no damage done . . . there are 38 pieces of luggage and then, of course, my town car is also to go on.

CHARLIE: Well, I'll need a little help with that!

(EDGAR BERGEN and CHARLIE McCARTHY, Vallee Varieties.)

BOB: They was so poor the cockroaches usedta snub 'em. . . . They set such a poor table the mice usedta eat out! . . . Why, it finally got so bad the rats usedta run around the basement with tears in their eyes. . . . I'm jest tellin' ya all this to show ya what a poor environment my Uncle Tweedle was brought up in.

(BOB BURNS, Kraft Program.)

PICK: I was runnin' down the street to get here on time, when something fell on my head.

PAT: It did? What fell on your head?

PICK: Me! Boy, I fell so hard I almost hypnotized myself.

PAT: Hypnotize? What's hypnotize?

PICK: Hypnotize is gettin' a man in your power an' makin' him do whatever you want.

PAT: Boy, dat ain't hypnotism—dat's marriage!

(PICK and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

GEORGE: What do you mean, you can't drive a bargain?

TOM: Well, I bought a used car last week—it was a bargain—but I couldn't drive it!

(TOM HOWARD and GEORGE SHELTON, Sealtest Program.)

STOOP: Imagine, Hollywood! A hundred thousand dollars. Bosh!

BUDD: Hollywood! A hundred thousand dollars! And you turned it down?

STOOP: I wouldn't pay a hundred thousand dollars for all the orange groves in California.

(STOOPNAGLE & BUDD, Minute Tapioca Program.)

PHIL: Harry, what's the idea of introducing me as the son of a horse? That calls for an apology.

BEETLE: Yeah—to—the horse!

PHIL: You keep out of this, Beetle. Why, Harry, the idea of associating me with a horse. Especially a horse that only runs well in rainy weather.

HARRY: Well, Phil, isn't this mudder's day?

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

BERT: Here! Now *I* gotta complaint.

MGR: Yes?

BERT: Yeah . . . the woman in the room next to mine is raising chickens.

MGR: What's the matter—do the chickens make too much noise?

(BERT LAHR, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.)

JIMMY: Don't be so modest, Eddie, you've made many stars. Why, I know of at least *one* great star you've made.

EDDIE: Who is that, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well—until I met you I was nothing!

(EDDIE CANTOR, Texaco Program.)

PORTLAND: Mama sent me out to look for Papa, so I thought I'd look in.

FRED: Is your father missing?

PORTLAND: Yes . . . Mama read that they've closed all the burlesque theatres, and she's afraid Papa is locked in somewhere.

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

FRED: I suppose the Count entertained you with a bit of shooting . . . thoroughbred pointers and all that.

CHARLIE: He planned to, Frederick, but I'm too well bred. I know you should never point except at French pastry.

FRED: Say . . . you must be a real blue-blood, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Blue-blood? Why just last week I gave a transfusion to a fountain pen!

(FRED ASTAIRE and CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, Packard Program.)

MARY: Well, what about our play, Jack—are we going to do it?

JACK: No—I'm in no mood for a play . . . Kenny's gone home, Phil's sore . . . things look pretty black, believe me!

MARY: Then let's do a minstrel show.

(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jell-O Program.)

GRACIE: That's my brother. And the funniest thing—George—he thinks he's a ghost.

GEORGE: Your brother thinks he's a ghost?

GRACIE: Sure—he was going around the house this morning, singing: "I Ain't Got No Body" . . .

(BURNS and ALLEN, Grape Nuts Program.)

TEACHER: Now, Molasses, we're going to take up words . . . I want you to use the word "Miscellaneous" correctly in a sentence.

MOLASSES: Miscellaneous? Here it is—Franklin D. Roosevelt is the head man in this country and miscellaneous the head man in Italy.

(MOLASSES and JANUARY, Maxwell House Show Boat.)

MILTON: You'd better be careful that I don't lose my temper.

JOLLY: If you do, your job will go with it.

MILTON: Is that so? Jolly—do you know what would happen if I were your daddy?

JOLLY: Yes . . . and it certainly would annoy my mother.

(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)

PILK: Oh—here's another letter—a demand for money from our creditors. They even enclose a stamped envelope.

BEATRICE: Splendid! Send them back the stamp on account.

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

ED: Could I show you something in a bathrobe?

GRAHAM: Yes—

(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)

BOB: C'mere, screwball . . . who are you?

FRANK: Frankie Parker. Such language! Whatever school did you come from?

BOB: Me? I went to Bedford Reformatory.

FRANK: Bedford Reformatory? Why, that's a school for girls.

BOB: Yeah . . . that's why I liked it.

(BOB HOPE and FRANK PARKER, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

ED: In the next reel the wife dies and two months later the husband put an epitaph on her tombstone.

GRAHAM: Is that so? How did it read?

ED: "The Light of My Life has gone out . . . but I struck another match."

(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)

ACTRESS: What makes Jack act so grouchy?

MARY: Oh, he's teething.

ACTRESS: Teething?

MARY: Yes . . . they keep slipping out!

(MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jell-O Program.)

GIRL: My father heard your program and he nearly choked to death.

EDDIE: But my dear—no matter how funny it was, he didn't have to choke to death!

GIRL: No? Well, you try holding your nose for a half hour!

(EDDIE CANTOR, Texaco Program.)

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